

Life-Reading Service

CATHEDRAL BASIC READERS BOOK FIVE

BY

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Psychology and Pedagogy**

*A REVISION OF THE ELSON BASIC READERS
BOOK FIVE*

BY

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AND

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PREFACE

In *Book Five* of the Cathedral Basic Readers, the author has attempted to achieve three significant aims. First, he has undertaken to furnish the best possible body of reading material. This includes: (a) the cream of the standard and religious material from the *Cathedral Readers, Book Five*; (b) the most valuable of the additional selections, both literary and informational, in the *Elson Basic Book Five*; and (c) new matter of a distinctly religious nature, chosen for (1) Catholic authorship, (2) information about outstanding Catholics and their work, or (3) inspirational content.

The second aim is to afford definite organization of material. This is illustrated in: (a) the arrangement of the selections in units, each relating to a broad central theme; (b) the definite objective helps which enable pupils to test their comprehension of each selection as they read it, and which also provide a basis for class discussion; (c) a general introduction to the whole book, as well as an introduction to, and a review of, each part, which gives the pupil a glimpse of the enchanted gardens of literature into which the pathway of reading may lead.

The third aim has been to provide in the basic reader—which is put into the hands of every child—some religious teaching, both informational and inspirational. To this end, an entire religious unit has been included, a unit containing the most varied material—poetry and prose, history and biography, legend and fiction—but all grouped around the significant theme of Catholic Action. Moreover, re-

ligious selections have been incorporated in the other units, e.g., in Part Two, the poem "A Hymn of Praise"; in Part Six, the biographical sketch "The Little Flower"; and in Part Eight, the story "The Christmas Crib."

In addition, attention may be called to the following features:

(a) The content of *Book Five* is marked by simplicity in concept, sentence structure, and vocabulary.

(b) The selections provide for a wide range of pupil interest and present a broad introduction to the many phases of environment.

(c) The illustrations are so made as to be a valuable adjunct to comprehension as well as to interest.

To the many teaching Sisters and Supervisors who have given invaluable assistance in the preparation of this series, the author offers his deep appreciation.

JOHN A. O'BRIEN

The Newman Foundation at the
University of Illinois
April, 1932

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BOOKS ARE STOREHOUSES

WHEN Admiral Byrd went down to the bottom of the world to explore the regions of the South Pole, he carried with him a library of one thousand books. Think of it! If you read one book every day, it would take you nearly three years to finish that many. Admiral Byrd must indeed have thought that books were valuable to his men. He needed all the room in his ships for food, gasoline, and other supplies; yet he found a place for this large library.

Admiral Byrd knew that during his stay in the polar regions there would be a long night of many months, when the sun would not shine. The men would have to stay inside, shut in by the darkness and the fierce storms, with very little to do. Books would give them many pleasant hours. Books would help them to forget that they were shut in.

So we can imagine the forty-two brave explorers quietly reading in the light of their lamps, with the terrific storms raging outside, and their building completely buried in snow. Here is one man reading a story of Africa. His mind is far away from the ice and snow; his book has carried him to a hot, sweltering country of wide grassy plains, sandy deserts, and thick jungles. Another man is reading of a land of great, busy cities full of people; he has for a time forgotten that for a thousand miles and more in every direction

there is not another person in all the vast region where he and his comrades are.

Have you ever read about the Little Lamé Prince and his magic cloak that took him wherever he wanted to go? Books are like magic cloaks; they can take us wherever we want to go. You could not go to the South Pole with Admiral Byrd; but you can read the book that he wrote. You cannot hunt lions in Africa, but you will read in this book of yours about how three Boy Scouts hunted them.

Books can do even more than the magic cloak could do. It could carry the Little Lamé Prince to different places, but books can carry us into people's minds and show us what they have thought and learned. There are men and women who have spent years of hard, patient work finding out the wonderful things that are in this world of ours. All that they have learned and thought we can have for our own: wonderful and interesting facts about the stars, the trees and flowers, the animals, the great machines that do our work—all the things that are on the earth, in the earth, and even far down in the depths of the ocean waters.

Finally, books can carry us far, far back, thousands of years, and show us how people lived in those days. We can know the kind of clothes they wore, the food they ate, the games they played, and even some of the jokes at which they laughed. Isn't it strange! Those people never dreamed of us; we could not possibly go back and live in their day. Yet we can know almost

as much about them as we know about the people of our own times.

Now do you see why we say that books are storehouses? In them are stored up for us all the things that men and women have thought and done and learned for thousands of years. In them are kept the stories that people have loved through all time.

YOU are now going to enter just one little part of the great storehouse of books. Let us see first what this part of the storehouse has for you.

On pages 5-8 you will find a list of stories and poems. These are the "Contents," or the things you will find in this book storehouse. You will see also that this collection of stories and poems is divided into Parts. The selections in each Part tell about the same kind of things. Part Two tells of The Outdoor World—the world of animals, trees and flowers, and birds. In Part Four you will read about some great Catholics of the past and about the Pope who did so much for children. There is a story, too, about a little girl of today. Part Six carries you far across the sea to the home of John Hofer, high up in the Alps. Other boys and girls of far-away lands are waiting for you in this Part. What are the names of the other Parts in the book?

As you read these stories, probably you will many times wish that you knew of others like them. At the end of each story you will find the names of other stories you would enjoy reading. Then, if you want to

read still more, turn to pages 431 to 434. There you will find a list of books that boys and girls all over our country are reading and enjoying. The librarian in your school or your town will always be glad to help you find interesting stories.

There is one more thing you ought to know about this little book storehouse that you are going to read. If you turn to the very back of your book—to page 435—you will find a list of words called a “Glossary.” You can think of “Glossary” as meaning “Little Dictionary.” In the stories that you are to read, you will probably find some words that are new to you. Of course, you will not be able to understand a story very well if you do not know what the words mean. Or you may not know how to pronounce a word. Your Glossary is there to help you. It will often save your going to the dictionary. But you may have to look up some word that is not in the Glossary. Then, of course, you will need your dictionary.

Don't forget to use the Glossary and the dictionary to help you understand and pronounce words. And when you look up a word, try to remember what it means. You may need that word some day when you are telling something or trying to understand what someone is saying to you. A person who tries to write or talk with only a few words is like a workman without enough tools.

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PART ONE

• SKYWAYS AND HIGHWAYS •



KNIGHTS OF THE AIR

JESSICA PRYSE ARTHUR

Up from the airports the swift ships are zooming
Over the cities and countrysides fair,
Off toward the mountains, where snow peaks are
looming.

Upward, ye! Forward, ye! Knights of the Air!

Over Sahara, where hot sands are sliding,
Over each tropical jungle and lair,
Over the forests, where wild things are hiding,
Onward still! Forward still! Knights of the Air!

Over the green glassy seas you are flashing,
Down toward the south polar regions you bear,
Over far oceans, where icebergs are crashing!
Onward, ye! Forward, ye! Knights of the Air!

THE WORLD IS GROWING SMALLER

THE WORLD is growing smaller. Perhaps you don't believe it. Well, it took Christopher Columbus sixty-nine days to cross the Atlantic Ocean, when traveling just as fast as anyone could in those days. But Charles Lindbergh crossed the ocean in less than two days. The Atlantic must have grown smaller!

When President Lincoln was killed, only about seventy years ago, it was seven days before the people in California learned about what had happened, although the news was rushed across our country with the greatest speed. But today you can sit in your home here in America and listen to a man talking in Germany, or England, or Italy. Admiral Byrd, far down at the bottom of the world, told us almost every day what his men were doing.

Yes, it does seem as though our world is growing smaller. It seems also that we are living closer together than people did one hundred years ago. Why? You have probably already guessed the answer. Because men have learned things and invented machines—machines that make it possible for people to move rapidly from place to place and to send messages with lightning speed.

You are now going to read some stories about how men travel and send messages. You will learn of Admiral Byrd's thrilling trip to Antarctica, how brave dogs and men carried medicine over ice and snow to save lives in the far North, how the mail was carried across the plains of the West before the railroads came, and how Lindbergh flew from New York to Paris.

WITH ADMIRAL BYRD IN LITTLE AMERICA

CORAM FOSTER

At the bottom of the world, in the south polar regions, Admiral Byrd and his men lived for fourteen months where no man had ever been able to stay more than a month or two. During a part of this time it was impossible for them to leave or for anyone to get to them. Yet they listened to music and messages from all over the world, and almost every day they sent out to the world the story of what they were doing.

AT THE BOTTOM OF THE WORLD

When the Byrd expedition sailed from New York City to Antarctica, it carried a library of a thousand volumes. This library was for the most part a collection of adventure stories which Admiral Byrd had selected to give pleasure to his men through the long darkness of the antarctic night.

These books were all at hand whenever a man had a few hours off for candy-eating and reading. There had been provided for every man on the expedition a hundred pounds of candy—about a quarter of a pound for each day the party remained in Antarctica. This amount of candy was at least four times what the men would have eaten at home, but it was no more than enough for them. The terrific cold of Antarctica compelled every man to keep up in his body more heat

than would have been necessary in warmer lands; and candy makes great heat in the body. Admiral Byrd believed in taking the best care of his party; for this reason his men always had candy to eat and books to read during leisure moments.

And certainly there was plenty of leisure after the dark months arrived, following the construction of the village of Little America upon the Ross Ice Field. The buildings of this little settlement, arranged in three groups, formed the largest and the most nearly complete community that had ever been built in the polar regions. They also provided both homes and workshops for Admiral Byrd's men.

Of the chief group, the Administration Building was most important. Besides living quarters for a number of the party, including Admiral Byrd, it contained a radio laboratory with instruments for sending and receiving messages. Directly behind this building were the house for medical supplies and that which contained the food supplies. These two were separated from each other to reduce loss in case of fire. It was, indeed, the danger of fire which made it necessary to separate all of the main buildings from each other.

Chief among the buildings of the second group was the Mess Hall. Here were more living quarters, a radio station, a storehouse, and a photo workshop, all under one roof. A little distance away were the quarters for the dogs, and the sledge-repair and blacksmith shop.



The third group of buildings included the aviation repair shop and storage space for the gasoline supply.

THE LONG DARKNESS

None of Admiral Byrd's important work in Little America was done between late March and the middle of October, 1929. This does not, of course, mean either that the sun vanished for all that period of time or that work stopped completely. As a matter of fact, the sun was still a daily visitor in April, and it again became a daily visitor in late August. Moreover, even without the light of the sun, some outdoor activity was possible. There were always the twilight hours of noon-time provided by the moon.

No air flights could be made, however, and only the most necessary travel with dog sleds was attempted; for even with the aid of the moon, the light at best was poor. There was another, even more important, reason why little work could be done during these months: this was the time of the winter storms. These, in their full strength, brought winds that no man could stand against, and such snows as are unheard of elsewhere.

When Little America was first set up on the Ross Ice Field, its tiny buildings made black spots against the surrounding whiteness. Long before the winter was over, however, snow had banked and drifted over all except the tallest points. A bit of the roof of the Mess Hall could be seen at times. Some of the tall radio

towers managed to stay clear. But the rest of the buildings could be located only by the unevenness of the snow's surface where an airplane hangar, the dogs' quarters, the Mess Hall, the gymnasium, or some other building lay buried.

No small part of those winter months was lived underground by Byrd and his men, or nearly underground. They went by tunnel from the Administration Building to the Mess Hall. By tunnel, too, they could reach others of the most important buildings.

Poking their heads out of doors into the gray blackness of the night, Byrd's men were almost sure at times that they heard the singing of birds. Often two of the men would look sharply at each other in wondering surprise as their ears caught sounds which were strangely like the shrill, sharp cries of animals.

At other times there were curious groans and moans. And even in the shelter of their quarters, sometimes the men caught a rumbling, rolling murmur which could have been nothing but a trolley car in the distance, except that they knew that there were no such things as trolley cars about. All these magic sounds, and more, were made by the restless shifting of the ice upon which their houses stood; by the pressure of the water beneath the ice; and by the furious winds which tore constantly at the roofs.

These magic sounds would have been even more disturbing than they were if the inside of the Mess Hall

and the Administration Building had been as dark as was the icy snow-field without. Happily, the Byrd expedition had brought with it a complete outfit of electric equipment to brighten its antarctic home.

With the last of April the sun disappeared, leaving only a faint glint of brightness now and then along the horizon. Inside the huts, however, a flood of light for all purposes was provided by an electric generator, which was run by a gasoline engine. This was the first machine of its kind ever carried into the antarctic regions. It was by electric light that the storekeeper checked his goods. The cook turned an electric switch when he went into his kitchen to prepare a meal.

Not only did the men of Little America have electricity for lighting, but they had it for medical purposes as well. There was enough electricity to run the two powerful sun lamps which Dr. Francis D. Codman, chief physician of the party, had brought along. Each member of the expedition was required to bathe regularly in the light rays of these lamps. This rule was followed throughout the entire time of the long winter night, while the sun was not present to furnish a natural health-giving light.

IN TOUCH WITH THE WORLD

The electrical equipment ran the radio, too. Other polar explorers had carried radios, but none ever had provided such equipment as Byrd took. So complete

was his preparation in this direction that all through his stay in Little America he lived with his finger tips on an electric bell by which he could practically ring up the entire world. Nothing like it had ever been done before. At almost a moment's notice Byrd could call New York, South America, Europe, San Francisco, Australia, and practically any spot upon the world's surface. Each day he was able, if he wished, to inform the world what was happening in Little America.

By radio Byrd was able to tell the outside world when he started men with dog teams to lay supplies of food and gasoline southward in order to prepare for his flight to the South Pole itself. He was able to inform his vast audience when the first supplies had been placed a hundred miles or so from Little America; when the second supplies had been placed a hundred miles beyond the first; when the third supplies had been left, and the fourth. He was able to let the world know that he was doing this work with four teams of dogs, and that each team carried about a thousand pounds of provisions. These supplies were to be used in case Byrd's plane was forced to land somewhere on the flight to the Pole and back to Little America.

Radio, too, carried amusement and information to Little America as easily as it carried news from Little America to the world. Sometimes a theater would broadcast its program for Byrd's men. While gathered around the receiving set in the Administration Building

one afternoon, Byrd's party heard the welcome word that a supply of athletic equipment from the University of Pennsylvania was on its way to Little America.

Once, when Admiral Byrd was puzzled about the problem of comfortable sleeping conditions, the radio brought him the advice of other polar explorers. Fitzhugh Green and Captain Bob Bartlett, two famous explorers and adventurers, sent suggestions by radio as to how the party in Antarctica could avoid frozen clothes and other inconveniences while sleeping.

Every holiday which arrived while the expedition was in Antarctica was made cheerful by the radio. The day of the anniversary of Byrd's flight across the Atlantic brought messages of congratulation from all the world. On Easter, music fitting to the day was sent on from New York. On the Fourth of July there were addresses and music. And, finally, it was the radio which told the waiting world that the long darkness at Little America was at an end. This news was flashed out into space on August 25, 1929.

THE SUN RETURNS TO LITTLE AMERICA

For days, the twilight hours, which had numbered less than four in the middle of the long southern night, had been lengthening, a little at a time. One week, there were five hours of twilight; the next, six. Then there were ten, and down along the horizon could be seen for a space each day a promising golden tint.

Finally there came a day when the sun itself was actually visible for a minute or so. This was not a true sunrise, however. But only a few days later, the sun itself rose majestic and bright one morning above the horizon. The little village in Antarctica was like another world!

For the stalwart crew and their slim, quiet commander, that must have been a time of great excitement which followed the return of the sun to the vast whiteness that made up the Ross Ice Field. There was, to begin with, the change from the glow of electricity inside the houses and the gray blackness of the out-of-doors to the sparkling beauty which the new sunlight made of the ice and snow.

But there was much more than that. There was, for example, the little thaw which every day of sunlight brought, gradually uncovering roofs to break the snowy stretches of Little America. Now a man could get out of the houses to stretch his legs; for the storms, or at least the most terrible storms, were past, and one dared to walk out in the open. There was work; and work, after the long days of idleness, was highly welcome to Byrd's men.

The dogs were mad with delight at being free from their winter quarters. They yelped and tugged joyfully as they were harnessed again to the sleds. The photographers brought out their cameras, and when nothing better offered, took pictures of the penguins waddling



along, upright, like dignified old gentlemen; or of the killer-whales which began to push their long, slender snouts through the melting ice of the bay; or of a seal spinning in a frenzy with his mouth full of a half-swallowed fish that would go neither in nor out; or of the airplane hangars and their machine shops slowly coming out from under their coverings of snow. Little America had become a whirlpool of activity!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. Name three ways of travel that Admiral Byrd and his men used from the time they left New York.
2. To see whether you know what Little America was

like, write on a piece of paper the words that belong where the letters are in the lines below. Your answer for the first letter is (a) *Ross Ice Field*.

Little America was built on the(a).... in the(b).... polar region. In June it is(c).... in Antarctica, while it is(d).... in our country. The buildings were arranged in(e).... to avoid the danger from(f).... After the snows came, only the high(g).... of the(h).... could be seen. Then the men passed from one building to another through(i).... Except for the moonlight, it was dark during the months of(j).... During the long night the men could do little out of doors because of the(k).... and(l)....

3. Which of these animals and birds did the men see?

Eagles, wolves, seals, walruses, whales, horses, penguins.

4. Below are eight words, and eight sentences with letters in them. Choose the right word for each letter.

vanished	community	fitting	frenzy
leisure	equipment	visible	compelled

Hunger(a).... them to eat grass and roots.

During vacation we have plenty of(b)....

The village of Lakeside is a pleasant little(c)....

The automobile(d).... in the darkness.

Father bought all kinds of camping(e).... for our trip.

The night was so dark that the road was not(f)....

America is a(g).... song to sing on the Fourth of July.

Elephants threw the horses into a(h).... of excitement.

Get the habit of using the Glossary that begins on page 435 to find the meanings of words. Use your dictionary, too.

Eagle Scout Paul Siple went with Admiral Byrd. You will like to read "Erecting Little America" and "The Winter Night," both in Paul's book, *A Boy Scout with Byrd*.

BALTO, THE BEST LEAD-DOG IN ALASKA

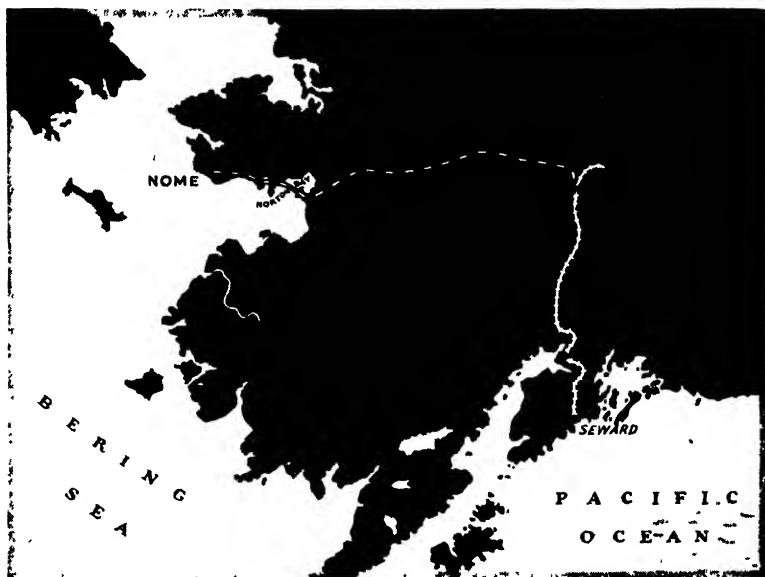
MARGARET FRANCES FOX

Perhaps you think that dogs are used only as pets. Do you know that for hundreds of years dogs have been helpers of man? They have hunted food for him, carried his loads and messages, and guarded his home. In this story you will read how faithful dogs helped brave men in a time of great need.

Balto was a dog of the United States Postal Service in far-off Alaska. In the city of Nome, one morning, he stepped into the world's Story-Book of Shining Deeds. That picture-book opened wide and took him in forever.

It was midwinter, and an epidemic of diphtheria had broken out in Nome. They called it the "Black Death" up there, for the disease carried off not only the children, but their fathers and mothers. Indeed, whole families were swept away during the time of that dreadful sickness. If the disease could not be stopped in Nome, it was likely to spread over all the territory of which that city was the center—to the east one thousand miles, and north as far as the Arctic Ocean. In this region lived eleven thousand people. To care for them there was in Nome but one doctor, who with a few nurses belonged to the United States Public Health Service.

Far away in the United States there was a cure for diphtheria, called antitoxin serum. The doctor sent out a frantic appeal for help. A twenty-pound package of



the precious serum for fighting diphtheria would save the children, the families at Nome, and all the surrounding territory from the Black Death.

Immediately the serum was rushed toward Alaska. Without loss of time the railroad carried the package of serum from Seward to Nenana. Dog-teams must continue the journey six hundred sixty-five miles by trail westward to Nome. Never before that time had the journey from Nenana to Nome been made in less than nine days. The heroic drivers of the dog-teams risked their lives by taking cross-cuts never attempted before in such weather. The serum reached Nome in five and one-half days!

But for the glorious deed of the dog Balto, in the last sixty miles of the dash for Nome, this remarkable feat could not have been accomplished. However, if it had not been for the work of other heroic dogs and their drivers, big black Balto would not have had his chance to reach Nome with the serum and thus save hundreds of lives.

It was the driver Leonard Seppala who chose to cross the entrance to Norton Bay, instead of following the long shore-line around the bay. Because a hurricane was raging and the ice was breaking up and drifting out to sea, Seppala was warned not to try the short-cut across the bay. He thought of the long bay stretching up into the land, with a shore-line requiring days to travel, while children were dying at Nome—children whose lives might be saved if only the precious serum could reach them in time. The brave man and his twenty dogs crossed the bay in that frightful storm. He admitted to the next driver, Charlie Olsen, that he had had a bad trip across the bay.

At the village of Bluff, Charlie Olsen found Gunnar Kasson waiting with his dog-team, headed by Balto, the best lead-dog in Alaska. So cold was it, and so hard was the wind blowing, that the men feared the serum might freeze. They took it into a cabin to warm it. There Gunnar Kasson waited, hoping the wind would go down. Instead, it blew faster, and the cold grew more intense. Two hours passed. The wind

blew faster than the men had ever known it to blow before, and the temperature had gone down to twenty-eight below zero. Suddenly Kasson decided that it was useless to wait any longer.

The dogs were hitched, and he started, hoping to reach Safety, the station thirty-four miles away, before the trails were too deeply buried under the fast-falling snow. It was then ten o'clock on Sunday night. Kasson was dressed in sealskins from top to toe, but the wind was blowing so hard it went through the fur.

At Safety another driver with a dog-team would be waiting to carry the serum on through the last twenty-one miles. But before Kasson arrived, the driver at Safety sent word to Nome that the wind was blowing eighty miles an hour, with snow coming down in such heavy whirling drifts that no man or dog could keep the trail.

In the meantime, Balto struggled on through the drifts with Gunnar Kasson. Six hundred feet up a hill, he and the other dogs climbed in the storm; and then down the other side in the lashing wind, to a spot where for six miles the traveling was hard in any weather. The driver could not see his dogs, not even the nearest one. Then he knew that he was lost. He could not even guess where he was.

More than halfway between Bluff and Safety there was a station called Solomon. There a message from Nome was waiting for Balto's driver, warning him to



stop. The night was so cold and the storm was so furious that it was believed man and dogs would surely perish in the blizzard if they attempted to go on.

Long before the sled reached Solomon, Balto was in charge of the journey. He alone knew in what direction to continue traveling. Regardless of darkness, cold, and blinding snow, the dog scented out the trail on the wind-swept ice and traveled on and on past Solomon. The bewildered driver missed the message from Nome; and in the face of the worst wind that he had ever known, Kasson followed blindly the leading of Balto.

Many times the sled tipped over and spilled everything into the soft snow. Again and again the driver straightened the sled and begged Balto to go on through the blackness, where no man could have found the way.

At last the trail turned, so that the wind was behind the travelers, and helped them instead of hindering. Then, when the dogs reached Safety, the wind went down. The little house at Safety was dark; so instead of awakening the relay driver and wasting time, Kasson and his dog-team dashed by with the serum.

It was twenty-one miles from Safety to Nome, and the trail along the sea was heavy with drifted snow. By this time, though, it was no longer so dark, and the driver could see the trail. At thirty-six minutes past five on that wild morning, the half-frozen team, headed by Balto, reached Nome with the life-saving serum.

No wonder the driver almost wept, as he knelt in

the snow and began pulling the slivers of ice from Balto's torn and bleeding feet. For it was Balto alone who had known the trail that stormy night and had carried the serum safely through to suffering Nome. Perhaps if the noble dog could speak, he would merely repeat words he had heard over and over in Alaska from the brave men who serve the United States Government through sunshine and tempest, and who say, "It is all in the day's work for Uncle Sam."

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. What great danger faced the people of Nome? Find the lines that tell just what the trouble was. Be ready to read them, or to tell what they say.

2. Find lines that tell exactly what Balto did that saved the serum. Be ready to read them, or to tell in one sentence how Balto saved the serum.

3. Be ready to read the lines that tell how one driver took a cross-cut that saved time, or to tell what he did.

4. On a wall map show just where the serum was carried in Alaska. Or make an outline map of Alaska and draw a line to show how the serum was carried from the time it reached Alaska. The map on page 27 will help you.

5. Do you know a story of a dog who helped his master? Tell it to the class.

6. Did you find some hard words in this story—words like *epidemic*, *feat*, *bewildered*? Don't forget to use the Glossary, which begins on page 435, to find the meanings of words.

If you like this story, you will want to read "Dogs of the United States Army Signal Service in Alaska," Fox (in *Uncle Sam's Animals*); and *Flash, the Lead Dog*, Marsh.

THE MAIL MUST GO THROUGH

MERLIN MOORE TAYLOR

The same bravery and faithfulness that made Gunnar Kasson, Leonard Seppala, and their dogs carry the serum to Nome were in the hearts of the men and horses of the Pony Express long years ago. In spite of Indians and blizzards and dangerous mountain trails, the Express riders carried the mails two thousand miles from the Missouri River to California. William Saunders was only a boy, but he did a man's work when duty called him to carry the mail.

THE FIRST PONY EXPRESS RIDER

In a log house at St. Joseph, Missouri, on April 3, 1860, half a dozen men were gathered around a rough pine table. At the head of the table stood William Majors, manager for the firm of Russell, Majors and Waddell. This company operated a line of stage-coaches and wagon trains which carried passengers and freight across the western plains and the Rocky Mountains to California, two thousand miles away.

The railroad from the eastern part of the United States ended at St. Joseph; travelers desiring to reach the gold fields and the fertile lands of the Far West faced a weary trail of many weeks over plains and mountains. Every foot of the way was full of danger, mostly from the Indians. It was Russell, Majors and Waddell who made that trail as safe as it could possibly be made, who kept in touch with weather conditions and



the temper of the redskins, and whose men guided the coaches and wagon trains across the wilderness.

On this day Russell, Majors and Waddell were sending out the first riders of the famous Pony Express. Up to that time the mails between the east and west coasts of our country had been months on the way. It had become important that the time should be made shorter. Russell, Majors and Waddell had agreed to carry the mails west from St. Joseph.

Hundreds of fleet horses had been purchased and distributed in strong corrals placed every ten or fifteen miles along the trail to California, each corral in charge of two or three men. From among the most skillful plainsmen, scouts, and Indian fighters, riders had been

chosen for these animals. Each man was given a stretch of the road about sixty miles long—a sixty-mile relay.

Receiving the mail pouch, containing no more than ten pounds of letters, each rider was expected to gallop away to the next relay station and then turn it over to the next rider. At each corral he passed, the rider leaped from his horse, pouch in hand, sprang upon the back of another horse already saddled and in waiting, and was off as hard as he could go. There was no time for more than "Hello" and "Good-by," or perhaps a brief warning that Indians were coming; the regular schedule of nine days between St. Joseph and the west coast had to be kept. Night and day, rain or shine, the mails must go through as nearly on time as possible.

The half-dozen men who had gathered with Majors in his office on this day were there to find out which of them should have the honor of carrying the first pouch of mail on the first relay to the West.

Majors set his hat upon the table upside down.

"Boys," he said solemnly, "it is a great thing we are undertaking this day. Our government has entrusted to us the safe carrying and delivery of its mails. I have only this to say to you: Come what may, *the mail must go through*. In my hat I am placing a slip of paper for each of you. Upon one of the slips I have marked a cross in pencil. He who draws the cross shall carry the first pouch. Draw!"

Eagerly they crowded around him and drew.

"I've got it," yelled Johnny Frye joyfully. One after another, his fellows stepped up to shake his hand and wish him luck, in spite of their own disappointment.

"Now for the horse that shall bear you," said Majors. "You shall have your pick from the corral. William!"

Out from the corner where he had been an interested listener, William Saunders, a sturdy boy of sixteen, approached his employer. His blue eyes glowed with excitement. Through his veins the blood was racing madly with the thrill of knowing that he had a part, small as it was, in this great day. He held his head high; he had been employed by Russell, Majors and Waddell to take charge of the horses kept ready for the riders of the Pony Express between St. Joseph and the first relay station on the long trail westward.

"William," Majors ordered, "take Johnny Frye to the corral and let him look over the ponies. You will see that the one he chooses is properly groomed, saddled, and bridled, and is on hand at the railroad station when the train from the East arrives."

Proudly the boy conducted the honored rider out of the log house to the corral. Frye looked over the ponies with a shrewd eye.

"Good horses, those," he voiced his opinion. "Any one of them suits me, but I'd like to have the best."

"Then," said William Saunders quickly, "you will take that bay pony over there in the corner. I've ridden them all, and he's my favorite. I should like to

see you pick him. Please, Mr. Frye. I know horses, and there isn't a better pony in the settlement."

Frye nodded solemnly. "The bay it is, lad," he agreed. "I'll rope him, and we'll slick him down between us; see that he is fed and watered, and you shall ride him to the station for me."

Long before the train from the East, drawn by a queer, wood-burning locomotive, was due, every man, woman, and child in the settlement had gathered to see Johnny Frye start off on his first trip. There were several speeches, everybody shook Frye's hand a last time, and they settled down to await the train.

At the spot where the baggage and mail car usually came to a stop, William Saunders stood holding the bay pony. On the ground near by lay Frye's saddle. The rider himself, in a new flannel shirt, buckskin trousers, high boots, and wide-brimmed hat, caressed the pony's nose, making friends with the animal.

Far down the shining twin rails of steel sounded the piercing whistle of the locomotive. Frye seized his saddle, clapped it upon the pony's back, tightened it with quick, skillful motions, saw that the bridle was in place, his rifle in its holster and pistols in his belt, and sprang into the saddle just as the train came in. From the train the mail pouch for California was tossed out. Willing hands caught it and handed it to Frye.

"I bid you Godspeed in this, your first journey, and now I say, 'Go!'" yelled the mayor of St. Joseph, and

he brought the broad palm of his hand down smartly upon the bay pony's flank. As if he had been shot from a gun, the animal sprang away and galloped toward the big ferryboat that waited at the bank of the Missouri River to carry man and pony across.

WILLIAM'S SERVICE TO THE PONY EXPRESS

For a moment William Saunders stared after them, his blood tingling with the thrill of the occasion. Then, with two score other youngsters at his heels, he raced for the top of a big bluff at the edge of the river in order to keep the horse and rider in sight as long as possible after they had reached the sandy stretch on the other side of the river.

From the top of that bluff in the days that followed the boy kept frequent watch with his spyglass. And it was he who sighted the rider bringing the first pouch of mail from the West. He ran through the streets shouting the news aloud so that when the ferry touched the near bank, the Pony Express rider found himself surrounded by a throng of excited settlers.

To the boy, "The mail must go through" had become a slogan which guided his daily life. His part, though small, was as important to him as if upon his shoulders alone rested the responsibility of seeing that the mail did go through. His job was to see that the Express ponies were kept in condition for their difficult work, and he watched and tended them with a care and faith-



fulness that became a sort of joke in the settlement. "The mail must go through!" William would exclaim stoutly. "How is it going to do that, tell me, if I don't see that the ponies are always fit?"

The exact hour of the arrival of the mail from the West was always doubtful. Any one of a hundred things might hinder its progress from the coast. But from the earliest possible moment when it might arrive, William was on the watch for it. Night or day, it made no difference, he was on hand to greet the rider, to awaken the clerk if need be, or to poke his head through the door of Mr. Majors's office and sing out, "The mail has come through, sir."

Then he took the pony in charge, cooled him down, blanketed him if the weather was severe, fed and watered him, and examined him for any wound or injury that needed attention. The riders, depending for their very lives upon those ponies, repaid him with the stories of their adventures. They passed on to him what they knew of the plains and Indians and woodcraft until the boy became wise in the ways of the plains country.

CARRYING SUPPLIES TO A RELAY STATION

In time, William went to his employer with the thing closest to his heart.

"I want to be a Pony Express rider, sir," he said.

Mr. Majors did not laugh, as William had half feared he would. Instead, he patted the boy on the shoulder.

"You're a bit young yet, lad," he said kindly.

"You gave a job as rider to Willy Cody" (later, the famous Buffalo Bill), pointed out the boy. "He's only a year older than I am."

"True, but he had been across the plains, had fought Indians, and was more experienced in every way," was the reply. "Still, you've been a good boy, attended to your duties faithfully, helped to make the Pony Express successful. I want to help you along, and merely raising your wages won't do that. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll put you in charge of one of the wagons that carries supplies to the relay stations. That will give you trail experience, and it'll give you fighting experience, too. The redskins have been active lately, and scarcely a wagon train has come through without a brush with them. Will that do for the present? In a year or so, if you make good, I'll give you a riding job."

With that William was forced to be content. Once he made the long journey by wagon train to California and back again, with hardly a rest between. There were meetings with hostile Indians, both coming and going, and the boy proved a cool, clear-headed fighter. But still he was denied his dearest wish.

"Make one more trip with supplies, and we shall see," he was told; and cheerfully he set about doing it.

Already there was a hint of winter in the air. The stream of pioneers, westbound, had stopped until spring should again make the hard life in a prairie schooner

more bearable for women and children. Only the Pony Express riders now rode out of St. Joseph with their faces turned toward the golden coast of California.

Winter and summer, the mails must go through, and in their lonely posts at remount and relay stations the men who looked after the ponies must be fed. Already those on the far side of the mountains had received their supplies from a wagon train which had gone out several weeks before. Now it was necessary only to supply the posts closer to St. Joseph. A swiftly-moving train of twenty wagons, drawn by mules and in charge of experienced fighting men, left the settlement; and with it rode William Saunders. His duty was to check the supplies as they were dealt out, to keep the records for Russell, Majors and Waddell.

Three days out of St. Joseph and a hundred miles to the west, a lone rider overtook the wagons and passed them at a gallop with a wave of the hand by way of greeting. It was the Pony Express rider carrying the mail from the East on the second relay west. Five miles ahead lay a remount corral; ten miles beyond it was the relay station where the pouch would be turned over to the man who would ride the third stretch.

"There's snow a-coming," said Big Jim Bartigan, leader of the wagon train, sniffing the air. "We'll try to make the relay station before night."

When they arrived, the wagons were parked in a circle for the best protection, the mules and saddle ani-

imals were put in the corral, sentinels were selected, and the others set about getting supper. Half an hour later one of the sentinels cried out that a horse and rider were coming down the trail. The man slumped heavily forward upon the neck of the beast, clutching at the pommel of his saddle. The animal shuffled slowly along, staggering from side to side, and as he came up to the wagons, stumbled, fell, and did not rise again. Wearily the rider dragged himself from beneath the animal, picked up his saddlebags, staggered into the ring of wagons, and sank beside a fire.

"The Indians got me," he said. It was the rider who earlier in the afternoon had passed them. He had spied the Indians first, and had ridden around them without being seen. A few miles out he had met the Express rider from the West. They had exchanged pouches, and he had turned back.

"I figured on getting a fresh horse from you," he said to Bartigan. "Then I ran into the redskins again, and they would have caught me if I'd had any farther to go. My pony was done for, and I was wounded. Give me some coffee and a bite to eat. Then give me a horse and—"

His words died away to a murmur; he dropped back.

"The man is in bad shape," said Bartigan, rising from a hasty examination of his wound, "and he'll not be able to ride on. We'll do the best we can by him, and take him with us when we go in the morning."

William Saunders thrust himself forward.

"But the pouch, Mr. Bartigan," he cried. "The mail for the East. That ought to be on the way now."

The big plainsman shrugged his shoulders. "I can't spare any of the riders or any of the scouts to turn back with the pouch."

"The mail must go through," declared the boy.

"We'll take the pouch with us and turn it over if we meet an Express rider," replied Bartigan. "If not, we'll leave it at the next relay station."

He turned his back upon the boy and went about his duties. For a moment William stood thinking, his eyes upon the saddlebags that held the mail pouch, where they lay upon the ground beside the fire. Then he bent over, picked them up, slipped out of the circle of wagons, and made his way to the corral near by. William's horse was tethered near the gate.

"What are you up to, son?" asked the sentinel as the boy led out his pony and began to saddle it.

"Tell Mr. Bartigan someone else will have to check the supplies, for I have gone to take the mail through," was the reply, and William rode off into the darkness.

THE MAIL GOES THROUGH

A few scattered flakes of snow began to fall, as his pony galloped easily along the trail by which they had come that day. William did not want to push the animal. He could get no fresh horse closer than twenty



miles or more; he must save his pony as much as possible at first.

Within the boy's breast there was a fierce pride and joy. He was riding a Pony Express relay, and the mail was going through. The wind was rising now, and the snow was falling faster and faster. Suddenly, out of the storm and darkness loomed up the corral of the remount station which earlier in the day had been surprised by the Indians. It was deserted. William turned his pony into the trail again. As if the little animal had gone weary at being denied the rest and food which his day's hard work had earned him, he began to slow down. From a gallop his gait dropped to a trot, then to a fast

shuffle, and by and by into a walk, until finally he was merely plodding along.

The cold had begun to chill the boy. He felt sleepiness stealing over him. He stopped the pony, got stiffly down from the saddle, and started the blood circulating freely again by thrashing his body with his arms. Then, leading the pony, he began to walk. Warmed again, he remounted and kept his heels beating a tattoo against the pony's ribs. When he grew numb again, he dismounted and once more walked.

All at once before his eyes appeared other tracks in the fresh snow. He bent over to examine them, puzzled that the wind had not filled them up almost as soon as made. Then the truth burst upon him. They were his own tracks and those of his pony. Leading the way, he had been walking in a short circle!

Panic clutched at him as he climbed back into the saddle. Unless the pony's sense of direction came to their rescue, they were lost. He loosened the reins, and the pony whirled around and plodded off in another direction. Two hours later the patient animal began to show signs of renewed life; his head came up, his ears went forward, and he began to whinny. From somewhere ahead came an answering whinny, a fence loomed up out of the darkness, and following it around, they came to the cabin of the remount station.

Fifteen minutes later, warmed by the hot coffee he had found ready and with a fresh horse under him,

William was off for the relay station a dozen miles away. Before his eyes rose visions of hot food, a roaring fire in a big stove, and a warm bunk when he should have turned over the mail to the rider of the final relay into St. Joseph, fifty-odd miles away.

"Bless me," yelled the man at the relay station, "it's William Saunders. Where did you drop from, boy? Thought you were headed west with the supply train."

Briefly William explained, as he took off his coat and gloves, and warmed himself at the fire.

"Where's the other rider?" the boy demanded. "He ought to be starting now with the pouch."

The man's face grew grave.

"He got in about an hour ago, all worn out from facing the storm," he said. "He's in a bunk in the other room, dead to the world."

"Wake him," ordered William. "The mail must go through."

But the Express rider could not be aroused. He made a brave effort to get up, fell back, and was sound asleep again instantly. Wearily William began to pull on his outer clothing again.

"Saddle a pony for me," he said. "I'll carry the mail on."

"You'd never make it," he was told. "Snow's drifting now. If a man was fresh, he might get through, seeing the wind's at his back going east. But you're a kid. You're played out now. You haven't got a chance."

"Get that pony ready," commanded William fiercely. "I'm going to make it. The mail must go through."

Of that long, wearisome ride William never afterwards had any very clear recollection. He knew only that he rode, trusting to the animal under him to keep to the trail, that he dozed in the saddle, waking up to change horses at the two remount stations, and falling asleep again as soon as he was in the saddle. Then he felt his pony stopping, forced open his eyelids, and found they were at the ferry. He slept again as it bore him across the river, and was pounded into wakefulness on the other side. He realized that it was broad daylight, and had been for hours.

Slowly up the path to the little settlement William rode. He fell off his horse in front of the office of Russell, Majors and Waddell, pushed open the door, staggered inside, tossed his saddlebags at the feet of Mr. Majors, and said thickly, "The mail has come through, sir!"

Many hours later he awoke to find that it was another day. Beside his bunk stood his employer.

"William," he said, "the train from the East is due in two hours. Do you think you can be ready to carry the mail on the first relay west?"

The boy struggled upright, full of amazement and joy. "What do you mean, sir?" he managed to ask.

"This," said Mr. Majors: "if you still want to ride for the Pony Express, there's a job waiting for you."

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. The list below gives the main points of this story. But they are not in the right order. Write them down in correct order, so that you could begin with the first point and tell the story as it is told in your book.

William's everyday work at St. Joseph

The plan of the Pony Express

The wounded express rider

Choosing the first rider

William's reward

The first rider from St. Joseph

William with the supply train

William's brave ride

2. Which one of the sentences below tells you the most important thing about William?

(a) He knew all about life on the plains.

(b) He was faithful in both big things and little things.

(c) He was brave.

(d) He knew all about horses.

3. The author of this story has used some words especially to help you feel and see things. For example, on page 36, "yelled joyfully," "glowed with excitement," and "was racing madly." Make a list of five other groups of words that helped you feel and see what happened.

4. On an outline map of the United States put New York, St. Joseph, Missouri River, Rocky Mountains, San Francisco, Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. Draw a line to show how far the railroad went, and a dotted line to show the Pony Express.

Other stories of Uncle Sam's mail are "The Pony Express Rider" and "The Fast Mail," Walker (both in *How They Carried the Mail*); "The Pony Express," Evans (in *America First*); "Flying Ponies," Fox (in *Uncle Sam's Animals*).

LINDBERGH, PIONEER AIR SCOUT

LAURA ANTOINETTE LARGE

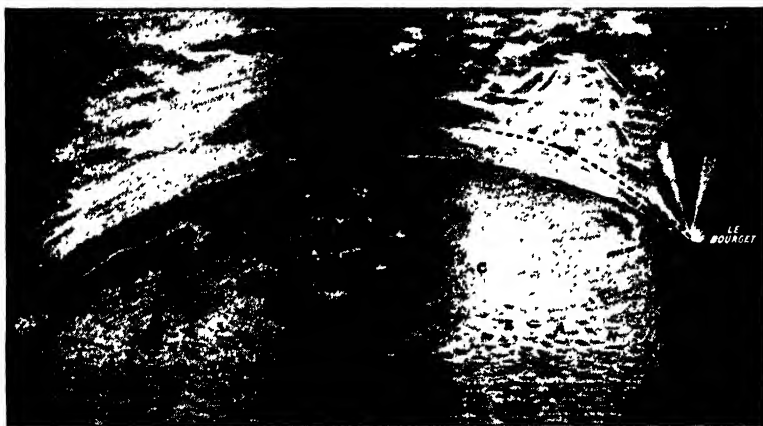
For thousands of years men have wished that they could fly like the birds. Men first made balloons, but they could only drift with the winds. Then, just a few years ago, Orville and Wilbur Wright made an airplane. When they first tried it, they could keep it up only about a minute. It could fly only a quarter of a mile. But that was just the beginning. We shall now see what a strong carrier of men and messages the airplane has become.

OFF TO PARIS

It was a few minutes before eight o'clock on the morning of May 20, 1927. On most days the sun is up and shining in the city of New York long before that hour, but on that morning the sun was not shining. The sky was overcast with clouds, and there was a mist hanging over the city.

A tall, slim young man stepped out of an automobile at the aviation runway on Roosevelt Field. A beautiful new airplane, with the name *Spirit of St. Louis*, stood near by. The tall young man stood still a moment. He looked up into the sky toward the east and the northeast. The weather was bad around New York. What was the weather out on the ocean over which he was to travel? What would it be later in the day? What might it be that night after darkness had set in?

This young man had planned to fly from New York



to Paris! Such a flight had never been made before. It was a very dangerous undertaking. One might not have been surprised if there had been fear upon the man's face, but there was no fear. This man was ready to go.

Into the cockpit of the airplane the youth climbed hastily. He started the motor.

"How does it sound?" he asked a man who stood near. The man was the field engineer for the Wright Company, which had built the motor.

"She sounds mighty good to me," the man replied. The tall youth listened a moment longer.

"Don't you think I might as well go?" he asked.

"Yes, I guess you had better," was the answer.

The roar from the motor filled the air. The tall young man waved his hand to the people gathered about the field, and started on the long journey.

It seemed hard for the plane to rise from the ground, because it was so heavily loaded. People held their breath for fear the great undertaking might end even before it was well under way. Once off the ground, the airplane barely passed over some trees near by. It flew dangerously near some electric wires. Up—up—higher and still higher it went! Yes, it was really off at last. *Charles Lindbergh was on his way to Paris!*

People all over the world were hoping and wishing and praying that the brave young man would reach his journey's end safely. "Will his engine prove strong and steady enough to make the 3610 miles that lie between New York and Paris?" they asked one another.

"Will the young man be able to remain awake until he reaches the city toward which he is headed?" It might be thirty-five hours. It might be as long as forty hours!

"He will become so tired that he cannot control the ship properly," some predicted. "The steady roar of the motor may cause him to fall asleep," others said.

Then there was the weather about which to wonder. "What was going on out over the ocean?" "Were there many storms?" "Would ice gather upon the wings of the airplane and force it down?" This had happened many times before, and had caused the death of more than one brave man of the air.

And while people talked, Charles Lindbergh proceeded on his way. Up along the northeastern coast of

the United States the great air-bird was seen from time to time during the day. At 9:05 o'clock it passed over East Greenwich, Rhode Island. At 9:40 o'clock it was sighted at Halifax, Massachusetts. At 12:25 P.M. it flew over Meteghan, Nova Scotia. At 1:05 o'clock in the afternoon Springfield, Nova Scotia, was passed. Finally at 7:45 P.M., just before dark, Lindbergh guided the *Spirit of St. Louis* like a messenger from another world over the Atlantic Ocean, and on into the great adventure.

CROSSING THE ATLANTIC

No sooner had Lindbergh left Newfoundland than he ran into a cold fog. He was prepared for this, however, for he had put on a warm, fur-lined coat. His inclosed cockpit helped to protect him from the cold, as well as from the strong wind and rain. Lindbergh pointed the nose of his airplane upward until he had reached a height of ten thousand feet, or about two miles. Below him was a low, light fog through which tall icebergs could be seen. This fog kept growing thicker and higher until it reached the very edge of the area through which he was flying. There was no moon at first. It was very dark. People wonder just what Charles Lindbergh's thoughts were as he flew alone above the tossing waves of the Atlantic all through that long, dark night. Perhaps he had in mind just one thought—"To Paris!" And on—on—Lindbergh flew.

The moon came out after a while, and the flying

was easier than it had been. But the storm clouds and fog areas were present most of the time.

While he was making his way through one thick storm cloud, ice formed upon the wings of his airplane. He had to turn back to a clear region and then fly around the cloud. Then other storm clouds appeared. Each time, Lindbergh flew around or over them.

At 1 A.M., New York time, the first signs of dawn appeared. With the coming of the day there was perhaps a little more hope than before. The air was warmer for a time, and the small amount of ice which had begun to gather upon the plane melted away.

After a time the sun came up, and all the while, the *Spirit of St. Louis* was roaring on and on toward its distant goal!

There was more fog, there were more storm clouds to pass through or get around, but much of the traveling was in clear weather now. A part of the time Lindbergh found a place not more than ten feet above the water. At this distance there is a cushion of air through which an airplane can travel most easily.

At one time during the morning flight Lindbergh had to direct his plane up fifteen hundred feet to get away from heavy fogs. Even then he ran again into storm clouds, through which he had to travel because he could not get away from them. To tell which way to go, Lindbergh had to watch his compass. Without this he might have gone many miles out of his way.

Some fishing vessels upon the water gave Lindbergh the first sign of land. He lowered his plane until he was down very close to one of the vessels, but he could see no men aboard. In the window of a second fishing boat a man's head appeared. Lindbergh lowered his plane again and quieted his motor as much as he could, when just a few feet from the man in the boat.

"Ahoy, there!" he called. "Which way to Ireland?"

Perhaps the fisherman could not understand English. Perhaps he was too surprised to answer. At any rate, he did not reply, and Lindbergh directed his plane upward again and continued on his way.

After traveling several hours more, he could see a rough coast-line that was partly mountainous. He thought that this must surely be the southeastern coast of Ireland, and soon found that he was really this far on his way toward Paris.

How hopeful he must have been at this time, and how thankful!

PARIS AT LAST—MESSAGES OF GOOD WILL

In a little over two hours the coast of England appeared. Then across the English Channel the brave flyer made his way. At last Cherbourg on the French coast was reached, and not long after, the beacons of the Paris-London airway could be seen. It was dark again—almost 10 P.M. (5 P.M. New York time). Flares had been lighted at the landing field of Le Bourget to



attract Lindbergh's notice as he neared Paris. He saw these flares, but traveled a few miles farther to make sure this really was the right landing place, and then turned back again. He noticed lines of autos crowding the roads near the field, and he could make out the long lines of hangars.

At last Lindbergh brought his plane down upon the aviation field at Le Bourget. He had arrived at the very place for which he had set out just thirty-three and a half hours before!

A great shout went up from the crowd of people which had gathered. Lindbergh had to get out of his plane quickly in order to save it from being damaged

by the vast throng which was pressing upon it. For half an hour Lindbergh was carried about upon the shoulders of different men of the crowd. No one carried him very far or seemed to want to take him away. He was just carried around and around within a very small area. Everyone shouted and hurrahed, and there was such an uproar it was impossible to hear anyone speak.

At last the French military flyers took charge. One of them quickly removed Lindbergh's helmet and placed it upon the head of an American newspaper reporter who happened to be near.

"Here is Lindbergh!" the Frenchman cried.

At once the reporter was lifted up and carried away, followed by great crowds of people. The reporter did not like this at all, and tried to explain, but it was no use! What he said could not be heard. In the meantime the real Lindbergh, without any helmet upon his head, escaped from the crowd and was taken away by our American ambassador, Myron T. Herrick, in order that he might have a good night's rest.

When Lindbergh arose the next day, the streets of Paris were crowded with people eager to welcome him and do him honor. And from that day on, gifts and honors of all kinds, such as the world had never given to one person, were heaped upon him. Almost every noon there was a dinner with important persons present, and almost every night there was a banquet.

He seemed greatly pleased with it all. He smiled in a way that made people like him even better than ever, and spoke in a way that made friends for himself and for his country as well. Lindbergh extended the friendship of his country, the United States, to the country of France first, and later to the English and Belgian governments. "We want to be your friends," was his message to each country.

AMERICA HONORS THE HERO

By this time the people of the United States were beginning to be eager to see their own American hero. The President and all the people were proud of what Lindbergh had done. They were delighted because of the message of good will which he had taken to the foreign countries across the water. The President showed what he thought of Lindbergh by sending the United States warship *Memphis* to bring him back home to America. The *Spirit of St. Louis* could be carried back on the same boat, Lindbergh was told.

Thus, in a short time Lindbergh was at home again in the United States—and what a welcome awaited him! As in Europe, he was awarded medals of all kinds. The President of the United States presented him with the Distinguished Flying Cross on the first day of his arrival in the city of Washington. Mrs. Evangeline Lindbergh, his mother, was present at this ceremony, and a very happy and proud woman she must have been.

When the city of Washington had conferred all its honors upon Lindbergh, he went to visit New York City, where they planned the biggest celebration ever given any visiting hero!

When the festivities were over in New York, Lindbergh was invited to St. Louis. This was his home city—the city for which his monoplane, the *Spirit of St. Louis*, had been named. It was also the city in which money had been raised to pay for the making of the airplane and for other expenses of the trip. St. Louis could not turn out so many millions of people to see Lindbergh as did New York City. But there was a hearty welcome and a spirit of pride in what Charles Lindbergh had been able to do.

Paris, Brussels, London, Washington, New York, St. Louis, Chicago! Why did so many cities do their best to honor Lindbergh? This is easy to answer. Charles Lindbergh was brave; he had skill and good health; he was friendly and kind to other people and knew how to make them friendly toward him. Charles Lindbergh was ready to do a great work, and when the time came, the great work was done.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. How far did Lindbergh fly?
2. How many hours was he in the air?
3. Was he in the air about one day, a day and a half, or two days?
4. Name four dangers that Lindbergh faced on his flight.

5. How is a compass helpful in guiding a person?
6. What land across the ocean did he first see?
7. What message did Lindbergh carry to the people of Europe?

8. Here are nine words, followed by nine sentences with letters in them. Write the letters (a) to (i) on a piece of paper. After each letter write the word that belongs where that letter is in the sentence.

overcast²hangars³

uproar

cockpit

airway⁵through⁴

beacons

flares

skill¹

....(a).... means the ability to do something very well.

When the sky is cloudy, we say it is(b).... ~~overcast~~

Airplanes are kept in(c)....

Lights to guide people at night are called(d).... or
....(e)....

A crowd of people is called a(f)....

The route over which airplanes travel is called an
....(g)....

An aviator sits in the(h).... of his plane.

A mixture of many loud noises is called an(i)....

9. On a map of the world find New York, Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, Ireland, England, the English Channel, Cherbourg, and Paris. Be ready to show on a wall map just where Lindbergh flew.

You will enjoy reading "New York to Paris," Lindbergh (in *"We"*); "Through the Storm," Collins (in *Skyward Ho!*, Mathews); *Picture Book of Flying*, Dobias.



AIR MAIL

GORDON HILLMAN

Every night when the clock strikes eight
And the stars are out and it's very late
And the moon is dim in the western sky,
I watch to see the mail go by.

You can hear it whirring over the hill
When the sun has set and the wind is still;
And if you are looking straight overhead,
You see its lights all green and red.

And its motor plays a little tune,
As a shadow swoops across the moon.
Just beneath the stars and across the sky,
I watch the mail go roaring by.

A BACKWARD LOOK

AIRPLANES, radios, dog-teams, horses, trains—we have read about all these ways of carrying men or sending messages. We perhaps understand a little better how man has made the world smaller. There are other ways, too.

Make a list of all the ways men send messages.

Make another list of the ways they travel.

Write down the different ways you have traveled and sent messages.

Your class might like to gather pictures of ways of traveling and sending messages. These pictures could be put on a bulletin board.

There was a time when traveling almost always meant danger—danger from wild animals, from cold and hunger and thirst, from savage people. Now in most parts of the world we travel in comfort and safety, and our messages speed on their way to our friends. But there are still parts of the world where travel is hard, and where men wait days and even weeks for news they are eager to get.

Name five places where this is true. One of the stories in this Part tells you of such a place.

The four stories you have just read are only a few of many just as interesting. How men have dug canals for boats, strung thousands of miles of wire for messages, built roads over and through mountains for trains, wagons, and automobiles, spent long hours of patient, careful study and work to invent the radio and the airplane—these are things you may like to read about. And men have written them down for you and for me in many books. You will find some very interesting ones in the list on page 431.

PART TWO • THE OUTDOOR WORLD •



I LOVE ALL OF OUT-OF-DOORS

CLINTON SCOLLARD

I love all of out-of-doors:
Music that the robin pours,
And the wren-talk, and the low
Warble of the vireo,
And the “spink-a-chink-a-chink”
Of the merry bobolink!

Then I love the brook, and love
Cloud-ships floating far above;
Love the gentle rain-song that
On the pane sounds “pit-a-pat”;
Love the lion wind that roars;
Love just all of out-of-doors!

ALL THE WORLD IS A ZOO

IT IS FUN to watch the lions and tigers and monkeys in a zoo. Probably you have many times begged your parents to take you to see the animals. But did you ever stop to think that all the world is a zoo? Close about you are wild things of nature that are just as interesting as tigers and monkeys. Do you know the names of all the kinds of birds that nest near your home? How many kinds of wild flowers can you name?

Perhaps there are some wild animals near your home that you never dreamed lived there. One fifth-grade boy never knew there were weasels near his home until they killed his pet guinea pigs one night. His sister found a little gray-furred baby that had fallen from its nest. She carried it home and took care of it until it grew into a lively flying squirrel. She had never seen any flying squirrels; so she looked them up in a book. There she found that they come out only at night.

Yes, the wild things of the out-of-doors are so interesting that all over the world today thousands of men and women are studying them. And they are writing books and stories of the wonderful things they see and learn. You are now going to read some of these stories. Three Boy Scouts will tell you how it feels to be surrounded by lions at night when you are trying to take pictures of the beasts. Mrs. Bradley will tell you about Pembe Kubwa, a very wise and wicked elephant. Mr. Rutledge will explain why the birds and animals need our help so badly in this day of farms and cities. Other writers will tell you other things of the out-of-doors.

A MIDNIGHT LION HUNT*

ROBERT, DAVID, AND DOUGLAS

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson are famous for the moving pictures of wild animals they have taken in many parts of the world. On one of their trips to Africa they had as their guests three Boy Scouts: Robert Dick Douglas, Jr., of Greensboro, North Carolina; David Martin, Jr., of Austin, Minnesota; and Douglas Oliver, of Atlanta, Georgia.

In this story these boys tell you of "the most exciting adventure" they had on the trip.

WAITING FOR THE LIONS

We all came home agreed about the most exciting adventure of our trip; it was the night we spent in the truck surrounded by hungry lions.

The sides of our truck were of heavy wire. As it had a good top, only the front and back had to be closed. These were made secure by lashing poles across both openings. After we got into the truck, we wired poles across the front, and thus shut off the seat from the rest of the truck.

We knew that we were safe from lions, yet we all felt a little nervous when Mr. Johnson left us. We changed to our sleeping clothes while it was still light, and ate the lunch which Mrs. Johnson had prepared for us. Just as we started to eat, Dave said something about this being our last meal on earth. We all laughed, but little remarks like that at such a time make one feel

*From "Midnight Thrills" in *Three Boy Scouts in Africa* by Robert D. Douglas, Jr., David R. Martin, Jr., and Douglas L. Oliver. Courtesy of G. P. Putnam's Sons, Publishers, New York and London.

rather uneasy. To be sure, we had arranged with Mr. Johnson to fire the rifle twice if we needed him, but what good would that do if he were quite a distance away and the lions only a few feet?

After eating lunch in a silence broken only by a few strained whispers, we crawled under the blankets. We had been told that if the lions heard a human voice, they would instantly run. It was likely, though, that even if the animals were not afraid, we would have whispered because we were all so excited. Douglas said something about getting a lion into the truck and then jumping out. This started Dave laughing. He buried his head in the pillow and laughed until we thought he was crying. When he called out, "You fellows will kill me yet!" we all began laughing, at the same time trying not to make a sound.

TAKING THE LION'S PICTURE

We had been turned in about half an hour when we suddenly heard a bone crack. We slowly rose and peeped out between the poles across the opening in the rear. Instead of the hyenas we had expected, we saw an old lion. He had a short mane, but he was a big fellow. When we saw him, we all started shaking. It was not so much the fright as it was seeing a big lion just a few feet away.

As we watched, he started eating away on the zebra that had been placed there for bait. Now and then he



snarled and growled deeply in his throat. We turned the flashlight on him; but instead of running away, he only crouched down behind the zebra. For several minutes we watched him. After a while he got over his fear of the light and began once more to eat.

Finally we started whistling to make him hold his head up. When we first whistled, he ran off a few feet, but soon returned. We whistled again, and he just looked up at us. Now Dick caught hold of the two wires which controlled the flares. To set them off, the wires had to be touched together. The lion looked up just then, but he was not in the right position. Dick was going to whistle once more, but just as he drew

in his breath, the flare went off with a loud report and a blinding flash. His hands had been shaking so that the wires had touched without his knowing it. We teased Dick about that for the rest of the trip. But from the way the truck was shaking at the time, our hands and bodies were trembling as much as his.

Douglas answered, "I suppose Mr. and Mrs. Johnson think we are crazy, taking a picture at this time of night."

In a few minutes we heard Mr. Johnson calling. Douglas whispered: "I bet they are laughing at us. They're saying, 'Those boys probably photographed a hyena, mistaking it for a lion.'"

Mr. Johnson called, "What did you get?"

"Only a lion," we answered in a careless way.

"Well, go to sleep," he yelled back. "We'll see in the morning."

We all crawled under our blankets, thinking it was all over for the night. This was about eight o'clock. We remained awake for half an hour; then dropped off to sleep.

MORE LIONS COME

Several hours later we were awakened by a violent shake of the truck. We heard growling outside. After some minutes of lying in bed, shivering with both fright and excitement, we got up enough courage to shine our lights out the back. Just under us was an old lioness calmly chewing on a tire. Twenty-five feet away on

the bait, we saw four other lions. And as we watched, two more joined in. Then the old lioness went back to the group. There were three big ones with manes, three smaller ones, and one toto, or young one. We believe it was surely the most exciting moment of our lives, and also one of the most interesting.

In spite of their fierce looks, the lions were exactly like a bunch of cats quarreling over a meal. They lay there, one at the head of the zebra, two at the back, two at the side, and one on the haunches. The toto stood off a few feet, watching his chance to slip into the feast. Our light seemed not to bother them, for they just looked up now and then and blinked. However, the one of whom we had made the picture before seemed a bit suspicious. When we moved the light, he would crouch down behind the zebra. Perhaps he had been frightened by the flash of the camera flares. But he soon got over his fright, and took his place among the others.

After a while the toto crawled up beside one of the big fellows. As long as he kept to his place, he was allowed to eat. But once when he got up too close and started for the same bit of meat as one of the others, the big lion rose up and gave him a slap. It seemed a light blow, but it sent the youngster sprawling into the grass. He jumped up and ran over to the other side of the zebra, where he lay down beside a lioness, probably his mother.

After we had watched them for some time by the light of our flashlights, we noticed that one of the cameras had been knocked down. We were just discussing this in whispers when one of the big lions left the zebra, walked over to the fallen camera, and began chewing on it. Then he grabbed it in his mouth and started dragging it away. Suddenly in some way one of the legs of the tripod flew up and hit him. He jumped almost twenty feet. In a few minutes he came back to it; slowly at first, but when he saw it did not move, he pounced on it.

We felt that there was nothing we could do. None of us would have got out of the truck for any three-hundred-dollar camera. In a few minutes one of the lions left the zebra and came over to the other camera, which was still standing. She rubbed her head against it and chewed the wires connecting the cameras with the flares. We whistled and hissed to frighten her from it, but it did no good.

Finally Dick yelled, "Scat, you heathen, scat!" Then Douglas shouted, "Get away! We've told you twice!"

The sound of our voices finally frightened the lioness from the camera and scared the others away for a while. They soon returned, however, and continued their meal.

We watched them for about an hour before we lay down again. But just as we decided to go to sleep, we heard a slight noise up in the front of the truck. Dick



grabbed his flashlight and crawled up to the poles that separated the front seat from the body of the truck. When the light shone out through the bars, we saw the head of a lioness not three feet away! She had one foot on the fender and one on the floor board, and she had stuck her head up to the seat. When she saw the light, she only blinked her eyes and crawled back down.

We said not a word. It was the first time we had ever seen a lion try to drive a truck, and the sight gave us quite a shock. We came back to our blankets and waited several minutes before we felt like turning in again. We all lay perfectly still for a while and at last dropped off to sleep.

THE RETURN TO CAMP

In the morning when Mr. Johnson came over and woke us, we told him about the night. He laughed for half an hour. The loss of one of his cameras did not seem to worry him. He said that our experience was worth it if the picture of the first lion was good. Of course the plate in the smashed camera was ruined, but the one in the other was all right. He and Mrs. Johnson had heard the lions roaring and growling over on our bait, but they had never suspected there were seven.

When we returned to camp, we were all very sleepy. So after breakfast we lay down for a while. But we were soon up again.

Mrs. Johnson, active and energetic as usual, spent

the morning out hunting for lions with her native guide. She was not going to shoot, but just find them for picture making. In the meantime, Mr. Johnson developed the picture made the night before. About the middle of the morning he called us over to where he was developing. He let out a whoop, and we came running. We found that there was nothing the matter; he just wanted us to see the proof of the picture we had made. We had been afraid that the lion was not in the right position; but when we saw the picture, we were satisfied. We had caught the lion broadside, standing over the zebra, a good likeness of the king of beasts himself.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. Find the lines that tell what you think was the most exciting part of this adventure. Be ready to read them.
2. Find a part that you think was funny, and be ready to read it. You may not all agree.
3. Would you rather hunt animals with a gun or with a camera? Give reasons for your answer.
4. Is it more dangerous to hunt with a camera or with a gun? Give reasons for your answer.
5. Be ready to read or tell something about how the lions acted.
6. Have you ever felt as the boys did—a little nervous, even though you knew you were safe? Tell about it.

If you enjoyed this story, you will like to read "Doug Gets His Lion," in *Three Boy Scouts in Africa*, the book which the boys wrote and from which this story was taken.

PEMBE KUBWA, THE BIG TUSKER

MARY HASTINGS BRADLEY

Mrs. Bradley, whose home is in Chicago, has made a number of trips to Africa to study wild animals and the tribes of people who live there. In this story she tells of a very wise and very wicked elephant—how he won and kept the leadership of the herd.

WHEN KUBWA WAS YOUNG

Pembe Kubwa was a very wise and wicked elephant. He was so big that he stood shoulders high over the rest of the herd and so old that his tusks had grown to such a length that they were crossed in front of him.

He had no idea how old he was—perhaps a hundred, perhaps two hundred years old, but he was still so strong that he was the leader of the herd, and no bull had dared turn against him now for a long, long time.

As a matter of fact, his tusks were not so dangerous in a fight now as when they had been shorter and he could thrust deeper with them, but no elephant had fought with him for so long that none of the herd had found this out. However, he suspected it himself.

Kubwa did not remember very much about his young days. He knew that he had trailed about with his mother in a big herd, and he knew that he had given his mother a good deal of trouble, because her temper was often very short with him. He had a way of straying off, that particularly provoked her, and he

did remember very clearly one day when she finally grabbed him with her trunk and just boosted him along, bumpity bump, through the forest trail.

It was good luck for him that he did not get into trouble, because at first he did not learn except from his own experience. Elephants and people who depend upon experience alone often get into trouble.

After a time, because as I said, he was a wise elephant even when he was young he learned from the experiences of others, from those he saw and those he heard about. But in the beginning it was just luck that saved him. For instance, there was the adventure with the crocodile. Ever since he could remember, his mother had always been cautioning him not to put his trunk in the river to drink until he had looked out for crocodiles. His mother always used to wade in the stream and cast her bright, beady eyes upstream and down and thrash around a bit; then she would put her trunk swiftly into the river and drink in the delicious water.

But Kubwa never saw any sense in waiting for something he wanted. So one day he scrambled out of the line of march and ran on ahead toward the river. Another little elephant ran along with him, because a bad example is as contagious as the measles. Down to the bend in the stream went Kubwa, and in went his trunk. Down went the other elephant, and in went *his* trunk. And suddenly the other elephant gave a gurgling cry of



fright and then a shrill, terror-stricken squeal. Something under the water had seized that trunk in its firm jaws and was pulling him in.

The little elephant, squealing for all he was worth, pulled and pulled, until it seemed that his trunk would come off, but the crocodile was the stronger, and the baby elephant was forced out farther and farther into the water. Then his trunk was hurting so much that, to avoid the pain, he took more steps forward into the deeper water.

Kubwa didn't know what on earth to do! They had gone so far ahead of the herd that it seemed as if help would never come. However, he heard the wild, far-away trumpeting of the other baby's mother, who had

recognized his voice. He had jerked his own trunk out of the water as if it had been stung and held it high above his head, galloping out of the water as fast as his frightened legs could carry him. Now he wrapped his trunk about the hind legs of his friend and pulled with all his strength, and suddenly the two elephants began to go backward, and with them—in spite of all his efforts—appeared the head and body of a long and powerful crocodile.

And then, snap! the crocodile fell back with his mouth full of one bite of the elephant's trunk, and the elephant himself was saved.

Just at this moment the herd came tearing down the trail. The angry cow, the mother of the injured baby, was in the lead. She was so grateful to see her child alive and so angry with him for his disobedience and for scaring her nearly to death that she promptly began to spank him for dear life with her trunk.

As for Kubwa, she had nothing but praise for his strength and help! She said nothing at all about his disobedience, because if he had not been there, her child could not have been saved. However, Kubwa's mother had some ideas of her own about that. After that she did not need to warn Kubwa any more about crocodile waters.

He remembered that he used to play about a good deal with a big ball of mud that he and the other youngsters rolled up for themselves. He liked getting up

games, and he was always stirring about and disturbing the elders of the herd when they were taking a noonday forty winks.

But one day of his youth seemed very much like the next. Life was not really exciting until he began to get his strength and discovered that he could bully the others and have his way with them.

LEADING HIS OWN HERD

It was not only Kubwa's strength that made him win, for often he tackled elephants who were really stronger than himself. But he was quick to think and could get into action before the other fellow had decided on his plan of attack. As Kubwa got bigger and bigger, he got deadlier and deadlier in action.

The time came when he only snorted when his mother spoke to him, and he threw dust in his older brother's eyes, which was not a respectful thing to do. Finally he fought his uncle, who started out to teach him his place, and gave his uncle such a horrid poke in the shoulder with his long sharp tusks that the old leader went off in a huff. Several of the older ones went with his uncle, but the others stayed and listened politely and lazily to this energetic young boss, and Kubwa began to lead his own herd.

Kubwa adored commanding! He said when it was time to go into the swamp, and when into the forest, and he led the way to the grazing grounds and sam-

pled all the best places for miles around. Soon he began bullying any strangers or any small groups that wandered into the grazing grounds when he was there; mild-mannered elephants who wanted a quiet life and good food began to come and join his herd in order to get the benefit of his protection and his leadership.

Year by year, too, more little elephants were added to the herd. Now, some fathers have a way of slipping off into the forests when the youngsters are trotting around, letting the mothers have all the bother of bringing up the children, but Kubwa was too much of an over-lord for that. He never left his herd. He bossed the mothers, and he saw to it that the mothers bossed the children. None of the tricks that he used to play on his mother for *him!*

Every year he grew bigger and stronger, and his tusks grew heavier and longer. They were very long for their weight, sharp and fierce like swords, and very curving, growing toward each other. He used to thrust them into an enemy with such wicked force that no elephant would stand up to him. After a time they grew so long that they began to cross in front of him. They were about seven feet long when they began to cross, and they grew so long that they extended about two feet more beyond the crossing.

He could do a great deal with two feet of tusks, but not nearly so much as he wanted the other elephants to keep on believing he could. That crossing would

stop his thrust short! He lost all the seven-foot length behind it. He knew this, and he wondered if the other elephants of the herd ever thought of it. Those crossed tusks of his gave him a good deal of secret uneasiness as he grew older and older.

OLD KUBWA'S WICKED TRICKS

The first real fear he had ever known was this terrible fear that some elephant would be able to defeat him. He made up his mind that he would never be driven away. He told himself that he would die first. He began to watch out for rivals. Whenever he met any elephant that he thought might prove dangerous to him, he began to plot against that elephant. And always the elephant came to an unlucky end.

There was a big, broad-backed fellow who had talked back to him and showed in several ways that he felt himself to be a coming champion. Kubwa let the big fellow walk ahead one day, and he fell into an elephant pit. Kubwa led the others carefully around the pit, chuckling quietly to himself. He was a wicked old fellow, as I said, for he did not stop to put down his trunk and try to give the other a lift out. He had known all about that pit for years. Every year the natives covered it with fresh branches, hoping he would forget and fall into it, but he never forgot.

There was another elephant who began to think himself more than a match for Kubwa. He had sharp,



wide-apart tusks, and a very hasty, irritable temper. Kubwa told him about a fruit tree one day in the forest, and the elephant hurried over to it and walked between two little trees in front of it. Between the trees a poisoned spear fastened to the end of a log arm fell down and put an end to him. Kubwa had known all about that trap.

There was very little about the native's way of doing things that Kubwa did not know. He had taken a liking to their food, especially to their bananas, and he used to make a business of raiding the villages. He knew the difference between a fire on the ground that stayed there, and one in the hand that could be thrown; he knew all about spears and about sharp sticks stuck in the ground; and whenever the natives played any of those tricks on him, he used to tear down the huts of the villages and trample the fields underfoot, just for revenge.

After a while he got to trampling just for the fun of it. When he was in the banana groves at night, he used to chuckle over the way the youngsters were smashing over the young trees not bearing fruit. It was wasteful, but it was good fun, and the natives could always plant others. Altogether he lived a lordly life, helping himself to what he liked and taking care to keep what he got; his herd was the biggest in the country, and his name was the most feared by elephants and natives.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. What happening does Mrs. Bradley tell about to show that Kubwa at first never learned by what was told him?
2. What kept Kubwa from being such a good fighter as he grew older?
3. When he could not fight so well, how did he get rid of his rivals?
4. Tell three things Kubwa did for the herd that made him a good leader.
5. From what this story tells, which word do you think best describes elephants? *wicked* *savage* *wise*
6. Name three kinds of traps the natives used to catch elephants.
7. Write or tell of ways in which elephants are useful to men.
8. Name two other kinds of animals that run in herds and have a leader. Perhaps you can name more than two.
9. Write or tell of a wise thing some other animal has done.

Other good elephant stories are *Kari the Elephant*, Mukerji; "The Elephant's Child," Kipling (in *Just So Stories*); and *Jungle Joe*, Hawkes.

THE LITTLE AMERICAN WOODCUTTER

CLARENCE HAWKES

Clarence Hawkes, the author of this story, has been blind for many years, yet boys and girls in all parts of our country have seen nature through his unseeing eyes. While he was a boy, he learned to know and love the wild things of the out-of-doors. When he became blind, he began to write stories of the animals and birds he had known. Here he tells us of the beaver—the first American woodcutter.

The beaver is the first American woodcutter; he is also a famous dam builder. He cuts the wood for both food and building material for his dam. He builds the dam in order to flood the country around his house, and thus protect himself from his many enemies. The bear, the wildcat, the wolverene, all love beaver meat; so he has to look to it that his house is well protected.

The beaver is a wonderful builder. Not only does he select with great care the place where he will build his dam, but he also builds it most skillfully. He usually selects a spot in a valley which has steep hills or banks on each side at the lower end. There the dam will be placed. Then, if luck is with him, there will be a large tree standing on either side of the stream.

These trees he fells toward each other, so that, if possible, their tops meet. When this is done, he has the backbone for his dam. Then he fills in with stakes and small logs and finally plasters up all the holes with

mud and sod. When he has finished, it is as tight as any man-made dam.

But if trees are not available, he can do without them; he can cut logs, roll them into place, and make a dam wholly out of logs. The beaver seems to understand how powerful moving water is. At any rate, his dam usually curves upstream in the middle, and every engineer knows that a dam built in this way is the strongest. The beaver also provides a waste waterway which runs around one end of the dam. So, when the water is high, it flows around the end instead of washing away the top of the dam. He is very watchful of the dam, and if it ever begins to leak, he is out at once to see what is the matter.

When the dam is finished, the water spreads back, and there is a beautiful woodland lake. Many of the trees which were in the valley will now be standing in the water. This causes them to rot, so that they gradually decay and fall into the lake. It was in this way that the beaver did most of his land-clearing for the white man. He caused a small valley to become flooded by his dam; this rotted the timber, causing it to die; and thus the land was cleared. Then the spring freshets brought down rich mud and plastered it all over the bottom of the lake.

When the white man came, he trapped and killed the beaver and broke down his dam, causing the water to flow out. Behold, there was his farm all cleared



free of timber and enriched by the mud which had been collecting for many years.

When the beaver has finished his dam and it is filled with water, there is usually an island in the woodland lake which he has formed; it is upon such an island that he builds his house. It is cone-shaped and made with a skeleton of sticks or rafters, but the chief building materials used by the beaver are sod and mud. These are plastered very skillfully on the framework. When the house is finished, the little builder lays in his supply of winter food. He goes upstream and cuts many small trees.

These trees the beaver cuts into logs about three feet

long and floats down to the dam, where he piles them up. Then when the great freeze comes, most of this wood will be frozen under the ice where the beaver can get at it. Day after day he comes out and gets a stick, carries it into his house, and eats the bark. When it is stripped clean and white, he puts it back on the dam and gets another stick. Thus he and his family live under the ice all winter long. His mud house by this time has frozen until it is as hard as steel, and it would take a strong enemy to break into it, although the top still shows above the ice and snow.

Today the beaver has nearly disappeared from the United States. He is sometimes protected in the Adirondack region and in the state of Maine, but the timbermen soon get angry because of his destruction of their trees. Then the law is again repealed, and the beaver again disappears. Away to the Northwest, in Idaho and Montana, he is probably still found in his wild state, enjoying his freedom. But he is almost sure to disappear finally, like all his wild kindred whose fur is valuable or whose hides or bones can be made useful to man. The beaver will go the way of the bison and the American Indian. He was most useful before the coming of the white man in clearing the beautiful meadows and in making them ready for the farmer, but he has served his day; so he is disappearing just as many other beautiful and wonderful creatures have done.

I always think of the beaver with gratitude and af-

fection and sorrow when I remember that soon his sleek coat will wholly disappear, not only from the fur market, but from his own plump body where God first placed it. Good-by, little American, we are grateful to you for all you did for us even before we came to your wilderness.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. Give two reasons why the beaver cuts wood.
2. To see whether you know how a beaver builds a dam, answer these questions:

(a) Where does he build it?

(b) What does he use for materials?

(c) In what two ways does he keep it from being swept away by the water?

3. What two things did the beaver lakes do to help the settlers of our country?

4. To see what you know about a beaver's house, tell what word belongs where each letter is in the sentences below.

The beaver builds his house on an(a)....

He uses(b).... and(c).... plastered on a framework of(d)....

His house is especially strong in(e)....

5. Why do men hunt beavers?
6. Name three other animals hunted for the same reason.
7. Don't forget to use the Glossary. Did you know the meaning of *available*, *decay*, *freshets*, *repealed*, *sleek*?

Other beaver stories are "In Beaver-land," Hawkes (in *Trails to the Woods and Waters*); "Shaggycoat and the Nimble Otter," Hawkes (in *Child-Library Readers, Book Five*); and "The Industrious Beaver," Seton (in *Wild Animals I Have Known*).

WASTE LAND: A WILD-LIFE PRESERVE

ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

Once upon a time there were thousands of beautiful birds called passenger pigeons. Now they are gone. Herds of graceful antelope used to roam the prairies of the West. They are disappearing. Mr. Hawkes has told us that the beaver is in danger. In this story Mr. Rutledge tells us how we can help save these wild children of Nature.

Mr. Farmer, don't keep your place too clean. Leave that patch of scrub growing over yonder by the creek; leave that fence row filled with briars. Your best friend of the great bird kingdom, bobwhite, can't live with you if you take away all his cover. Keep most fields clean, if you like, but leave some places untidy for the sake of those who will leave you if you clean away their shelters.

Wild creatures will take what we leave. They will rejoice to live on our waste lands. There is no place so impossible for the home of man that it cannot be made into a home for wild life. It looks as if in the years to come, man will take all the *choice* lands for himself. Then he will set aside *waste* lands for the wild children of the woods and the waters and the air.

There is a valley in southern Pennsylvania which shows that whatever man gives up, wild life takes. In this valley, some eighteen miles long and two miles wide, almost all the land up to the foot of the moun-

tain was years ago cultivated. But one after another the hillside farms and the creek-bottom pastures have been deserted. People have moved to the towns. In this whole valley now there are not more than eight or ten homes. Nature, in her quiet, joyous way, has retaken land that in pioneer days was taken from her and from the Indians.

Wild things have helped to recapture their home of pioneer days. Here in a deserted orchard, where a few apple trees still are bearing, deer munch the fallen fruit. In this old upland field where some volunteer buckwheat has sprung up, wild turkeys feed. Beside a pathway leading from a deserted mountain home down to the spring, ruffed grouse can be seen. Along the creek in the shellbark hickory trees which farm boys used to raid for nuts, gray squirrels now gather their winter supply of food. In the creek itself wade migrating ducks on their way to the South for the winter.

All that the wild animals seem to want is a bare chance. They cannot occupy and increase in the face of rifles, traps, and shotguns; neither could man. But they are swift and brave, and will return when the chance of getting killed is lessened, even slightly.

What has happened in this wild valley of Pennsylvania would lead us to believe that there should be no such thing as waste land. Whatever places man is too proud or too lazy to occupy, wild creatures will humbly rejoice in.



It frequently happens that a place which is attractive to wild life can be made even more attractive by a little intelligent planning on the part of the landowner. Such a place is a duck preserve near Oakley, South Carolina, some thirty miles up the Cooper River. On both sides of the river are waste rice fields, long since abandoned. Those fields, now grown to marsh and duck oats instead of to rice, are thronged by thousands of wild ducks who joyously feast there. They tip up in the warm, shallow water, and hail all passing flocks with the glad tidings that the true paradise for wild fowl has at last been discovered. In these days of hunters and improved firearms such a sight is amazing.

"Three things have done it," the owner of the place said. "These fields, you see, were worthless to me for planting purposes. But ducks have always come here. At small expense, I arranged to have the fields hold water when once the water had flowed over them. A duck isn't going to light on dry land, not if there's water within reach of his wings. The third thing was the matter of feed. I went to Washington, D. C., and spent two or three days at the Department of Agriculture, finding out just what wild food would grow here, things that the ducks liked best. They recommended to me duck oats, water lilies, and the American lotus. This last is probably the most successful food I have tried. The bloom has a seed-holding disk like a sunflower. The seeds themselves are like hard black acorns, and the ducks are very fond of them.

"Yes, these old fields were worthless, but in these days there is no such thing as waste land if a man will turn over to wild things those parts of his lands which he cannot use himself. And if he will encourage the wild life just a little, he will have it coming in abundance. Reasonable quiet and protection, water, food—get these three things in this part of the country, and you will have all the ducks you want."

The setting aside of lands where wild life is protected always has the same effect; that is, the immediate increase in wild life. But the effect is much more far-reaching than might be imagined. There are huge

tracts of wild country in Pennsylvania, in Virginia, in Maryland, and in the Carolinas, which ten years ago were practically dead so far as game birds and animals were concerned. Now they are alive again. Such tracts of waste land provide a wonderful home for wild life.

Very simple, indeed, is the requirement for having beautiful wild life on any place. *Don't kill it, and don't clean away every trace of that wild home that Nature provides for all wild things. We must not rob them of their homes.*

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. Below are four statements. Which one best answers the question, "Why did Mr. Rutledge write this story?"

- (a) To tell us about the habits of wild animals and birds.
- (b) To get us never to kill wild animals.
- (c) To save wild animals and birds by giving them homes.
- (d) To tell us how useful wild animals and birds are.

2. The title of this story is "Waste Land: A Wild-Life Preserve." Think of another name for the story that would be just as good, or better.

3. What three things do wild animals need if they are to stay with us?

4. Make a list of all the birds and animals that are found near your home.

You will enjoy reading "Little Gustava," Thaxter (in *Poetry's Plea for Animals*, Clarke); and "Man and Dog and Horse and Tree," Wynne (in *For Days and Days*).

DUNCAN'S BIRD TENANTS

ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES

Mr. Rutledge told you that birds and animals will come to live with us if we give them a home. Duncan, a fifth-grade boy, found that Mr. Rutledge is right.

It was the fifteenth of March, and Duncan was exactly eleven years old. His parents had given him a tool chest for a birthday present, and as he walked proudly out of the back door into the morning sunshine, he was wondering what he should make first with the new tools. He had hardly gone as far as the pump when he heard a soft, gurgling bird voice from the old apple tree, and a bluebird fluttered down almost to his feet. He decided to make a bird house, and he walked off to talk the matter over with his father.

His father gladly agreed to help him and suggested that they build a house suitable for both bluebirds and tree swallows, and for purple martins, too, if they wished to come, though martins had not nested in Meriden for many years. First they wrote to the Department of Agriculture in Washington for a pamphlet called *Homes for Birds*, and with this as a guide they went to work. Early in April the little dwelling was ready to put up. In appearance it was like an old-fashioned, two-story, New England farmhouse, painted white, and it was fastened to the end of a tall pole.

The bluebirds had already chosen a hole in the apple



tree for their first home; so for the present they were not interested in any other. But on the telephone wire sat a pair of tree swallows, their steel-blue coats and white shirt-fronts glistening in the sunlight. As soon as Duncan and his father began to raise the pole into the air, the swallows left their perch, and twittering excitedly, flew round and round the little bird house as if they knew that it was for them. It had barely come to rest as the end of the pole dropped into the hole which had been dug for it, when the swallows alighted on the roof and took possession as its first tenants.

During the next few days Duncan noticed that the swallows were very busy. Much of their time was

spent in looking over their new home, creeping first into one room, then into another, as if trying to decide which they liked best. Then they would sit on the telephone wire in full view of the bird house, perhaps admiring it, and ready to attack and drive away any other bird which came near. And of course they never neglected their regular work of darting back and forth to catch insects for their daily food.

At last one of the rooms was selected, and the birds began to gather bits of hay to make a nest. Then followed swift visits to the poultry yard for feathers with which to line it. One morning when Duncan opened the door of the henhouse and let out the hens, he was surprised and amused to see the swallows swoop down, pluck soft feathers from an indignant old hen, and bear them home in triumph.

Five white eggs had been laid, when a flock of English sparrows arrived. One tree swallow was in the nest and the other on guard outside. A fierce but one-sided battle took place, and the nest and eggs might have been thrown to the ground, had not Duncan protected his tenants by driving the sparrows away.

In about two weeks the eggs were hatched, and the parents were on the wing from daylight until dusk, scooping up with their scapnet mouths hundreds of flies to feed their babies. Two weeks later, the young swallows, dressed very much like their parents, came out on the roof to be fed. A few days later they left

their little home forever, and were soon hunting insects over the fields and through the barnyard.

But the bird house was not long unoccupied. The bluebirds had reared their first brood, and about a week after the swallows had left, Duncan saw new tenants inspecting the little dwelling. A few busy days of nest building, and then the male, in sky-blue coat and reddish vest, perched on the roof, singing softly to his hidden mate, who sat on four blue eggs in a simple nest of hay. Still busier times followed when the eggs were hatched, and every day the parents made scores of trips to the fields near by for caterpillars and other insects to feed four gaping mouths.

About a fortnight later the youngsters began to show their heads and their speckled breasts at the doorway, and presently they attempted to fly to the roof. Three of them succeeded, but the fourth fluttered to the ground; and Duncan's mother, who happened to be watching, just saved it from a neighbor's cat. The hired man got a ladder and put the young bird back in the nest, and very soon the little family got safely away.

Duncan was so much encouraged by his success that he began to plan for the following season. He built smaller, single-roomed houses for the bluebirds and tree swallows, and put them up in the fall. He saved the larger house for the martins this time, by blocking the doorways with strips of wood until it was about time for them to return.

Just as he had hoped, the first bluebird built in one of the smaller boxes, and a pair of tree swallows in the other. But when he spoke of trying to get the purple martins, most of the neighbors shook their heads and laughed. Nevertheless, about the third week in April, Duncan removed the strips of wood and waited.

At last, on the first of May, a bright, warm morning, he leaped from his bed at the sound of strange, sweet bird voices outside. There they were, the longed-for purple martins, sailing gracefully around the bird house, singing as they sailed. They examined the little dwelling inside and out, and a small colony of them, five pairs, decided to nest in it. Duncan had scored a triumph. The purple martin, largest and noblest of American swallows, after an absence of many years, had come back to Meriden.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. Read again the note at the beginning of the story; then tell in one sentence how Duncan found out that Mr. Rutledge is right.
2. Make a list of at least five things Duncan learned about tree swallows. Start like this: 1. *Swallows eat insects.*
3. If you have bird houses in your yard or near your home, write or tell what birds nest in them.

Other good bird stories and a poem are "The Purple Martin," Ball (in *Bird Biographies*); "Purple Martins," Meigs (in *Child Life*, Nov., 1926); and "Trees to Let," Wynne (in *For Days and Days*).

A HYMN OF PRAISE

JULIA JOHNSON DAVIS

The hills and valleys sing to Thee, O God,
The oak tree has its mighty word of praise;
Even the humble grass, the tranquil sod,
Murmur Thy graciousness in all Thy ways.

The little birds melodiously tell
Who is their Maker, and their help, their stay.
The wild geese flying over fen and fell
Proclaim the love that guides them on their way.

And by whatever path or road we go
Homeward to rest, how can we feel Thee far,
When in the twilight and the afterglow
We see the crescent moon, the evening star?

THE PINE CATERPILLAR

JEAN HENRI FABRE

Nature has stories to tell—stories of animals, stories of birds, and countless others. Jean Henri Fabre, a French school-teacher, spent many, many hours of his life listening to Nature's stories. Then he began to write of what he had learned, and he became famous for his books about butterflies, grasshoppers, bees, and other insects.

You hungry little caterpillars, if I let you have your way, I should soon be robbed of the murmur of my once leafy pine trees. But I am going to make a bargain with you. You have a story to tell. Tell it to me; and for a year, for two years or longer, until I know more or less about it, I will leave you undisturbed.

The result of my bargain with the caterpillars is that I soon have some thirty nests within a few steps of my door. With such treasures daily before my eyes, I cannot help seeing the pine caterpillar's story unfolded at full length. These caterpillars are also called the processionaries, because they always go out in a procession.

First of all, there is the egg. During the first half of August, if we look at the lower branches of the pine trees, we shall discover, here and there on the foliage, certain little whitish cylinders spotting the green. These are the pine moth's eggs; each cylinder is the cluster laid by one mother. The cylinder is like a tiny muff,

about an inch long and a fifth or sixth of an inch wide, wrapped around the base of the pine needles, which are grouped in twos. This muff has a silky appearance and is white, slightly tinted with reddish brown. It is covered with scales that overlap like the shingles on a roof.

The scales, soft as velvet to the touch and carefully laid one upon the other, form a roof that protects the eggs. Not a drop of rain or dew can get underneath it. Where did this soft covering come from? From the mother moth; she has stripped a part of her body for her children. Like the eider duck, she has made a warm overcoat for her eggs out of her own soft down.

If one removes the scaly fleece with pincers, the eggs appear, looking like little white, shiny beads. There are about three hundred of them in one cylinder. Quite a family for one mother! They are beautifully placed, and remind one of a tiny ear of Indian corn. Nobody, young or old, could help exclaiming, on seeing the pine moth's pretty little spike of eggs, "How handsome!"

The eggs hatch in September. If one lifts the scales of the muff, one can see black heads appear, which nibble and push back their coverings. The tiny creatures come out slowly all over the surface. They are pale yellow, with black heads twice as large as their bodies. First they eat the pine needles on which their nest was placed; then they eat the near-by needles.

From time to time, three or four, who have eaten as much as they want, fall in line and walk in step in a

little procession. This is practice for the coming processions. If I disturb them, they sway the front half of their bodies and wag their heads. The next thing they do is to spin a little tent at the place where their nest was. The tent is a small ball made of gauze, resting on some leaves. Inside it they take a rest during the hottest part of the day. In the afternoon they leave this shelter and start feeding again.

In less than an hour, you see, after coming from the egg, the young caterpillar shows what he can do. He eats leaves, he forms processions, and he spins tents.

In twenty-four hours the little tent has become as large as a hazelnut, and in two weeks it is the size of an apple. But it is still only a summer tent. When winter is near, they will build a stronger one. In the meantime, the caterpillars eat the leaves around which their tent is stretched. Their house gives them at the same time meals and lodging. This saves them from going out for food when they are so young and so tiny.

When this tent gives way, owing to the caterpillars' having nibbled the leaves that hold it, the family moves on and erects a new tent higher up on the pine tree. Sometimes they reach the very top of the tree.

In the meantime the caterpillars have changed their dress. They now wear six little bright red patches on their backs, surrounded with scarlet bristles. In the midst of these red patches are specks of gold. The hairs on their sides and underneath are whitish.



In November they begin to build their winter tent high up in the pine tree at the tip of a bough. They surround the leaves at the end of the bough with a network of silk. Leaves and silk together are stronger than silk alone. By the time this shelter is finished, it is as large as a half-gallon measure and about the shape of an egg.

In the center of the nest is a milk-white mass of thickly-woven threads mingled with green leaves. At the top are round openings, the doors of the house, through which the caterpillars go in and out. There is a sort of veranda on top, made of threads stretched from the tips of the surrounding leaves, where the cat-

erpillars come and doze in the sun, heaped one upon the other with rounded backs. The threads above are an awning, to keep the sun from being too warm for them. The inside of the caterpillars' nest is not at all a tidy place; it is full of rags, shreds of the caterpillars' skins, and dirt.

The caterpillars stay in their nest all night, and come out about ten o'clock in the morning to take the sun on their veranda. They spend the whole day there, dozing. Motionless, heaped together, from time to time they show their bliss by nodding and wagging their heads. When it grows dark, the sleepers awake, stir themselves, and go out over the surface of the nest.

Wherever they go, they strengthen the nest or enlarge it by the threads of silk that come out of their mouths and trail behind them. More green leaves are taken in, and the tent becomes bigger and bigger. They are busy doing this for an hour or two every evening. So far, they have known nothing but summer; but they seem to realize that winter is coming. They work away at their house in a manner which seems to say: "Oh, how nice and warm we shall be in our beds here, nestling one against the other, when the pine tree is glittering with frost. Let us work with a will!"

After the day's work comes their dinner. The caterpillars come down from the nest and begin eating on the pine needles below. It is a magnificent sight to see the red-coated band lined up in twos and threes on each

needle and in ranks so closely formed that the green sprigs of the branch bend under the load. The diners, all motionless, all poking their heads forward, nibble slowly in silence. Their black foreheads gleam in the rays of my lantern. They eat far into the night. Then they go back to the nest, where for a little longer they continue spinning on the surface. It is one or two o'clock in the morning when the last one goes indoors.

To guide them as they wander about their tree, the caterpillars have their silk ribbon, formed by threads from their mouths. They follow this on their return to the nest. Sometimes they miss it and strike the ribbon made by another band of caterpillars. They follow it and reach a strange dwelling. No matter! There is not the least quarreling between the owners and the new arrivals. And all, when bedtime comes, start for the nest, like brothers who have always lived together.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. Prove that Fabre studied the caterpillars carefully, by telling four things he learned that could only be learned by the closest study. Perhaps you can tell more than four.

2. Name any other insects that you know spin threads.

You would like also to read "The Processionaries," "The Caterpillars As Weather Prophets," and "The Pine Moth," Fabre (all in *Insect Adventures*); and "The Adventures of a Meadow Caterpillar," Patch (in *Holiday Meadow*).



FOUR-LEAF CLOVERS*

ELLA HIGGINSON

I know a place where the sun is like gold,
And the cherry blooms burst with snow;
And down underneath is the loveliest nook,
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

One leaf is for hope, and one is for faith,
And one is for love, you know;
But God put another one in for luck—
If you search, you will find where they grow.

But you must have hope, and you must have faith;
You must love and be strong; and so,
If you work, if you wait, you will find the place
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

*From *When the Birds Go North Again* by Ella Higginson, copyright 1898 by The Macmillan Co.

THE GLADNESS OF NATURE

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,
When our Mother Nature laughs around,
When even the deep-blue heavens look glad,
And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground?

There are notes of joy from the hangbird and wren,
And the gossip of swallows through all the sky;
The ground squirrel gayly chirps by his den,
And the wilding bee hums merrily by.

The clouds are at play in the azure space,
And their shadows at play on the bright green vale,
And here they stretch to the frolic chase,
And there they roll on the easy gale.

There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower;
There's a titter of winds in that beechen tree;
There's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower,
And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.

And look at the broad-faced sun, how he smiles
On the dewy earth that smiles in his ray,
On the leaping waters and gay young isles;
Ay, look, and he'll smile thy gloom away.

A BACKWARD LOOK

SUPPOSE your father or your mother or your big brother or sister said to you, "I see you have been reading some stories about animals and birds. Did you like them?" What would you say? If they asked which story you liked best, what would you tell them? Could you tell why you liked it best?

If someone asked you what interesting facts you learned from these stories, what four or five things would you tell?

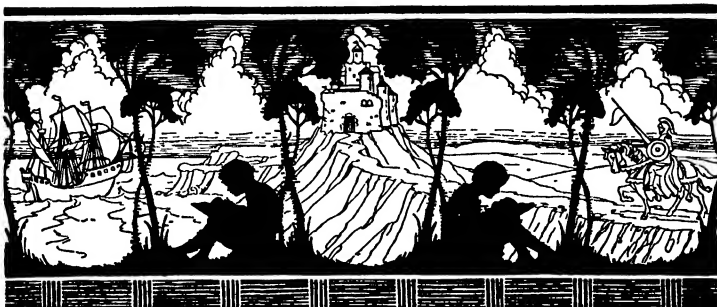
Do you know enough about the birds and animals and flowers of your neighborhood so that you could give a talk on "The Wild Life Near Us"? You might try now to make a list of animals, a list of birds, and a list of flowers that are found near your home or city. Then your class can put all the different kinds into a big class list of birds, another of animals, and another of flowers. You may be surprised at what some of your classmates have seen in the out-of-doors, and they may be surprised at what you have seen.

Have you ever done anything to help the birds and animals, or do you know of anything that is being done near where you live? You might like to tell the class about it.

Perhaps you have had an adventure or an interesting experience with wild life that would be worth telling to the class. Or maybe you have gone on a journey to a different part of our country and have seen some strange animals or flowers. The class would like to hear about it.

If someone asked you for a list of good stories and books about the out-of-doors, what would you put in your list? Perhaps you would put down some of the stories named in this part and in the list on pages 431-432.

PART THREE
• STORIES WE ALL SHOULD KNOW •



MY STORY BOOK*

ANNETTE WYNNE

My book holds many stories, wrapped
tightly in itself,
And yet it never makes a noise, but waits
upon my shelf
Until I come and take it; then soon my
book and I
Are sailing on a fairy sea or floating in
the sky.

*From "My Book Holds Many Stories." Reprinted by permission from *For Days and Days: A Year-round Treasury of Verse for Children* by Annette Wynne, copyright 1919, by Frederick A. Stokes Company.

“TELL ME A STORY!”

JUST ABOUT as soon as you were old enough to put words together into sentences, you probably began to bother your father and mother by saying, “Tell me a story ’bout lions ’n tigers ’n everything.” And when you did this, you were acting just like a grown-up person, because grown-up people like stories as much as boys and girls. And for thousands of years they have liked them.

Even savage people who cannot read or write have story-tellers. These story-tellers are really the books for those people. When an old story-teller dies, a younger man takes his place, and he goes on telling the stories the old man told—stories of the great deeds of his people and of strange things that have happened. Famous stories that have been read in books by millions of people were first told for hundreds of years before they were written. No one knows who started them.

But now our story-tellers write for us. They carry us on journeys to far lands where we should love to go, but cannot; they take us through exciting adventures that we should really be a little afraid to go through ourselves; they tell us of interesting things that are happening to other people; they make us laugh.

Now you are going to read a few stories—just a few—of the hundreds and hundreds that you would surely like. Three story-tellers will entertain you, each with one story. But there are countless other story-tellers. Some of them and their books you will find listed on page 432. Your teacher and your librarian will help you find others.

GUILLAUME'S FLUTE

GERTRUDE CROWNFIELD

In the southeastern part of France, near the Mediterranean Sea, is a region of hills and mountains called Provence. Here in the village of Maussane lived a little shepherd boy, Guillaume. He was very, very shy, but in his heart was a great longing to play the flute as his grandfather had played it at the Christmas celebrations in the little village.

Very mellow was the flute of old Guillaume. With it, for many years, he had led the procession of the Adoration of the Shepherds, playing, as none but he could play, the music of the noels.

But the flute of old Guillaume had long been silent, for old Guillaume was no longer living in this world, and Francois, another shepherd, played at the Feast of Noel. Yet still the people of Maussane, and even Francois himself, would say regretfully at every Christmas-tide, "Ah, if we could but hear once more the flute of old Guillaume!"

Meanwhile the flute lay upon the high shelf in his son's cottage, with none in the house who had the skill to draw music from it. His grandson, little Guillaume, looked at it often, his fingers itching to hold it, his heart hungering to put it to his lips to see whether he could draw from it at least one pure and beautiful note.

Yet little Guillaume was shy and could not bring

himself to ask for such a privilege. Every day he led his father's sheep to feed upon the hillsides. Every day before he went, he lifted his eyes longingly to the high shelf where lay the coveted flute.

At last his mother said to him: "Why dost thou look so earnestly upon thy grandfather's flute, my little Guillaume? Dost think thou couldst play upon it as he played? Ah, my child, to do that, one must have a great gift, indeed."

Guillaume hung his head and made no answer. He had no belief that he could play upon it, yet he would have given much to try. He was about to pass out of the door, but he turned back before he did so, for a last look at the flute.

"Come then, my little one, thou shalt hold it in thy hand for a moment. Perhaps that will satisfy thee." The good woman took it down and dusted it carefully, while Guillaume waited, quivering with eagerness.

As she gave it to him, and his fingers touched it, such a thrill of strange happiness rushed through him that he grew bold. "Mother," he whispered entreatingly, "let me carry it with me today to the hill."

"To the hill!" cried his mother, raising her brows with astonishment. "Nay, nay, Guillaume, thou art far too young to be permitted to do that. Some harm might happen to it there."

"Nothing shall hurt it—I will take great care! See, I will keep it safe—here—in my breast." His words



came fast and imploringly, and his mother, although she feared to trust it to his keeping, could not resist the longing in his eyes.

"Remember, my Guillaume," she warned him, "it was thy grandfather's. There is no other flute so fine in Maussane. See that thou dost bring it back unhurt."

Guillaume promised, and with the instrument lodged securely in his breast, rushed like a whirlwind to call his flock. Off to a lonely hill he took them, where they could browse contentedly on the thick, short grass, and where none could overhear him while he tried the flute.

His fingers shook, and his breath came fast as he pressed the instrument to his lips and drew out a feeble

note. It was shrill, and thin, and unlovely. Guillaume winced with disappointment. Nevertheless, he knew that beautiful sounds dwelt in the flute, and he was determined to call them out. So he persevered. Over and over he breathed carefully into the slender tube. Over and over he pressed his fingers now upon this hole, now upon that, to make the notes. At last, to his delight, one pure mellow note rewarded him.

Each morning after that he pleaded to be allowed to take the instrument with him. His mother, having discovered that he always brought it back uninjured even by a single scratch, humored him, saying from time to time, "Some day, my little Guillaume, thou shalt learn of Francois how to play upon it—some day when thou art older."

Yet already little Guillaume, alone with his sheep, had taught himself far more than Francois knew. Patiently, faithfully, he labored, until he had mastered every note. Before the summer had passed, there was not a noel known in Provence that he could not play with touching beauty, for the rare gift that had been old Guillaume's lived again in his grandchild.

Although little Guillaume had accomplished all this, no one but himself knew, for he was too shy to speak of it, or to summon up the courage to play before others.

The Feast of Noel was approaching. Francois was expected to lead the procession of the shepherds as usual. Guillaume, making music to his sheep upon the slopes

where the grass had now become dry and thin, told himself that some day, when he was grown, he might perhaps be permitted to take the place in the procession that had been his grandfather's.

Then came a wintry evening when he trudged beside Francois as the sheep ran down from the pastures to their folds, and Francois said, with a heavy sigh: "It is a pity, little Guillaume, that you have not the power to play upon the flute as your grandfather could, for my fingers, that I wounded at the sheep-shearing in the spring, have become stiff, and I can no longer make the notes sound as they should. It is too bad. Who is to play the noels at the Feast? There is none to do it in Maussane. This very evening I must go in to Monsieur le Cure and tell him that for me it is now quite impossible."

Even in spite of this, Guillaume could not speak for shyness; he could only walk by Francois's side with a choking in his throat, and a swifter beating of the heart. Soon they reached the priest's house. Francois knocked at the door; it opened, and he went in.

Guillaume stood outside as one whose feet are chained. Through the half-open window he could hear the grave voices of Monsieur le Cure and Francois. Although he could not hear a word they said, he knew as well as if he had done so, what disappointment they felt. Surging up from the depths of his being was a desire to draw out his grandfather's flute from his breast, to play

upon it, to show them that the Feast of Noel need not go by, after all, without the music that had always helped to make it beautiful.

Several times he took out the flute cautiously, set it to his mouth, and almost breathed into it, but each time timidity seized him, and he slipped it back into his breast. While he hesitated thus, and Francois tarried, night fell. Guillaume knew that he must go home, for his mother would become anxious.

A single step he took in that direction, and then, driven by a feeling which he had no power to resist, he turned back quickly, snatched out the flute, and brought from it a deep, full note. This much done, little Guillaume immediately forgot everything but his music. Now, borne upon the evening air to the startled ears of the priest and Francois, came the strains to which the shepherds of Maussane had always marched at the Feast of Noel, played as none but old Guillaume had ever played them.

"The flute of old Guillaume!" exclaimed Monsieur le Cure, leaping to his feet in amazement. "Aye, the flute of old Guillaume, and the music for the shepherds," stammered the puzzled Francois. "But whence comes it? Who can play it thus?"

Monsieur le Cure did not stop to wonder. He went directly to the window and looked out. There, with his back to the wall of the house, was Guillaume, playing his very best.

"Guillaume," breathed Monsieur le Cure softly, "little Guillaume."

At the sound, all Guillaume's bashfulness suddenly returned. The music ceased instantly, and he stood crest-fallen and trembling at his daring.

"Come in, little Guillaume," invited Monsieur le Cure. "I would speak with thee."

Guillaume obeyed.

"Thou hast given us the music for the shepherds well," commended Monsieur le Cure, drawing the boy to him. "Canst thou not play for me, also, a noel or two?"

Encouraged by this, and encircled by the protecting arm of the priest, little Guillaume played them every one.

When he had finished, Monsieur le Cure spoke. "Thou hast had none to teach thee, my child—that I know, and yet thou hast learned to play most sweetly. Wilt thou not play in the church, then, for the shepherds at the Feast of Noel? Our good Francois can do so no more, because his fingers have become too stiff to make the notes."

Guillaume, his flute clutched tightly to his breast, was too overcome with happiness to answer in words, but he nodded his head slowly, and the kindly priest understood.

"And now, my child," continued Monsieur le Cure, smiling upon him, "we will say nothing of this to any-



one, but will keep it to be a surprise to the people of Maussane at the Feast of Noel."

Surprise it was to them, in truth. When through the open door of the church on Christmas Eve floated such rich, such tender, such melodious tones as the people of Maussane had not heard in many a year, they turned their ears swiftly to the sound, in awe and wondering delight.

"Hark, hark!" they whispered excitedly, each to each. "Is not that the flute of old Guillaume? There is none other like it. And yet—and yet—how can it be?"

"But see!" cried one. "Who could have believed it! See! It is the little Guillaume who plays!"

Yes, it was indeed little Guillaume, moving at the front of the procession, the flute of old Guillaume in his hands, and as he came, his head no longer drooped shyly upon his breast, but was lifted in a rapture of adoration, while not from his lips alone, but from his very heart streamed forth the glorious notes of praise and worship of the Babe of Bethlehem.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. What is the French name for Christmas?
2. What is a noel? Do you know the names of any noels? If you do, tell two or three of the names.
3. Make up names for the pictures in the story.
4. What other happening in the story would make a good picture?

5. Which one of these reasons best tells why Guillaume wanted to play the flute?

- (a) To honor his grandfather
- (b) To have a big part in the celebration
- (c) Because he loved the music of the flute

6. Miss Crownfield has used certain words especially to make you feel and see things; for example, on page 111, *draw music, fingers itching, heart hungering*. Find six other words or groups of words that helped you to feel and see things.

7. On your paper write the words in the first column. Then for each word in the first column choose a word or group of words in the second column that means about the same thing. For example, *mellow* means *soft and gentle*; so your paper would read: 1. *mellow—soft and gentle*.

(1) mellow	bashful
(2) tarried	trembling
(3) shy	soft and gentle
(4) coveted	sudden, sharp feeling
(5) quivering	much desired
(6) thrill	feed
(7) imploringly	stayed on
(8) browse	kept on trying
(9) winced	kept on asking
(10) persevered	beggingly
(11) pleaded	shrank

This story was taken from a book, *The Feast of Noel*, by Miss Crownfield. There are five other stories in the book. You would probably like also to read "The Knights of the Silver Shield," Alden (in *Child-Library Readers, Book Five*), and "The Little Brown Bowl," Bowman (in *The Little Brown Bowl and Other Stories*).

THE GOLDEN TOUCH

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

Nathaniel Hawthorne, one of our first great American story-tellers, was born and lived in the old town of Salem, Massachusetts. He loved boys and girls and liked to tell them stories. One summer he wrote a book in which he re-told some old stories. Even before the book was printed, his three children knew the stories by heart. "The Golden Touch" is taken from this book.

KING MIDAS AND HIS LOVE FOR GOLD

Once upon a time there lived a very rich king whose name was Midas. He had a little daughter, whom nobody but myself ever heard of, and whose name I either never knew, or have entirely forgotten. So, because I love odd names for little girls, I shall choose to call her Marygold.

This King Midas was more fond of gold than of anything else in the world. He valued his royal crown chiefly because it was made of that precious metal. If he loved anything better, or half so well, it was the one little maiden who played so merrily around her father's footstool. But the more Midas loved his daughter, the more did he desire and seek for wealth. He thought, foolish man, that the best thing he could possibly do for this dear child would be to give her the largest pile of yellow, glistening coin that had ever been heaped to-

gether since the world was made. Thus, he gave all his thoughts and all his time to this one purpose. If ever he happened to gaze for an instant at the gold-tinted clouds of sunset, he wished that they were real gold and that they could be squeezed safely into his strong-box. When little Marygold ran to meet him, with a bunch of buttercups and dandelions, he used to say, "Pooh, pooh, child! If these flowers were as golden as they look, they would be worth the plucking!"

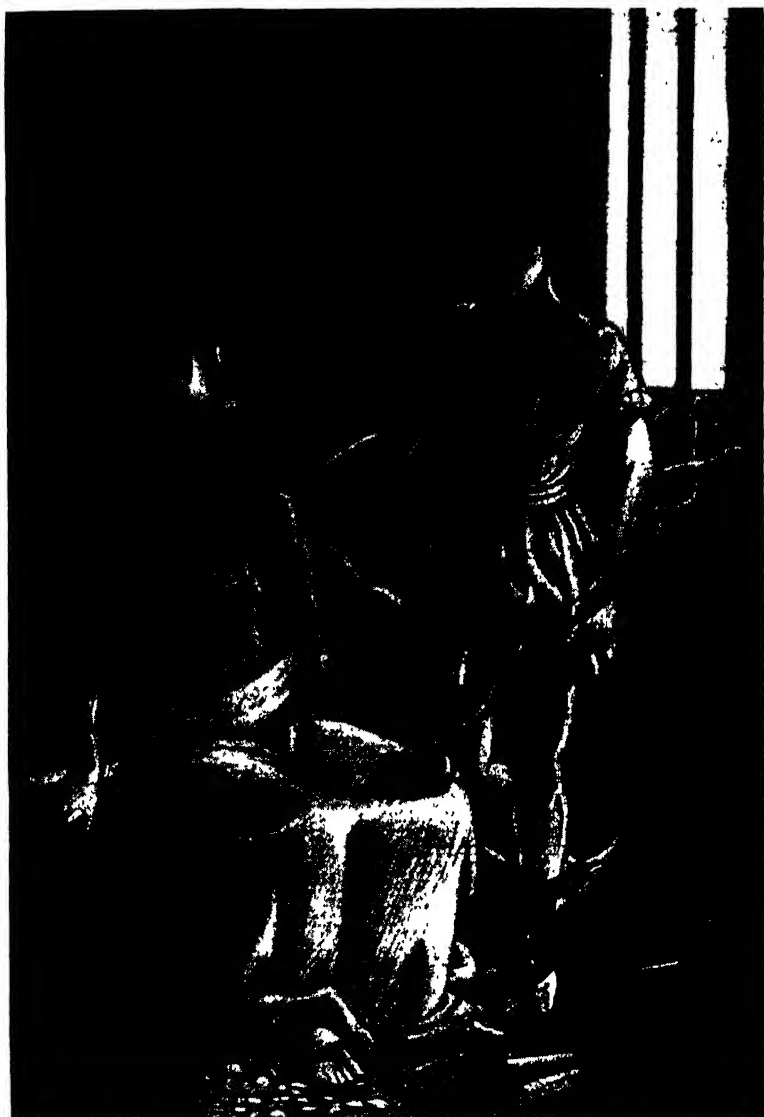
And yet, in his earlier days, before he had been so entirely possessed of this foolish desire for riches, King Midas had shown a great taste for flowers. He had planted a garden in which grew the biggest and sweetest and most beautiful roses that anyone ever saw or smelled. These roses were still growing in the garden, as large, as lovely, and as fragrant as when Midas used to pass whole hours gazing at them and inhaling their perfume. But now, if he looked at them at all, it was only to imagine how much the garden would be worth if each of the many rose-petals were a thin plate of gold.

At length Midas had become so exceedingly foolish that he could scarcely bear to see or touch any object that was not gold. He made it his custom, therefore, to pass a large part of every day in a dark and dreary apartment, underground in the basement of his palace. It was here that he kept his wealth. To this dreary hole—for it was little better than a dungeon—Midas betook himself whenever he wanted to be particularly happy.

Here, after carefully locking the door, he would take a bag of gold coin, or a gold cup as big as a washbowl, or a heavy golden bar, or a peck-measure of gold dust, and bring them from the dark corners of the room into the one bright and narrow sunbeam that fell from the narrow window. He valued the sunbeam for no other reason but that his treasure would not shine without its help. And then would he count the coins in the bag; toss up the bar, and catch it as it came down; sift the gold dust through his fingers; look at the funny image of his own face in the polished surface of the cup; and whisper to himself, "O Midas, rich King Midas, what a happy man art thou!"

Midas was enjoying himself in his treasure-room one day as usual, when he saw a shadow fall over the heaps of gold; and, looking suddenly up, what should he behold but the figure of a stranger, standing in the bright and narrow sunbeam! It was a young man with a cheerful and ruddy face. Midas could not help fancying that the stranger's smile had a kind of golden look.

As Midas knew that he had carefully turned the key in the lock and that no one could possibly break into his treasure-room, he of course thought that his visitor must be an unusual being. Midas had met such beings before now, and was not sorry to meet one of them again. The stranger's manner was so good-humored and kindly that it would have been unreasonable to suspect him of intending any mischief. It was far more prob-



able that he came to do Midas a favor. And what could that favor be, unless to multiply his heaps of treasure?

The stranger gazed about the room, and when his bright smile had glistened upon all the golden objects that were there, he turned again to Midas.

"You are a wealthy man, friend Midas!" he said. "I doubt whether any other four walls on earth contain so much gold as you have piled up in this room."

"I have done pretty well—pretty well," answered Midas. "But, after all, it is but a trifle, when you consider that it has taken me my whole life to get it together. If one could live a thousand years, he might have time to grow rich!"

"What!" exclaimed the stranger. "Then you are not satisfied?" Midas shook his head.

"And pray, what would satisfy you?" asked the stranger. "I should be glad to know."

Midas paused and thought deeply for a while. He had a feeling that this stranger, with such a golden, good-humored smile, had come with the power to grant his wishes. Therefore, he had but to speak in order to obtain whatever thing it might come into his head to ask. So he thought and thought and thought without being able to imagine anything big enough. At last, a bright idea occurred to King Midas. It seemed really as bright as the glistening metal which he loved so much.

Raising his head, he looked the stranger in the face.

"Well, Midas," observed his visitor, "I see that you

have at length hit upon something that will satisfy you. Tell me your wish."

"It is only this," replied Midas. "I am weary of collecting my treasures with so much trouble, and beholding the heap so small after I have done my best. I wish everything that I touch to be changed to gold."

"The Golden Touch!" exclaimed the stranger. "You certainly deserve credit, friend Midas, for striking on so brilliant an idea. But are you quite sure that this will satisfy you?"

"How could it fail?" said Midas.

"And will you never regret the possession of it?"

"I ask for nothing else to make me perfectly happy," said Midas.

"Be it as you wish, then," replied the stranger, waving his hand in farewell. "Tomorrow, at sunrise, you will find yourself gifted with the Golden Touch."

The figure of the stranger then became exceedingly bright, and Midas was forced to close his eyes. On opening them again, he beheld only one yellow sunbeam in the room, and, all around him, the glistening of the precious metal which he had spent his life in storing up.

Whether Midas slept as usual that night, the story does not say. Asleep or awake, however, his mind was probably like that of a child to whom a beautiful new plaything has been promised in the morning. At any rate, day had hardly peeped over the hills when King Midas was wide awake and, stretching his arms out of

bed, began to touch the objects that were within reach. He was anxious to prove whether the Golden Touch had really come, according to the stranger's promise. So he laid his finger on a chair by the bedside, and on various other things, but was disappointed to find out that they remained exactly the same as before.

THE GIFT OF THE GOLDEN TOUCH

All this while, it was only the gray of the morning, with but a streak of brightness along the edge of the sky, where Midas could not see it. He lay in a very unhappy mood and kept growing sadder and sadder, until the earliest sunbeam shone through the window and gilded the ceiling over his head. It seemed to Midas that this bright yellow sunbeam was shining in rather a strange way on the white covering of the bed. Looking more closely, he found that this linen fabric had been changed to what seemed a woven texture of the purest and brightest gold! The Golden Touch had come to him with the first sunbeam!

Midas started up joyfully and ran about the room grasping at everything that happened to be in his way. He seized one of the bedposts, and it became a golden pillar. He pulled aside a window-curtain, and the tassel grew heavy in his hand—a mass of gold. He took up a book from the table. At his touch the leaves became a bundle of thin golden plates. He hurriedly put on his clothes, and was delighted to see himself in a magnifi-



cent suit of gold cloth, which kept its softness, although it burdened him a little with its weight. ●●●●●●●●

Wise King Midas was so excited by his good fortune that the palace seemed not large enough to contain him. He therefore went downstairs, and smiled to see that the railing of the staircase became a bar of burnished gold as his hand passed over it on his way down. He lifted the door-latch—it was brass only a moment ago, but golden when his fingers left it—and went into the garden. Here he found beautiful roses in full bloom, and others in all the stages of lovely bud and blossom.

But Midas knew a way to make them far more precious, according to his way of thinking, than roses had

ever been before. So he took great pains in going from bush to bush, and used his magic touch freely until every flower and bud, and even the worms at the heart of some of them, were changed to gold. By the time this good work was completed, King Midas was called to breakfast; and as the morning air had given him an excellent appetite, he made haste back to the palace.

What was usually a king's breakfast, in the days of Midas, I really do not know. To the best of my belief, however, on this particular morning, the breakfast consisted of hot cakes, some nice little brook trout, roasted potatoes, fresh boiled eggs, and coffee for King Midas himself, and a bowl of bread and milk for his daughter Marygold. At all events, this is a breakfast fit to be set before a king; and, whether he had it or not, King Midas could not have had a better.

Little Marygold had not yet made her appearance. Her father ordered her to be called, and, seating himself at the table, awaited the child's coming, in order to begin his own breakfast. Midas really loved his daughter, and loved her much more this morning on account of the good fortune which had befallen him. It was not a great while before he heard her coming along the passage crying bitterly. This surprised him, because Marygold was one of the cheerfulest little people whom you would see in a summer day, and hardly shed a thimbleful of tears in a twelvemonth. When Midas heard her sobs, he determined to put her into better spirits by

an agreeable surprise; so, leaning across the table, he touched his daughter's bowl and turned it to gleaming gold.

Meanwhile, Marygold slowly and sadly opened the door, and showed herself with her apron at her eyes, still sobbing as if her heart would break.

"How now, my little lady!" cried Midas. "Pray what is the matter with you this bright morning?"

Marygold, without taking the apron from her eyes, held out her hand, in which was one of the roses which Midas had so recently changed.

"Beautiful!" exclaimed her father. "And what is there in this magnificent golden rose to make you cry?"

"Ah, dear Father," answered the child, as well as her sobs would let her, "it is not beautiful, but the ugliest flower that ever grew! As soon as I was dressed, I ran into the garden to gather some roses for you, because I know you like them, and like them the better when gathered by your little daughter. But, O dear, dear me! What do you think has happened? All the beautiful roses, that smelled so sweet and had so many lovely blushes, are blighted and spoiled! They are grown quite yellow, as you see this one, and have no longer any fragrance! What can have been the matter?"

"Pooh, my dear little girl, pray don't cry about it!" said Midas, who was ashamed to confess that he himself had brought about the change which so greatly troubled her. "Sit down and eat your bread and milk! You

will find it easy enough to exchange a golden rose like that—which will last hundreds of years—for an ordinary one, which would wither in a day.”

“I don’t care for such roses as this!” cried Marygold. “It has no smell, and the hard petals prick my nose!”

The child now sat down to table, but was so occupied with her grief for the blighted roses that she did not even notice the wonderful change of her china bowl. Perhaps this was all the better.

Midas, meanwhile, had poured out a cup of coffee; and, as a matter of course, the coffeepot, whatever metal it may have been when he took it up, was gold when he set it down. He began to be puzzled with the difficulty of keeping his treasures safe. The cupboard and the kitchen would no longer be a safe place for articles so valuable as golden bowls and coffeepots.

Amid these thoughts, he lifted a spoonful of coffee to his lips, and was astonished to find that it became molten gold, and the next moment hardened into a lump!

“Ha!” exclaimed Midas, rather terrified.

“What is the matter, Father?” asked little Marygold, gazing at him, with tears still standing in her eyes.

“Nothing, child, nothing!” said Midas. “Eat your bread and milk before it gets quite cold.”

He took one of the nice little trout on his plate, and touched its tail with his finger. To his horror, it was immediately changed from a well-fried brook trout into a gold fish. Its little bones were now golden wires; its

fin and tail were thin plates of gold; and there were the marks of the fork in it. A very pretty piece of work, as you may suppose; only, King Midas just at that moment would much rather have had a real trout in his dish.

"I don't quite see," thought he to himself, "how I am to get any breakfast!"

He took one of the smoking hot cakes, and had scarcely broken it, when it took on the yellow color of Indian corn meal. Almost in despair, he helped himself to a boiled egg, which immediately underwent a change similar to that of the trout and the cake. The egg, indeed, might have been mistaken for one of those which the famous goose in the story-book was in the habit of laying, but King Midas was the only goose that had had anything to do with the matter.

"Well, this is a puzzle!" thought he, leaning back in his chair, and looking with envy at little Marygold, who was now eating her bread and milk with great satisfaction. "Such a costly breakfast, and nothing that can be eaten!"

King Midas next snatched a hot potato, and attempted to cram it into his mouth and swallow it in a hurry. But the Golden Touch was too nimble for him. He found his mouth full, not of mealy potato, but of solid metal, which so burned his tongue that he roared aloud, and, jumping up from the table, began to dance about the room, with both pain and fright.

"Father, dear Father!" cried little Marygold, who was a very affectionate child. "Pray what is the matter? Have you burned your mouth?"

"Ah, dear child," groaned Midas. "I don't know what is to become of your poor father!"

And, truly, did you ever hear of such a pitiable case in all your lives? Here was the richest breakfast that could be set before a king, and its very richness made it good for nothing. The poorest laborer, sitting down to his crust of bread and cup of water, was far better off than King Midas, whose food was really worth its weight in gold. And what was to be done? Already, at breakfast, Midas was very hungry. Would he be less so by dinner-time? And how great would be his appetite for supper, which must consist of the same kind of food as that now before him! How many days, think you, would he survive the use of this rich fare?

These thoughts so troubled wise King Midas that he began to doubt whether, after all, riches are the one desirable thing in the world, or even the most desirable. But this was only a passing thought. So pleased was Midas with the glitter of the yellow metal that he would still have refused to give up the Golden Touch for so small a matter as a breakfast. Just imagine what a price for one meal! It would have been the same as paying millions and millions of money for some fried trout, an egg, a potato, a hot cake, and a cup of coffee!

"It would be quite too dear," thought Midas.



Nevertheless, so great was his hunger that King Midas groaned aloud. Pretty Marygold could endure it no longer. She sat a moment gazing at her father and trying with all her might to find out what was the matter with him. Then, with a sweet and sorrowful desire to comfort him, she ran to him and threw her arms lovingly about his knees. He bent down and kissed her. He felt that his little daughter's love was worth a thousand times more than the Golden Touch.

"My precious, precious Marygold!" cried he.

But Marygold made no answer.

Alas, what had he done? The moment the lips of Midas touched Marygold's forehead, a change had taken

place. Her sweet, rosy face, so full of affection as it had been, became a glittering yellow color with yellow tear-drops hardening on her cheeks. Her beautiful brown ringlets took the same tint. Her soft and tender little form grew hard and stiff within her father's arms. O terrible misfortune! Little Marygold was a human child no longer, but a golden statue!

Yes, there she was, with the look of love, grief, and pity hardened into her face. It was the prettiest and most woeful sight that anyone ever saw. All the features of Marygold were there, even the beloved little dimple in her golden chin. It had been a favorite habit of Midas, whenever he felt particularly fond of the child, to say that she was worth her weight in gold. And now the phrase had become really true. And now at last, when it was too late, he realized how much greater value had a warm and tender heart that loved him than all the wealth that could be piled up betwixt earth and sky!

Midas began to wring his hands and bemoan himself; he could neither bear to look at Marygold, nor yet to look away from her.

WHAT KING MIDAS LEARNED

While he was in this despair, he suddenly beheld a stranger, standing near the door. Midas bent down his head without speaking, for he recognized the same figure which had appeared to him the day before in the

treasure-room, and had bestowed upon him this unlucky power of the Golden Touch. The stranger's face still wore a smile, which seemed to shed a yellow luster all about the room. It gleamed on little Marygold's statue, and on the other objects that had been changed by the touch of Midas.

"Well, friend Midas," said the stranger, "pray, how do you succeed with the Golden Touch?"

Midas shook his head.

"I am very miserable," said he.

"Very miserable, indeed!" exclaimed the stranger. "And how happens that? Have I not faithfully kept my promise with you? Have you not everything that your heart desired?"

"Gold is not everything," answered Midas. "And I have lost all that my heart really cared for."

"Ah! So you have made a discovery since yesterday?" asked the stranger. "Let us see, then. Which of these two things do you think is really worth the more—the gift of the Golden Touch, or one cup of clear, cold water?"

"Oh, blessed water!" exclaimed Midas. "It will never moisten my parched throat again!"

"The Golden Touch," continued the stranger, "or a crust of bread?"

"A piece of bread," answered Midas, "is worth all the gold on earth!"

"The Golden Touch," asked the stranger, "or your

own little Marygold, warm, soft, and loving, as she was an hour ago?"

"Oh, my child, my dear child!" cried poor Midas, wringing his hands. "I would not have given that one small dimple in her chin for the power of changing this whole big earth into a solid lump of gold!"

"You are wiser than you were, King Midas!" said the stranger, looking closely at him. "Your own heart, I see, has not been entirely changed from flesh to gold. Were it so, your case would indeed be hopeless. But you have come to understand that the commonest things, such as lie within everybody's grasp, are more valuable than the riches which so many men sigh and struggle after. Tell me now, do you really desire to rid yourself of this Golden Touch?"

"It is hateful to me!" replied Midas.

A fly settled on his nose, but immediately fell to the floor, for it, too, had become gold. Midas shuddered.

"Go, then," said the stranger, "and plunge into the river that glides past the bottom of your garden. Take likewise a vase of the same water, and sprinkle it over any object that you may desire to change back again from gold into its former substance. If you do this in earnestness and sincerity, it may possibly undo the mischief which your greed for gold has caused."

King Midas bowed low; and when he lifted his head, the stranger had vanished.

You will easily believe that Midas lost no time in

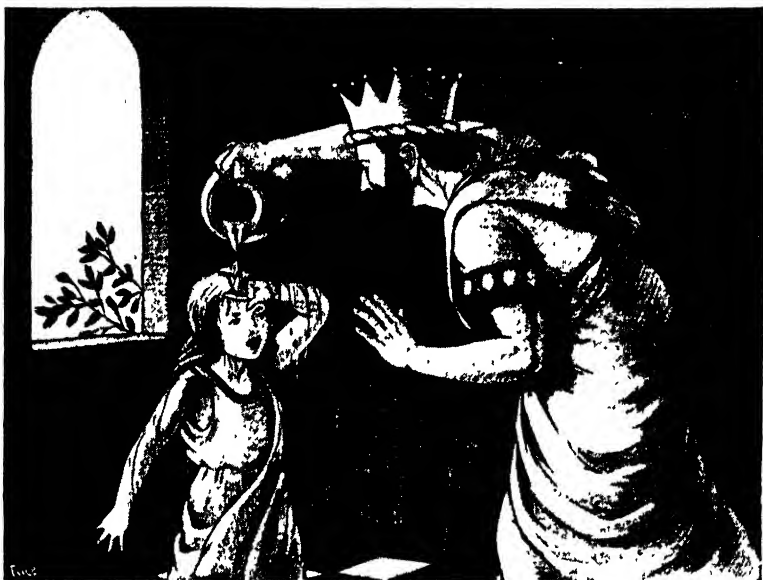
snatching up a great earthen pitcher—but, alas! it was no longer earthen after he touched it—and in hastening to the riverside. As he hurried along, forcing his way through the shrubbery, it was marvelous to see how the leaves turned yellow behind him, as if the autumn had been there, and nowhere else. On reaching the river's brink, he plunged headlong in, without waiting so much as to pull off his shoes.

"Poof! poof! poof!" snorted King Midas, as his head came up out of the water. "Well, this is really a refreshing bath, and I think it must have quite washed away the Golden Touch. And now for filling my pitcher!"

As he dipped the pitcher into the water, his very heart was gladdened to see it change from gold into the same good earthen vessel which it had been before he touched it. He felt, also, a change within himself.

A cold, hard, and heavy weight seemed to have gone out of his bosom. Seeing a violet that grew on the bank of the river, Midas touched it with his finger, and was overjoyed to find that the delicate flower kept its purple hue, instead of turning yellow. The curse of the Golden Touch had, therefore, really been removed from him.

King Midas hastened back to the palace; and I suppose the servants knew not what to make of it when they saw their royal master so carefully bring home an



earthen pitcher of water. But that water, which was to undo all the mischief that his folly had wrought, was more precious to Midas than an ocean of melted gold could have been. The first thing he did, as you need hardly be told, was to pour the water over the golden figure of little Marygold.

No sooner did it fall on her than you would have laughed to see how the rosy color came back to the dear child's cheek!—and how she began to sneeze and splutter!—and how astonished she was to find herself dripping wet, and her father still pouring more water over her!

“Pray, do not, dear Father!” cried she. “See how

you have wet my nice clean frock, which I put on only this morning!"

For Marygold did not know that she had been a little golden statue; nor could she remember anything that had happened since the moment when she ran with outstretched arms to comfort poor King Midas.

Her father did not think it necessary to tell his beloved child how very foolish he had been, but contented himself with showing how much wiser he had now grown. For this purpose he led Marygold into the garden, where he sprinkled all the remainder of the water over the rosebushes, and with such effect that about five thousand roses recovered their beautiful bloom. There were two things, however, which, as long as he lived, used to put King Midas in mind of the Golden Touch. One was that the sands of the river sparkled like gold; the other that little Marygold's hair had now a golden tinge, which he had never noticed in it before she had been changed by the effect of his kiss. This change of hue was really an improvement, and made Marygold's hair richer than in her babyhood.

When King Midas had grown quite an old man, and used to trot Marygold's children on his knee, he was fond of telling them this marvelous story, very much as I have now told it to you. And then would he stroke their glossy curls and tell them that their hair, likewise, had a rich shade of gold like their mother's.

"And to tell you the truth, my precious little folks,"

quoth King Midas, trotting the children all the while, "ever since that morning I have hated the very sight of all other gold except this!"

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. On page 136 the stranger says to Midas, "So you have made a discovery since yesterday." What had Midas discovered?

2. If you heard or read of someone who was called "a Midas," what kind of person would you think he was?

3. Hawthorne said he picked Marygold for a name because he liked unusual names. Do you think he had some other reason? What was it?

4. What good way to teach a person a lesson is shown in this story?

5. Make up a name for each of the pictures in this story.

6. Find and be ready to read a very foolish thing that King Midas said.

7. Find lines that seem to show that the stranger knew Midas was making a mistake. Be ready to read them.

8. Find lines in which King Midas showed that he had really learned his lesson.

This story was taken from *A Wonder Book for Boys and Girls*. Other famous stories that you would enjoy are "The Garden of Tears and Smiles," Meigs (in *The Kingdom of the Winding Road*); "St. George and the Giant," Esenwein (in *Child-Library Readers, Book Five*); and "The Selfish Giant," Wilde (in *The Happy Prince and Other Fairy Tales*).

THE NUREMBERG STOVE

LOUISE DE LA RAMEE

Because a boy loved a fine old stove, he did a brave thing that caused his dream to come true. Louise de la Ramee, a famous English story-teller, tells us about the boy, and about the stove that had a name.

AUGUST'S HOME

August lived in a little town in Europe called Hall. It is on a wide river which has green meadows and great mountains all about it. It has paved streets and charming little shops and a grand old church. Then there is the Tower, looking down on a long wooden bridge and the broad, rapid river.

August's mother was dead, his father was poor, and there were many mouths at home to feed. He had been sent on a long errand one afternoon and had been delayed. He was half frozen, but he kept up his courage by saying over and over again to himself, "I shall soon be at home with dear Hirschvogel." He went on through the streets and at twilight reached his father's house.

At his knock the door was opened, and the boy darted in, and shouted, "Oh, dear Hirschvogel, except for the thought of you, I should have died!"

It was a large room into which he rushed with so much pleasure. At one end of it, sending out warmth and color together, as the lamp shed its rays upon it,

was a big stove of porcelain, shining with all the hues of a queen's jewels. On the stove were the letters A. R. H., for it was the work of a great potter, Augustin Hirschvogel, who always signed his work in that way. The stove no doubt had stood in palaces; it was a royal thing. Yet it had never been more useful than it was now in this poor room, sending down comfort into the troop of children tumbled together on a wolfskin at its feet, who received August with shouts of joy.

"Oh, dear Hirschvogel, I am so cold, so cold!" said August, kissing its gilded lion's claws. "Is Father not in, Dorothea?" he said, speaking to his oldest sister.

"No, dear. He is late, but he says we are never to wait for him; we will have supper, now you have come home," said Dorothea.

After supper Dorothea drew her spinning-wheel near to the stove and set it whirring, and the little ones got August down upon the wolfskin and asked him for a picture or a story. For August was the artist of the family. He had a piece of smooth board that his father had given him, and some sticks of charcoal, and he drew a hundred things he had seen in the day, wiping each out when the children had seen enough of it.

"Tell us a story, August," they cried, when they had seen charcoal pictures till they were tired. And August did as he did every night, nearly—looked up at the stove and told the children what he imagined of the adventures of the man who was pictured on the panels.



The stove was a very grand thing. It was of great height and breadth, with all the shining colors that Hirschvogel had learned to give to his enamels. There was the statue of a king at each corner, modeled with much skill. August's grandfather had dug the stove up out of some ruins where he was working, and finding it without a flaw, had taken it home. That was now sixty years past, and ever since then the stove had stood in this room, warming his children and his grandchildren.

Once a traveling peddler had told them that the letters on it meant Augustin Hirschvogel, and that Hirschvogel had been a great potter and painter. He said that Hirschvogel had made many such stoves, all wonders of

beauty, putting all his heart and his soul and his faith into his work, and thinking but little of gold or praise.

So the stove had come to be called Hirschvogel. All the children loved the stove, but August loved it most of all. He used to say to himself, "When I am a man, I will make such things, too, and then I will set Hirschvogel in a beautiful room in a house that I will build."

August lay now in the warmth of the stove and told the children marvelous stories. In the midst of their chatter and laughter a blast of freezing air reached them even in the warmth of the old wolfskin and the great stove. The door had opened; it was their father who had come home. The father answered the welcome of his children very wearily, and sat down heavily.

"Take the children to bed," he said, and Dorothea obeyed. August stayed behind, curled up before the stove. Dorothea came down from putting the little ones into their beds, and then sat down to her spinning.

THE STOVE IS SOLD

Suddenly August's father struck his hand on the table. "I have sold Hirschvogel," he said; and his voice was husky and ashamed. The spinning-wheel stopped. August sprang up. "I have sold it to a traveling trader in such things for two hundred florins. I owe double that. He saw it this morning when you were all out. He will take it away tomorrow."

"O Father!" August cried, throwing himself on his

knees at his father's feet, his face very white. "Sell Hirschvogel! You could not do such a thing—you who have always been gentle and good, and who have sat in the warmth here with our mother. Oh, listen; I will go and try to get work tomorrow! There must be something that I could do, and I will beg the people we owe money to, to wait; they will wait for it. But sell Hirschvogel! Oh! never, never, never!"

"Get up and go to bed," said his father harshly, as the children had never heard him speak before. "The stove is sold. There is no more to be said. Be thankful I can get bread for you."

Sorrowfully August left the room. All that night he lay tossing on his bed. In the morning, while it was yet dark, the three elder brothers came down, each bearing his lantern and going to his work in the stone-yard and timber-yard and saltworks.

August had not slept, but he arose and went down to take a last look at the beautiful stove, just in time to hear loud blows made by the heavy iron knocker of the house-door. A strange voice called out, "Let me in! There is no time to lose! Do you hear? I have come to take the great stove."

As his father came into the room and opened the door, August sprang up, screaming, "You shall never touch it!"

"Who shall prevent us?" laughed a big man, amused at the fierce little figure.

"I!" said August. "You shall never have it! You shall kill me first!"

"You are like a little mad dog," said the big man.

So his father put the boy out from the back entrance, and the buyers of the beautiful stove set to work to pack it and bear it out to an oxcart which was waiting to carry it to the railway station.

August stood for a time, leaning sick and faint against the back wall of the house.

AUGUST GOES WITH THE STOVE

August remained leaning against the wall; his head was buzzing and his heart fluttering with a new idea. "Why not go with Hirschvogel?" he thought. How he managed it he never knew clearly himself, but when the freight train carrying Hirschvogel moved out of Hall, August was hidden behind the stove. He was close to Hirschvogel, and presently he meant to be closer still. For he meant to get inside Hirschvogel itself.

Being a shrewd little boy, and having a few pieces of money in his pocket, earned the day before by chopping wood, he had bought some bread and sausage at the station, and this he ate in the darkness.

When he had eaten, not as much as he wanted, but as much as he thought wise (for who could say when he would be able to buy anything more?), he set to work like a mouse to make a hole in the bands of straw which wrapped the stove. He gnawed and nibbled and

pulled, making his hole where he guessed the opening of the stove was—the opening through which he had so often thrust the big oak logs.

He had hard work getting through the straw and twisted ropes; but get through them he did, and found the door of the stove. He slipped through, as he had often done at home for fun, and curled himself up there. Air came in through the brass fretwork of the stove. With great care he leaned out, drew the hay and straw together, and replaced the ropes. Then he curled himself up again, and, being safe inside dear Hirschvogel and very cold, he fell asleep.

The slow train took the short winter's day and the long winter's night and half another day to go over the ground that the mail trains cover in a forenoon. Happily for August, the thick wrappings of the stove protected him from the cold, else he must have died—frozen. He still had some of his loaf and a little of his sausage. But he began to suffer from thirst, and this frightened him more than anything else.

At last the train stopped with a jar and a jerk, and he could hear men crying the name of some town. Then he felt himself carried on the shoulders of men, rolled along on a truck, and set down, where he knew not; only he knew he was thirsty—so thirsty!

"I shall not unpack it till Anton comes," he heard a man's voice say; and then he heard a key turn in a lock. By the stillness he knew that he was alone, and



he ventured to peep through the straw and hay. What he saw was a square room filled with pictures, carvings, old blue jugs, old steel armor, shields, daggers, china, Turkish rugs, and all the articles of a bric-a-brac dealer's.

It seemed a wonderful place to him; but, oh! was there one drop of water in it all? That was his single thought; for his tongue was parching, and his throat felt on fire. There was not a drop of water, but there was a window, and beyond the window was a stone ledge covered with snow. August darted out of his hiding-place, ran and opened the window, and crammed the snow into his mouth again and again. Then he flew back into the stove, drew the hay and straw over the

place by which he had entered, tied the cords, and shut the brass doors on himself. He had brought some big icicles with him, and by them his thirst was quenched.

THE STOVE IS SOLD AGAIN

By and by the key turned in the lock of the door. He heard heavy footsteps and the voice of the man who had said to him, "You are like a little mad dog." The voice said, "Now you shall see what I bought for two hundred florins. Never did you do such a piece of work."

Then they began to strip the stove of its wrappings. Soon they uncovered it; that he knew by the exclamation of wonder which broke from the man who had not seen it before.

"A right royal thing! Magnificent! Matchless!"

After praising and marveling, the men moved to a distance and began talking of sums of money. All August could make out was that the king—the king—the king was used very often as they talked. After a while they seemed to agree to something, and were in great glee. He had made out from their talk that they were going to show Hirschvogel to some great person.

Presently the door opened. He could hear the two dealers' voices and the voice of another person, clearer and softer, which exclaimed, "Beautiful!"

"Beautiful!" said the stranger a second time, and then examined the stove in all its parts. After a while the

men went away, leaving August and Hirschvogel to pass the night there.

August awoke with a start, just as the clocks of the city struck six in the morning. All was dark around him. Was it still night, or had morning come? Tramp, tramp, came a heavy step up the stair. Then the dealers began to wrap up the stove once more in its straw and cords. Presently they called up their porters, and the stove was carried on the shoulders of six strong men down the stairs and out into the street. Even behind all those wrappings August felt the icy bite of the cold air.

The carriers tramped through the city to the railway station. August recognized the railway noises and thought, "Will it be a long journey?" For his stomach had an odd shrinking, and his head felt light and swimming. Whether for a long or a short journey, the stove was this time not left alone. The two dealers and the six porters were with it. In his darkness August knew that, for he heard their voices.

In three hours more the train came to a stop, and the stove was lifted out. August heard one of the dealers say to the porters, "Now, men, for a long mile and a half!" They shouldered the stove, grumbling at its weight, but little dreaming that they carried within it a small, trembling boy, for August began to tremble now that he was about to see the owner of Hirschvogel.

"If he seems to be a good, kind man," he thought, "I will beg him to let me stay with Hirschvogel."

Then he heard voices, but could not understand what was being said. His bearers paused for a time, then moved on again. Their feet went so softly he thought they must be moving on carpet, and as he felt warm air come to him, he knew that he was in some heated rooms. They must have gone through a great number of rooms, he thought, for they walked on and on, on and on. At last the stove was set down.

AUGUST BEFORE THE KING

Soon August heard a step near him, and he heard a low voice say, close to him, "So!"

Then the same voice said, after a long pause, "It was well bought; it is very beautiful! It is undoubtedly the work of Augustin Hirschvogel."

Then the hand of the speaker started to open the brass door, and the heart of the little prisoner within grew sick with fear. The door was slowly drawn open, someone bent down and looked in, and the same voice that he had heard praising its beauty called in surprise, "What is this in it? A live child?"

Then August sprang out of the stove and knelt before the speaker. "Oh, pray, sir, let me stay!" he sobbed. "I have come all the way with Hirschvogel!"

"My child, how came you here, hidden in this stove? Be not afraid; tell me the truth. I am the king."

August looked bravely up at the king; he was too much in earnest to be in any way afraid.



"Oh, dear king!" he cried, in a clear voice, "Hirschvogel was ours; we have loved it all our lives; and Father sold it. And when I saw that it did really go from us, then I said to myself I would go with it; and I have come all the way inside it. And I pray you to let me live here with it, and I will go out every morning and cut wood for it and you, if you will only let me stay beside it. No one but me ever has fed it with fuel since I grew big enough."

Then breath failed him, and as he lifted his eager, pale face to the king's, tears were falling down his cheeks.

"What is your name?" asked the king.

"I am August Strehla. I live in Hall; and Hirschvogel has been ours so long—so long!" His lips trembled with a broken sob.

"And have you truly traveled inside this stove all the way from Hall?"

"Yes," said August. "No one thought to look inside."

"Who bought the stove from your father?"

"A traveling trader," said August, "and he sold it to some art dealers."

"What sum did the trader pay your father, do you know?" asked the king.

"Two hundred florins," said August. "It was so much money, and he is so poor, and there are so many of us."

The king turned to his companions. "Did these art dealers come with the stove?"

When he was told that they had done so, he ordered them to be brought before him.

"You are pale, little one. When did you eat last?"

"I had some bread and sausage with me. Yesterday afternoon I finished it."

"You would like to eat now?"

"If I might have a little water, I should be glad. My throat is very dry."

The king had water brought for him, and cake also; but August, though he drank eagerly, could not eat anything. His mind was in too great trouble.

"May I stay with Hirschvogel—may I?" he said.

"Wait a little," said the king, and then he asked, "What do you wish to be when you are a man?"

"A painter. I wish to be what Hirschvogel was—I mean the artist that made my Hirschvogel."

"I understand," said the king.

Then the two dealers were brought before the king. They were frightened and trembling. And they were so surprised, too, at a child's having come all the way from Hall in the stove, that they looked very foolish.

"Did you buy this stove of this little boy's father for two hundred florins?" the king asked them; and his voice was no longer soft and kind as it had been when speaking to the child, but very stern.

"Yes, your Majesty," murmured the trembling traders.

"And how much did the man who purchased it for me give you?"

"Two thousand ducats, your Majesty," muttered the dealers, frightened out of their wits.

"You will give to this boy's father the two thousand gold ducats that you received, less the two hundred florins that you paid him," said the king. "Be thankful you are not more greatly punished."

August heard, and felt dazed. Two thousand gold ducats for his father! Why, his father would never need to go any more to the saltworks! And yet, whether for ducats or for florins, Hirschvogel was sold just the same; and would the king let him stay with it—would he?

The king looked down on the child, and as he did so, smiled once more. "Will I let you stay with your Hirschvogel? Yes, I will; you shall stay at my court, and you shall be taught to be an artist, and you must win all the prizes at our schools of art. If, when you are twenty-one years old, you have done well, I will give you your porcelain stove again. You shall light a fire every morning in Hirschvogel, but you will not need to go out and cut the wood."

The king smiled and stretched out his hand. August was so happy that he dropped to his knees and kissed the king's feet. Then he fainted away from hunger.

Sometimes August goes back for a little visit to Hall, where the gold ducats have made his father comfortable. In the old room there is a large white porcelain stove, the king's gift to Dorothea.

August never visits his home without going into the

great church and saying a prayer of thanks to God, Who blessed his strange winter's journey in the porcelain stove.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. Here is a list of the main things that happened in the story. But they are not in the right order. Put them in the right order so that you could tell the story from them.

The king finds August.

August's father sells the stove.

The stove is sold to the king.

August comes home to the family and the stove.

August's dream comes true.

August goes with the stove.

2. Read again the list in Question 1. Choose the happening that you think is the most important one in the story.

3. What was the most exciting part of the story?

4. Which one of these three reasons best tells why August loved the stove?

(a) He knew it was very valuable.

(b) The family needed it to keep them warm.

(c) It was beautiful.

5. Which one of these four reasons best tells why Hirschvogel made such wonderful stoves?

(a) He was a great potter and painter.

(b) He could sell them and make much money.

(c) He liked to have people praise his work.

(d) He loved his work.

Another story which tells of strange and exciting journeys is *The Little Lamé Prince and His Traveling Cloak*, Mulock.

A BACKWARD LOOK

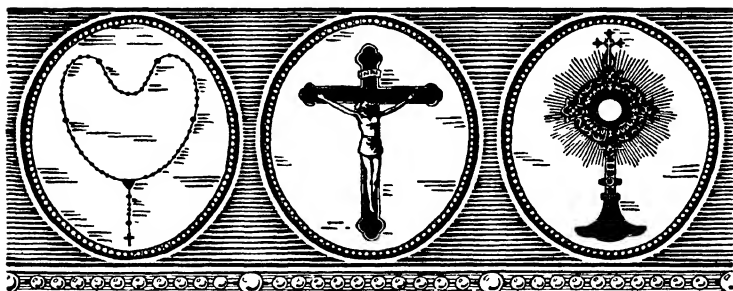
GUILLAUME the flute player, King Midas and Marygold, and August—do you see that you have become acquainted with some people you had never met before? You will perhaps find that your father and mother knew them years ago. It is strange how the boys and girls and men and women in stories become so well known. Almost anywhere you might go in our country you would find someone who knew of King Midas.

As you think back over these three stories you have read, which one did you like best? Can you give some good reasons why you liked it best? What happenings in the stories can you see almost as if you had been there? If you had to choose one of these stories to tell, which one would it be? Did any of these stories teach a good lesson? Which one was it, and what was the lesson?

Of course, there are many other stories you ought to read. And you will want to read them because it will be fun to do so. If you liked "The Golden Touch," there are Hawthorne's *Tanglewood Tales* and *Wonder Book*. Did you get time to read any of the other five stories in Miss Crownfield's book *The Feast of Noel*? If one of your classmates were ill, and you wanted to take him some stories to read, what four or five would you choose?

By this time you have probably already found the list of other "Stories We All Should Know" on page 432. You can have many a happy hour with these books. And don't forget that the librarian in your town or school will always be glad to help you find other books you would like to read.

PART FOUR CATHOLIC ACTION



THE PATRONAGE OF ST. JOSEPH

FREDERICK W. FABER

Dear husband of Mary! dear nurse of her Child!
Life's ways are full weary; the desert is wild;
Bleak sands are all round us; no home can we see;
Sweet spouse of Our Lady, we lean upon thee.

God chose thee for Jesus and Mary—wilt thou
Forgive little children for choosing thee now?
There is no saint in heaven I worship like thee;
Sweet spouse of Our Lady, oh, deign to love me!

WHAT IS CATHOLIC ACTION?

Do you know what Catholic Action means? It is so important that Pope Pius XI has written a letter about it to the Catholic people of the world. In this the Holy Father explains that Catholic Action means we should love Christ, know His teachings, and put into practice the laws of living taught by Our Lord and by His Church. Not only ought we to make our own lives pleasing to God, but we should work together to help all the people of the world know Christ and His teachings.

Catholic Action is not new. Ever since the time of Christ, saints and martyrs, and others, too, have tried to follow His teachings. Many have devoted their lives to spreading His gospel. In this part of your book you will read about some of these people: the French missionary, Father Marquette, who suffered great hardships in order to teach the Indians to know and love God; Ignatius Loyola, the brave soldier who founded a Society which has carried the teachings of the Church to millions of people; and Joseph Sarto, the Pope of the Little Children, who in his everyday life walked in the footsteps of Christ.

But great people like these are not the only ones who can have a part in Catholic Action. You will read about a little girl—a child not far from your own age—who helped a grown man to remember the teachings of the Church.

The stories listed under Part Four on pages 432 and 433 will give you other examples of Catholic Action.

FATHER MARQUETTE AND THE INDIANS

ALOYSIUS DENDRY

Among the early explorers who came to America were many noble priests. This account tells how one of these brave missionaries explored the Father of Waters, and brought the Faith to some of the Indians in the Middle West.

THE START

On a bright morning in May, more than two hundred fifty years ago, a priest stood on the shore of Lake Michigan near the place where the town of St. Ignace now is. Behind him, at the edge of the water, were two Indian canoes in which four brave Frenchmen knelt ready to dip their paddles. There were some fur robes in the canoes, and a little food. Near the boats stood a tall, finely-dressed man, who seemed to be impatient to start.

The priest was saying farewell to his people. Back of the little Mission church rose the dark pines of the forest wilderness. A few white men had already come to this spot in the New World, and now they all were gathered here to show their respect and love. With them stood a crowd of Indians, silent and with down-cast faces, sad at the loss of their "Blackrobe," as they called the priest.

He stood facing his people, while with uplifted hands



he called down a blessing upon them. Then he raised the cross and began singing. At once the little group took up the song. The priest turned and entered the nearer canoe; he was followed by the tall man who had been waiting on the shore and another man. The boatmen dipped their paddles, and those on shore sang a litany as the canoes moved out into the lake. Father Marquette, the missionary, and Louis Joliet, the explorer, had started on their long voyage. They were going to find and explore the great river which the Indians called "Mitchi Sipi." The white men knew so little about this broad stream that they thought it might flow into the Pacific Ocean.

THE JOURNEY

For many days the little party traveled over the water. At first they paddled along the shore of Lake Michigan. Then they turned off into a small river, and from it carried their canoes to a larger one. By this they reached the great Mississippi itself—probably the first white men to see the upper part of its broad waters.

During the early part of their trip the explorers had occasionally passed villages of friendly Indians, and had often been guided by some of them. Now the white men were setting out on a real voyage of discovery. All they knew was that they were on the great stream. How long it was or whither it flowed they had no idea.

For more than two weeks they paddled without seeing even an Indian. Sometimes the shores were high, with rocky bluffs. At other times Marquette could look across prairies and see deer and buffalo. Startled birds of many kinds flew up before the canoes, and wild turkeys were often seen on the shore.

Finally Marquette and his party saw some friendly Indians on the bank and stopped to talk with them. Some of their tribe had seen priests before, and they were very glad that the Blackrobe had come to help them. The red men made a feast for Father Marquette and his companions and begged him to stay and teach them about his God. But the good Father



felt that he must complete the work he had begun. On down the river went the Frenchmen, sometimes seeing more friendly Indians, and sometimes others who were unfriendly.

At last the explorers came to the point where the Arkansas River flows into the Mississippi. Here they were kindly treated by a tribe of Indians who lived near the great stream. Father Marquette told these Indians, too, about God and His love for all men, and they listened to his teachings. The good priest explained that he could not stay with them, but that he would send other Blackrobes, who would teach them how to live and how to worship God.

Here Joliet, who had come to explore, and Marquette, who wanted to help the red men, thought that at last they were near the end of their long trip. The Indians told them it was not far to the Gulf of Mexico, into which the river flowed. But when the little party planned to go on, the Indians urged them to turn back.

"The tribes who live beyond us have guns," the friendly Indians said. "We are afraid of them. They will shoot you. Do not go farther."

Long and sadly Joliet and Marquette talked. It was hard to give up when they had gone so far. But if the little party should be killed, there would be no one to carry back the knowledge they had gained about the great river. They had learned that the Mississippi really deserves the name of the Father of Waters; that it is a great stream rising far in the north and flowing south until it empties into the Gulf of Mexico. At last they decided to return.

THE DEATH OF FATHER MARQUETTE

Two months from the day the men had set out, they started back. The trip was long and slow, and in a little while Father Marquette became ill. The hardships had been too great for him. Very tenderly his friends took care of him, and finally brought him safely back to the Mission from which they had started.

For a year Father Marquette struggled to regain his

health. At last he grew better and set out again to carry the teachings of God to the Indians. He reached the place where Chicago now stands, and spent the winter there.

Again he grew ill and started back up Lake Michigan for the Mission. Before he reached it, he died, with a last prayer of thankfulness that he had been able to carry the True Faith to the Indians.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. On a wall map find St. Ignace. Father Marquette went down Lake Michigan, into Green Bay, and then into the Fox River. From it he went to the Wisconsin River, which took him to the Mississippi. On the map trace the explorers' route to the point where they started back.

2. Why did Joliet and Marquette give up their plan of following the Mississippi to its mouth?

3. Have you ever read any other story of a missionary who suffered great hardships in order to teach people to love God? If you have, be ready to tell it to the class.

You will enjoy reading "Down the Father of Waters," Small (in *Heroes of the Trail*); "Much Fruit," Boyton (in *In God's Country*); and "Father Damien," Clifford (in *Child-Library Readers, Book Six*).

THE COMING OF THE BLACKROBE CHIEF

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Longfellow was one of our great American story-tellers, but he told his stories in poetry. You are now going to read part of *Hiawatha*, a long poem about Indian life. In this part Longfellow tells about the coming of Father Marquette to the Indians of the Lake Superior region.

By the shores of Gitche Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,
At the doorway of his wigwam,
In the pleasant summer morning,
Hiawatha stood and waited.

All the air was full of freshness,
All the earth was bright and joyous;
Bright above him shone the heavens,
Level spread the lake before him.
On its margin the great forest
Stood reflected in the water;
Every tree-top had its shadow,
Motionless beneath the water.

From the brow of Hiawatha
Gone was every trace of sorrow,
As the fog from off the water,
As the mist from off the meadow.
With a smile of joy and triumph,
With a look of exultation,

As of one who in a vision
Sees what is to be, but is not,
Stood and waited Hiawatha.

Toward the sun his hands were lifted,
Both the palms spread out against it;
And between the parted fingers
Fell the sunshine on his features,
Flecked with light his naked shoulders,
As it falls and flecks an oak tree
Through the rifted leaves and branches.

O'er the water floating, flying,
Something in the hazy distance,
Something in the mists of morning,
Loomed and lifted from the water,
Now seemed floating, now seemed flying,
Coming nearer, nearer, nearer.

Was it Shingebis, the diver?
Was it the pelican, the Shada,
Or the heron, the Shuh-shuh-gah,
Or the white goose, Waw-be-wawa,
With the water dripping, flashing
From its glossy neck and feathers?

It was neither goose nor diver,
Neither pelican nor heron,
O'er the water floating, flying
Through the shining mist of morning,
But a birch canoe with paddles,
Rising, sinking on the water,



Dripping, flashing in the sunshine;
And within it came a people
From the distant land of Wabun;
From the farthest realms of morning
Came the Blackrobe chief, the prophet,
He the priest of prayer, the paleface,
With his guides and his companions.

And the noble Hiawatha,
With his hands aloft extended,
Held aloft in sign of welcome,
Waited, full of exultation,
Till the birch canoe with paddles
Grated on the shining pebbles,

Stranded on the sandy margin,
Till the Blackrobe chief, the paleface,
With the cross upon his bosom,
Landed on the sandy margin.

Then the joyous Hiawatha
Cried aloud and spake in this wise:
"Beautiful is the sun, O strangers,
When you come so far to see us!
All our town in peace awaits you,
All our doors stand open for you;
You shall enter all our wigwams,
For the heart's right hand we give you.

"Never bloomed the earth so gayly,
Never shone the sun so brightly,
As today they shine and blossom
When you come so far to see us!
Never was our lake so tranquil,
Nor so free from rocks and sand-bars;
For your birch canoe in passing
Has removed both rock and sand-bar.

"Never before had our tobacco
Such a sweet and pleasant flavor,
Never the broad leaves of our cornfields
Were so beautiful to look on,
As they seem to us this morning
When you come so far to see us!"

And the Blackrobe chief made answer,
Stammered in his speech a little,

Speaking words yet unfamiliar:

“Peace be with you, Hiawatha,
Peace be with you and your people,
Peace of prayer and peace of pardon,
Peace of Christ and joy of Mary!”

Then the generous Hiawatha
Led the strangers to his wigwam,
Seated them on skins of bison,
Seated them on skins of ermine;
And the careful old Nokomis
Brought them food in bowls of basswood,
Water brought in birchen dippers,
And the calumet, the peace-pipe,
Filled and lighted for their smoking.

All the old men of the village,
All the warriors of the nation,
All the Jossakeeds, the prophets,
The magicians, the Wabenos,
And the medicine-men, the Medas,
Came to bid the strangers welcome.
“It is well,” they said, “O brothers,
That you come so far to see us!”

In a circle round the doorway,
With their pipes, they sat in silence,
Waiting to behold the strangers,
Waiting to receive their message;
Till the Blackrobe chief, the paleface,
From the wigwam came to greet them,

Stammering in his speech a little,
Speaking words yet unfamiliar.
“It is well,” they said, “O brother,
That you come so far to see us!”

Then the Blackrobe chief, the prophet,
Told his message to the people,
Told the purport of his mission,
Told them of the Virgin Mary
And Her Blessed Son, the Savior,
How in distant lands and ages
He had lived on earth as we do;
How He fasted, prayed, and labored;
How the Jews, the tribe accurséd,
Mocked Him, scourged Him, crucified Him;
How He rose from where they laid Him,
Walked again with His disciples,
And ascended into heaven.

And the chiefs made answer, saying:
“We have listened to your message,
We have heard your words of wisdom,
We will think on what you tell us.
It is well for us, O brothers,
That you come so far to see us!”

Then they rose up and departed,
Each one homeward to his wigwam;
To the young men and the women
Told the story of the strangers

Whom the Master of Life had sent them
From the shining land of Wabun.

Heavy with the heat and silence
Grew the afternoon of summer;
With a drowsy sound the forest
Whispered round the sultry wigwam.
With a sound of sleep the water
Rippled on the beach below it;
And the guests of Hiawatha,
Weary with the heat of summer,
Slumbered in the sultry wigwam.

Slowly o'er the simmering landscape
Fell the evening's dusk and coolness,
And the long and level sunbeams
Shot their spears into the forest,
Breaking through its shields of shadow,
Rushed into each secret ambush,
Searched each thicket, dingle, hollow.
Still the guests of Hiawatha
Slumbered in the silent wigwam.

From his place rose Hiawatha,
Bade farewell to old Nokomis,
Spake in whispers, spake in this wise,
Did not wake the guests, that slumbered:

"I am going, O Nokomis,
On a long and distant journey,
To the portals of the Sunset,



To the regions of the home-wind,
But these guests I leave behind me,
In your watch and ward I leave them.
See that never harm comes near them,
See that never fear molests them,
Never danger nor suspicion,
Never want of food or shelter,
In the lodge of Hiawatha!"

Forth into the village went he,
Bade farewell to all the warriors,
Bade farewell to all the young men,
Spake persuading, spake in this wise:

"I am going, O my people,
On a long and distant journey;
Many moons and many winters

Will have come, and will have vanished,
Ere I come again to see you.
But my guests I leave behind me.
Listen to their words of wisdom,
Listen to the truth they tell you,
For the Master of Life has sent them
From the land of light and morning!"

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. Who was the Blackrobe chief?
2. Find three other names that the Indians used in speaking of him.
3. Find and read the speech of welcome made by Hiawatha.
4. Tell in your own words the message that the Blackrobe chief brought to the Indians.
5. What promise did the visiting chiefs make to the Blackrobe?
6. What directions did Hiawatha give about the treatment of his guests when he went away?
7. The author of the poem has used groups of words especially to help you feel and see things. For example, on page 167, "full of freshness" and "shone the heavens." Make a list of five other groups of words in the poem that help you feel and understand the poet's story.

You will like to read *Indian Boyhood* and *Indian Heroes and Great Chieftains*, both by Eastman. "The Black Robe's Prayer," *The Ave Maria* (in *Once upon a Time*) is another story you will enjoy.

THE VIRGIN OF GUADALUPE

MARY J. LATTA

Soon after Columbus discovered America, Spanish people explored the part of our continent which is now called Mexico and settled in it. Catholic missionaries came from Spain and preached among the Indians, so that as early as the year 1500 there were many Catholics there.

According to a Mexican legend, the Blessed Virgin appeared to a poor Indian. In memory of this visit the cathedral in Mexico City is dedicated to the Virgin of Guadalupe. Here is preserved the portrait of the Blessed Mother which she gave to the Indian.

JUAN'S VISION

On December 9, 1531, a poor Mexican Indian, whose name was Juan Diego, started on foot for Mexico City. He left his native village before daybreak, because he wanted to hear early Mass in honor of the Blessed Virgin, to whom he had a great devotion.

Before sunrise Juan came to Mount Tepeyac. When he began to climb upward, he heard sweet music. Wondering where the sound came from, he looked heavenward and saw a large white cloud, which was rolling down toward the mountain. Bright rays of light shone from the center of the cloud. So frightened was Juan that he stood still, wondering at the marvelous sight. Then he heard a sweet voice call his name, and he hur-



ried up to the top of the mountain, where he saw what seemed to be a very beautiful woman, dressed in magnificent robes.

“Juan Diego, draw nearer,” commanded the lovely lady. When the bewildered Juan approached her, she said, “I am the Mother of God.” In awe, Juan fell on his knees. “Go to the Bishop of Mexico, and say to him that I wish a temple built on this spot in my honor.” When Juan looked up, the wonderful vision had disappeared.

He hastened to the City of Mexico. On arriving there, he went at once to the bishop, to whom he humbly related what the Blessed Virgin had said. The kind

bishop listened to the tale, but fearing that the Indian's imagination had created this story, he said that he must have some proof from the Virgin herself.

Juan started home, feeling very sad. When he reached the mountain where the vision had appeared to him, he saw the Blessed Virgin again. His face lighted up, and he threw himself at her feet. "They will not listen to me," he cried; "I am only a poor Indian."

"Have no fear," said the Virgin. "I have chosen you to fulfill my mission. Go again to the bishop and bid him do the holy will of God."

Juan promised to obey, and journeyed onward happily. For was not he, a poor Indian—and not the millions of angels at the command of the Blessed Virgin, or the nobles of the land—to fulfill her mission?

Faithfully the next day Juan presented himself to the bishop. Again he repeated the same message. "What—this Indian here again!" thought the bishop, but he listened patiently. Juan firmly repeated, "Blessed Virgin wishes a temple built on top of the mountain in her honor."

"We believe it would be an excellent plan," said the bishop, "to erect a temple in honor of the Blessed Virgin, but how are we to know that it was really she who sent you? Surely we should have some sign from the Mother of God."

With this, the bishop dismissed Juan, who turned sadly away. "They will not believe a poor Indian," he

said, and walked slowly homeward. At a distance, some servants of the bishop walked behind him, for they had been commanded to follow Juan and observe everything that happened.

Suddenly, before the eyes of the servants, the Indian disappeared. Though they searched far and wide, they could find no trace of him. Returning to the bishop, the servants told him that Juan had deceived him; and the bishop thought no more about the matter.

THE ROSES OF THE VIRGIN

What had happened to the Indian? Since he was in the special graces of the Blessed Virgin, she was keeping watch over him. As he approached Mount Tepeyac, she made him invisible to the bishop's servants. Coming to the top of the mountain, Juan saw the Blessed Virgin again. Humbly he bowed his head at her feet and repeated what the bishop had said.

"Have faith," replied the Virgin. "Come here again tomorrow, and you shall have the sign which the bishop wishes."

When Juan reached home that evening, he found his uncle seriously ill. Juan spent all the next day at the bedside of the sick man. When he grew worse on the second day, Juan went to find a priest, so that his uncle might receive the last Sacraments.

Only then did he remember about his promise to the Virgin and realize that he had not kept it. How terrified

he was! As he hastened onward, the Virgin appeared to him. She looked very beautiful as she came down the mountain.

The frightened Indian threw himself at her feet.

"My son," said she, "whither are you going?"

"Beloved Virgin, be not displeased with your servant," he answered. "I am going for a priest, so that my uncle, who is seriously ill, may receive the last Sacraments."

"Fear no longer," said the Virgin; "at this moment your uncle is cured. Go instead to the top of the mountain, and gather the roses you will find blooming there. Put them in your mantle, and return to me."

Never in his life had Juan seen roses blooming on sandy, wind-swept Mount Tepeyac, and now it was winter, but he had faith and went as he was bidden. When he reached the mountain top, he found the most beautiful roses in full bloom. With great awe he filled his loose mantle with the flowers, and returned to the Virgin.

The Blessed Mother put her pure hands over the roses, and said: "Go again to the bishop, present these to him, and say that they are the sign he has asked for. Do not open your mantle until you are in the presence of the bishop."

In great excitement Juan hastened to the bishop's house. But when he approached, the servants discovered him, and barred the way. "Go away from here,"

one cried. "What have you in your mantle?" another asked, when he saw Juan draw his cloak closer about him. "Let us see," said a third.

The servants pushed him first one way, then another, and jerked at his mantle until they pulled it open. They were overcome with astonishment when they saw roses at that time of year. They tried to take them away from Juan, but every time anyone touched a rose, it turned to a painted one on his mantle. Finally they became so frightened that they stopped tormenting him and took him to the bishop.

When he stood before the bishop, Juan said that he had brought the sign asked for. He then opened his mantle, and behold! the rarest and most fragrant roses, wet with dew, fell to the floor.

The bishop was amazed, but his wonder was much greater when he looked up and saw that a portrait of the Blessed Virgin had appeared on the mantle of Juan.

"Here is the finger of God!" cried the bishop, and he fell on his knees, as did all the servants, and gave praise to God. He commanded that the miraculous picture be placed in the largest church then in Mexico City. Here it remained for some time, until a chapel was built on the spot chosen by the Blessed Virgin, which was called Guadalupe. According to the story, countless miracles have been performed there.

Later the present cathedral was built in the same

place, and when it was completed, in the year 1709, the sacred portrait was placed within it. The picture has not been touched since then, but today it is as fresh as if just painted, while the other pictures on the walls are faded by time, though they are not so old as the portrait.

Is it any wonder that the Virgin of Guadalupe is so greatly loved and honored? She is the Patroness of Mexico, and on the twelfth of every December, which is her holy day, thousands of devout Catholics from every city and village in Mexico make the pilgrimage to the shrine of the Virgin of Guadalupe.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. About how long ago did the incidents of this story happen—one hundred years, four hundred years, or six hundred years?

2. Be ready to tell the story of Blessed Mother's first appearance to Juan.

3. The story tells of two ways in which the bishop was convinced that Juan's story of the Virgin's appearance was true. What were they?

4. Where may we see the sacred portrait today?

5. How do the Mexicans show their devotion to the Virgin of Guadalupe?

You will enjoy reading *Mother Machree*, Scott, which tells of the devotion of a brother and sister to the Blessed Virgin; and "The Little Girl of Our Lady," Sister M. Eleanore (in *Through the Lane of Stars*).

OUR LORD AND OUR LADY

HILAIRE BELLOC

They warned Our Lady for the Child
That was Our Blessed Lord;
And she took Him into the desert wild,
Over the camel's ford.

And a long song she sang to Him,
And a short story told;
And she wrapped Him in a woolen cloak
To keep Him from the cold.

They crucified Him on Calvary,
Upon an April day;
And because He had been her little Son,
She followed Him all the way.

Our Lady stood beside the Cross,
A little space apart;
And when she heard Our Lord cry out,
A sword went through her heart.

They laid Our Lord in a marble tomb,
Dead, in a winding sheet.
But Our Lady stands above the world,
With the white moon at her feet.

THE SOLDIER SAINT

LEO J. MULLANEY, S. J.

You have often heard the name "Jesuit," and you may have read something about St. Ignatius, but do you know that he was the founder of the Jesuits? In this story Father Mullaney tells us how Ignatius came to give up his worldly ambitions and become a soldier in the army of Christ.

THE YOUTH OF IGNATIUS

The man who founded the Society of Jesus was born in the year before Columbus discovered America.

Ignatius came of the noble family of Loyola, who lived in a Spanish castle that even then was old. His mother died while he was still a child, and he grew up and received his early Christian education at the home of an aunt. As soon as he was old enough, he became a page at the court of King Ferdinand.

The youth Ignatius had an attractive personality. He was rather short, but strong and well-proportioned, with a dark complexion, and features which showed every change of feeling. He was a pleasant-spoken, friendly young man, trained in the manners of the court.

While he was still a boy, Ignatius decided to be a soldier. He was ambitious, and after he entered the army, he studied and worked hard. A beautiful sword

that he used is still preserved in a church in Barcelona, Spain. For four years he fought in his country's cause, and he became a captain.

At the end of that time he was in a town which was surrounded by the enemy. The commanders, knowing that their position was hopeless, decided to surrender and ask for mercy. Not so Ignatius! He went from one to another, begging them to fight on until all were killed rather than to give up. Unable to gain their support, he sprang to the top of the wall, followed by his own men. They fought desperately—but not for long! A cannon ball shattered his leg, Ignatius was made a prisoner, and the town was captured.

His broken leg was set, but he suffered intensely, and after two weeks he was taken to his old home, the Castle of Loyola. Here it was necessary to break the bone and set it again. This and the agony of a second operation Ignatius bore with clenched hands, but without a cry. In time his leg grew entirely well, but he always walked with a slight limp.

THE SOLDIER OF JESUS

While Ignatius lay suffering, he turned to reading, in order to forget his pain. A Life of Christ and a volume of Lives of Saints were the only books he had. As he read of the deeds of St. Francis and St. Dominic, his admiration for the holy men increased. He thought: "These men who became saints made heroic sacrifices



for God. Why can I not do the same?" Gradually, worldly glory attracted him less and less, and he found himself drawn more and more toward the army of God. In that cause he decided to enlist, and to fight under the banner of Christ until his dying day.

When Ignatius was entirely recovered, he went to a monastery. Before entering, he gave his clothes to a passing beggar and put on a robe of sackcloth. After making a general confession, he hung his sword beside the altar of Our Lady. The first night he spent before the altar. Just as knights at that time kept watch in full armor for many hours before the final ceremonies of knighthood, so Ignatius knelt through the long night,

vowing that his life and all his soul should be spent in the cause of Christ. With God's help he would wage a kind of war that Heaven would approve.

For six months after this, Ignatius lived in a cave, begging what little food he ate. Here he fasted and scourged himself, and endured terrible temptations. But he conquered these and became a stronger and nobler soldier of Christ. In his cave he had visions and made plans for the future.

When he left the cave, Ignatius decided to make a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, going on foot and begging his food. His friends tried to persuade him to take some money to pay his way when necessary, especially on shipboard, but he refused. He wished to trust entirely to God for help, and he set out alone and penniless. His faith was justified, for he found new friends wherever he went, and always when he was in trouble or great need, help was given him.

He reached Jerusalem and visited the holy places. After a short time he started back to Spain. On the way he became very ill, and met with many hardships, but he finally reached Spain again.

Realizing that he must know more in order to become a leader and carry out the work he was called to do, Ignatius went back to school. How hard it was for him to study Latin with young boys! But he worked earnestly, at the same time begging his way and teaching others who were beginning to follow in his footsteps.

At this time Ignatius was arrested and persecuted because he was wearing the dress of a religious and gathering others around him although he was not a member of any order. After a long time he was freed, but forbidden to explain certain teachings of the Church in the country of Spain. On account of this, he left his native land and went to Paris, walking all the way.

Here he studied at the university. Disciples soon began to gather around him because of his teachings. Again he was persecuted, but gradually the officials of the university and the Church came to recognize that he was a true knight of God.

THE COMPANY OF JESUS

In 1534, with seven faithful followers, he formed an organization, which he called the "Company of Jesus." The members took vows of perpetual poverty and chastity and promised to devote their lives to doing Christ's work on earth.

In 1537 Ignatius was ordained a priest, and in 1540 the Society of Jesus was approved by the Pope and the cardinals. As was fitting, Ignatius Loyola was chosen general of the order, and in that office he combined the skill of a trained military commander with the gentleness of a loving father.

Obedience was the first requirement of a soldier in the army of Ignatius. Its members were to be "an advance guard of the army of Christ." Its purpose was



“to bring all nations to the standard of Christ.” The Society took for its motto, “To do all for the greater glory of God.”

During the remaining sixteen years of his life Ignatius continued to fight for the right, and to pray. He wrote an account of his life and the *Spiritual Exercises*, a noble work. Before his death in 1556 his society had so grown in numbers and increased in power that members of it were at work throughout Europe, while others had begun to carry the Jesuit teachings to foreign lands. The Society of Jesus has continued to grow steadily, until now it has spread into all countries.

In 1609 Ignatius was beatified; seventeen years later he was canonized; and a little later he was declared a martyr. He is known as the soldier saint, since he had the best qualities of the commander of an army and also the virtues of obedience and humility.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. When and where was Ignatius Loyola born?
2. Tell two incidents in the youth of Ignatius which show his courage.
3. Below are four statements. Which one best answers the question, "Why did Ignatius decide to join God's army?"
 - (a) He wanted to be known as a saint.
 - (b) He admired St. Francis.
 - (c) He wanted to make great sacrifices for God.
 - (d) He thought this would bring him worldly glory.
4. Why did Ignatius leave Spain and continue his studies and teachings in France?
5. What was the first requirement Ignatius made of a soldier in his army? Can you think of anything in his past life that would account for this?
6. Name two other vows that the first Jesuits made. Do religious vow these same things today?
7. Can you name three ways in which you would like to resemble St. Ignatius?

You will like to read *The Dream of the Soldier Saint*, Mullaney, from which this story is taken; and *God's Troubadour*, Jewett.

THE MAKE-BELIEVE NUN

MIRIAM AGATHA

This is the story of a little girl who played at being a nun. When you read it, you will see how her faith in St. Anthony helped her and others when they were in trouble.

I

Beatrice loved to "play nun." In an old box in the closet under the stairs she kept her "habit and veil"—a black dress, and a long piece of thin black voile donated by Aunt Kate on her last visit. Every afternoon Beatrice dressed herself in these, and with the aid of a piece of white linen, succeeded in making of herself a very pretty, happy-looking little nun. She tied her rosary to a belt, and took great care to make the beads rattle as she walked. Beatrice called herself "Sister Mary Pinafore." (She had been hearing about St. Raymond of Penafort at school, and she didn't get the name quite right.) Sometimes the three little girls from next door came in and obligingly formed a class for her to teach.

One day when they were playing, the three pupils marched into school, while Sister Mary Pinafore marked time by clapping softly. Then they went through a program—prayers, hymns, catechism, poetry, tables, and

stories. The little girls recited their lessons with pretended earnestness.

"Yes, Sister."

"Please, Sister, may I go early for being good?"

"Please, Sister, tell us a story."

Just then Beatrice's brother Tommy and the little girls' brother Teddy came and spoiled the game by calling them silly and laughing at Sister Mary Pinafore's grown-up air.

"Don't you get enough school?" asked Teddy. "You don't catch Tommy and me playing school!"

"You'd rather play games, I suppose," retorted Sister Mary Pinafore. "You don't like school; we do."

"Yes," cried the three little girls. "And when we're big, we're all going to be nuns and teach school. So there!"

"What a funny school you'll have! No children will want to go to it. Will they, Tom?"

"Only foolish ones," was Tommy's cruel answer.

At this point, Sister's patience gave way, and picking up her mother's feather duster, she chased her tormentors, while her pupils cheered her on with, "Catch them, Sister! Go on! Catch them!"

Round and round the yard they went, until Sister lost her veil. The boys dodged and doubled and finally sat on the fence, well out of reach.

"I'll tell Mother on you, Tommy Martin!"

"And we'll tell Mother on you, Teddy Burke."



After that the boys went away, and Sister Mary Pinafore said her "office." While her pupils went to their supposed home under the laurel bushes, she paced the garden paths, with her eyes fixed on a little black-covered book. As she followed a turn in the path beside the hedge, with her eyes on her book, she ran into someone—a gentleman, who stood stock still and gazed in wonder at the sight of the little Sister.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said Sister Mary Pinafore, in a very sweet voice; "you see, I was—er—reading."

The gentleman looked at her in amazement. He was one of those well-dressed men who look as if they eat very excellent dinners and have money in the bank.

"Did you want to see someone? There is no one but me at home. Father will be here soon."

"And who are you?" he asked, as a little light of amusement came into his hard blue eyes.

"Just now I am Sister Mary Pinafore. My school's round there—I'm going to ring the bell in a minute. Soon I'll be Beatrice Martin. Now, who are you?"

The gentleman's face wrinkled up, and the hard look went out of his eyes, so that they were bluer and younger-looking, as if they did not know anything about money.

"I'm a little boy of seven—Johnny Doran, of Willow Creek. Soon I'll be John J. Doran, of New York City—here to see your father."

"Oh, come on—while you're seven. You can be a new boy. Quick!"

II

She took his big hand and led him to the "school"; she gave him a large rocker from the porch, since the tiny stools did not look equal to the task of bearing his weight. Then she rang the bell, and the three obliging little girls appeared.

"Children, here is a new boy—Johnny Doran. He's seven, and he has never been to school and can't read or anything. He's sort of backward."

The three pupils were speechless; they were very shy, and would not look at the new boy, much less

Speak to him. But Sister Mary Pinafore made up for them. She talked and talked and talked, and the new pupil seemed interested in all she told him. His eyes never left her face, for he remembered how his sister used to "play nun" long ago, when he was a little boy of seven out at Willow Creek. He had played with his little sister and teased her, all the time loving her dearly. And now she was a real nun, in China teaching the Catechism to little Chinese. He told Beatrice and the three shy friends about her; and the three shy friends drew closer and forgot to be shy, so interesting did he make the story of that little girl of long ago, that patient Sister of now.

Then Beatrice gave him an account of her family. She told him that her father had lost a great deal of money lately and that she and her "pupils" were making novena after novena to St. Anthony to find it; that if it were not found, they would have to leave their pretty home, with its lovely yard and—she supposed—go to live in an old shack somewhere. "You see, a horrid man is going to take this house from us because Father owes him money!"

"Hum! Sounds fair to me," said the new boy, and the old hard look tried to creep back into his eyes. "Your father got the money; the horrid man gets the house."

"Oh, but it isn't—you don't understand. Money's the same—you don't get fond of one piece of money

or one bill more than another. It's all the same. You pay money back with money, and it doesn't matter what kind. Does it?"

"Well, no—it doesn't."

"But houses are not like that. This house is our home—we've always lived here. We love it better than any other house in the world. I was born here, and so was Tommy; we want to live here forever and always. It wouldn't be fair to take our home because we haven't the money. But there's a week yet before it has to be paid. I heard Father say so. Anyway, St. Anthony will find Father's lost money. He finds everything. If you ever lose anything, little Johnny Doran of Willow Creek, just pray to St. Anthony to find it. He will."

"Anything? Are you sure?"

"Yes!"

"Will he find a lost heart—a little boy's heart full of love and faith and confidence that was lost years and years ago?"

Sister Mary Pinafore looked into the new boy's eyes. "Yes," she said, "he can find anything at all. He found our parrot, and Mother's wedding ring, and Father's important papers—and my dime that rolled under the porch. But tell us another story before Father comes. You'll have to be a man again then. So hurry! Did you go to the Sisters' school with your nice little sister Mary? Tell us some more—you tell stories beautifully."



III

They were deep in another story when Father came into the garden—and he looked more surprised than Mr. Doran had looked when he found Sister Mary Pinafore saying her “office.”

John J. Doran of New York was sitting comfortably in a big chair. At his side sat Beatrice, in her nun’s dress, her folded arms on his knees, her eyes gazing up into his face, her lips parted as she listened eagerly to his story. The three little playmates were just as interested, and they all looked at Mr. Martin in reproach as he began to speak.

“Oh, Father! Please!” cried Beatrice. “You’ll spoil

the best part—about the Indians away out west near Mr. Doran's old home."

Father's face looked stern, as though he were trying not to mind something that he really minded very much indeed. He nodded stiffly to Mr. Doran, and that gentleman responded with a friendly smile, as he said, "Business can wait, Mr. Martin. Shall I finish the story?"

"Oh, yes. Say yes, Father," broke in Sister Mary Pinafore. "There's plenty of time for old business talk. Say yes. Sit here and listen. It's lovely. Mr. Doran can tell stories better than Sister Catherine, and she's the best in the school!"

Mr. Doran's eyes sparkled with delight at this high compliment. Father was given a chair, and he, too, fell under the spell of Mr. Doran's charm.

"I wish it were longer," Mr. Doran said boyishly, at the close of the story, laughing delightedly. "I didn't know until now that I could tell stories."

School was dismissed; Johnny Doran said good-by, and went with Father to talk business.

And wasn't it strange?—from that very day Father's face lost its stern look, and Mother's grew young and pretty again (she had been looking pale and ill). The family did not have to leave their happy little home, and everything went merrily.

Beatrice wondered if Mr. Doran had had anything to do with this, and whether he might not have been

St. Anthony in disguise, or an angel sent by the good saint. There was some mystery about it, she knew. For when Father and Mother kissed her good night after that memorable evening, they smiled at one another through tears, and Father said, "It was Sister Mary Pinafore who got us out of our difficulties."

"It was her prayers," Mother replied.

IV

Just as Father and Mother were kissing Beatrice good night, a man came out of a confessional in a New York City church. He was one of those well-dressed men who look as if they eat very good dinners and have money in the bank. But just now he didn't seem to be thinking about either dinners or banks. His eyes were slightly moist, and he walked up the aisle of the church very softly and with his head bowed a little. There was a happy expression on his face.

He knelt for a while, with his head bowed and resting on his hands. Then he got up and tiptoed over to St. Anthony's shrine. Coins jingled into the offering box, and with fumbling hands he lit one vigil light and then another.

"This one is for me, St. Anthony," he whispered, almost smiling. "This one is for me. And this one is for Sister Mary Pinafore."

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. The parts of this story have numbers, but not titles. Write the numbers I to IV on your paper, and after each number write a title for that part. Your first title might be *I. Sister Mary Pinafore*.

2. How did Mr. Doran show that he knew how to play?

3. Which one of these three reasons best tells why Mr. Doran was attracted to Beatrice?

(a) He liked to play school.

(b) Beatrice reminded him of another little girl who used to play nun.

(c) Beatrice told him about St. Anthony.

4. What were Beatrice and her pupils asking for in their novenas to St. Anthony?

5. Which of the following sentences explains the mystery which Beatrice did not understand (p. 199)?

(a) Mr. Martin paid Mr. Doran the money he owed him.

(b) The Martins moved into another house.

(c) Mr. Doran gave Mr. Martin as much time as he needed to pay the money.

6. Tell about the incident which shows that Beatrice had taught the rich man where to go for help.

Many people turn to St. Anthony when they need help in finding something. The stories "St. Anthony Again," Father Herbst (in *Tell Us Another*), and *Terry Finds It*, Miriam Agatha (in *The Far East*, Oct. 1931), tell us how boys who loved St. Anthony won his assistance through prayer.

“THE LORD IS WITH THEE”

CARDINAL WISEMAN

“The Lord is with thee!” My Mother dear,
Thou art never weary that news to hear—
The gladdest news that was ever told,
Forever new and forever old.
Thy children are telling it all day long,
And the angels make it their sweetest song.
And we hail thee and bless thee and love to tell
He is with thee—the Mother He loves so well.

“Hail, Mary!” Again and again we greet
The Mother of God and our Mother sweet;
We look on that beautiful, loving face,
So full of glory, so full of grace,
And we sigh for the day when we shall rest
In thy tender arms, on thy gentle breast—
The day when our exile will be past,
When thou shalt show us thy Child at last.

O Mary! to think we shall see thee then,
The face we have dreamed of again and again,
To think—oh! can it ever be true?—
That then the Lord will be with us, too,
That through all those bright, unending hours
Jesus and Mary will both be ours!

THE POPE OF THE LITTLE CHILDREN

PAUL F. HEALY

Do you know why Pius X was called "the Pope of the Little Children"? He always loved children, and when he was made Pope, he remembered that Jesus had said, "Suffer the little ones to come unto Me." So he made a new rule of the Church which he felt would bring joy to Jesus and happiness to children.

JOSEPH SARTO, THE BOY

On June 2, 1835, a baby was born in the little village of Riese, in Italy. He was the first child of John and Margaret Sarto, and they named him Joseph.

The Sartos were poor, and both father and mother had to work very hard. Mr. Sarto took care of the mail, of which there was very little in those days, and collected the taxes in his village. Before her marriage Mrs. Sarto had been the village dressmaker, and this work she kept up in her spare time.

The family lived in a small two-story house, and they had a little farm of two acres outside the village. Theirs was a poor but happy home. Both parents were pious and virtuous. In time, Joseph had a brother, Angelo, and six sisters. The Sartos wished for their children that they might grow up honest, industrious, and filled with the love of God.

As soon as Joseph was old enough, he helped look

after the younger children, tenderly caring for the baby, and even going hungry sometimes so that the others might have enough. Perhaps his great love for children began when he was carrying a little sister in his arms. And all his life he was willing to go without anything, himself—even food—in order to help someone else.

Beppo—which is the Italian pet name for Joseph—was a lively little boy and sometimes mischievous. But he was always kind, and though he loved a joke, he never did anything mean. His sense of humor stayed with him, and he could always see the funny side of a happening.

At first Beppo went to school in his native village, at the same time learning the Catechism from the priest. Both the schoolmaster and the priest felt that the boy had unusual ability.

On Easter Sunday in 1846, before he was quite eleven years old, Joseph received his First Holy Communion in the church at Riese, and soon afterwards he was confirmed by the bishop in the Cathedral of Asolo, which is not far from Riese.

At this time the good Father who had been giving Beppo religious instruction decided to prepare him for high school. Since the boy had a very quick mind and was an untiring worker, he was able in a few months to pass the examinations and enter the high school.



The school was in Castelfranco, a beautiful town about two miles from Riese. This distance Joseph walked twice every day, whether it was cold or hot, fair or stormy. He got up early in the morning, put a piece of cold polenta in his pocket, and set out for his beloved school. Unless the weather was very cold, he took off his shoes as soon as he got outside the village, in order to save them. Barefoot he trudged along until he reached Castelfranco, where he put on his shoes again. Later, his father was able to buy a donkey and a little wagon for Joseph, and when his brother was old enough, the two boys drove to school together.

Joseph soon found a way to earn his own dinner. He helped three younger boys with their studies, and their parents gave him his meal in payment. When he came home in the afternoon, there was work for him there, too. He helped in the house, weeded the garden, tended the cow, and gathered wood.

By the time he was fifteen, Joseph was known at school as a boy of great ability. Because of this, he was helped to go to the seminary at Padua, where he began his studies for the priesthood in 1850. At this time, according to the custom of the school, he put on the priest's cassock.

The father and mother and the brother and sisters were sad indeed at parting with Beppo, and it was hard for the boy to leave the home in which he had been so happy. But he was beginning his life work, and there was much to do and see.

Joseph Sarto was now amid very different surroundings from those in which he had grown up. The city of Padua has beautiful churches, a great university, and many other splendid buildings. In the seminary itself he saw beautiful rooms decorated with pictures and statues, and a library which held more books than Joseph had imagined were in all the world.

At the seminary Joseph worked so well and so wisely that at the end of the first year he took the highest prize. From that time on he had the first rank in his class of thirty-nine. The records of the seminary not

only praise him for excellence in his studies, but also call him "a model in good deportment."

While attending the seminary, the young man made friends with some of the poor people in the neighborhood. One day when he went to see an old man he knew, he found him in bed and without food or money. As a poor student, Joseph had no money to give him, but he resolved that his friend should not starve. For three months the youth ate only a small part of his food and carried the rest to the old man. Such was his kind heart that he found only pleasure in this self-denial.

When Joseph had been at the seminary about two years, his father died. Joseph was then only seventeen, and his youngest sister was a child of four. The mother was left with seven children to bring up. What were they to do now? Even with the father's earnings, the family had had barely enough money to get along on. Joseph might have left school and taken his father's place, but the mother would not permit this. She planned to work harder, Angelo would do all he could, and the older girls would help. When Joseph went back to school, he appreciated his mother's devotion more than ever, and was determined to deserve it.

At the early age of twenty-three Joseph Sarto was ordained as a priest of the Church. This was done at Castelfranco by his own bishop, and all the Sarto family were able to be present. Many of their friends

in Riese came, too, all very proud of the boy they had known from childhood. On the following day Joseph celebrated his first Mass in the church at Riese. What a joyful day that was for his mother, who had worked and prayed and sacrificed for this end! She and the whole family received Holy Communion from him, and he blessed them all.

FATHER SARTO—SHEPHERD OF SOULS

Soon after this Joseph was sent to the little village of Tombolo, a few miles from Riese, as curate. Although the salary was so small that he could barely live on it, he was obliged to set up a home of his own. One of his sisters came to keep house for him, and they were even poorer than the family in Riese had been. But Joseph did not mind hardships if he felt that he was saving souls. He loved his people and they returned his love. Poor as he was, he could always help someone poorer than himself. It was said of him at this time that "he ate just enough to keep alive. He kept enough money to clothe himself; the rest he gave to the poor." As he had done when he was a boy, he took off his shoes on a long walk to save a little more for his poor.

For nine years Father Sarto worked as assistant to the priest in this village, becoming more and more beloved. His sermons were famous, and why do you think people liked them so well? They were so sim-

ple that everyone could understand them—even the children. From the very beginning of his priesthood Father Sarto showed his love for children and his wish to help them, and all the little ones in his parish were very fond of him.

In 1867 Father Sarto was sent to the larger parish of Salzano. Here he was in charge of the work, and a comfortable house was provided for him. Besides the people in the town, there were many in the country round about whom he had to visit. No distance was too great, no work too hard for him. His people loved him for his kindness more than anything else.

The sacristan of the church in Salzano was very old, and sometimes he overslept in the morning. Then the kind-hearted priest would himself open the church, ring the bell, and prepare everything for Mass. Once a man objected to the priest's doing this work, and offered to call the sacristan. But Father Sarto said: "Let him sleep. I am able to open the door and ring the bell; so let me do this much for an old man. I shall be old myself some day."

Father Sarto continued to do all he could for the poor, giving up his own comforts for them, and devoting himself to the children. While he was in Salzano, there was a terrible sickness from which people died in a few hours. During this time the good priest made visits to one house after another, day and night, caring for the sick and comforting the dying.

In 1875 Father Sarto was sent to Treviso to be a canon in the cathedral and teach in the seminary. The same modesty, kindness, and goodness marked him here, and he soon became a favorite with his students and his superiors. He continued to advance until at the age of fifty he was Bishop of Mantua.

Bishop Sarto then had in his charge more than three hundred priests, who took care of about 270,000 souls. To help these people in every way was his greatest wish, and he was constantly planning means of interesting them, especially the young. For this reason he ordered that special religious instruction should be given the boys and girls, and that sermons should be preached for them.

Though the Bishop's home was a palace, he still lived in the simplest way, with two of his sisters to keep house for him. As always, he gave his salary to the poor.

Eight years after he became bishop, he was created a cardinal and named Patriarch of Venice. The poor boy of Riese now held one of the highest positions in the Church! But still he was the same kindly, generous, self-forgetting man as when he had been a country priest.

With a heavy heart the patriarch took up the duties of his office. The high honor he had received could not overcome his sorrow at giving up the plans he was still making for the poor and suffering. But the people of

Venice received him gladly, because they had heard of his constant self-denial, his great kindness to the poor, his tender love for little children, and his holiness.

He now had a grand palace to live in, and three of his sisters kept house for him. But he would have only the necessary furniture in his own rooms, and he ate the same plain food as always.

POPE PIUS X

In 1903 the patriarch became Pope, taking the name Pius X. He tried to refuse this, the highest office of all, saying that he was not worthy of the great honor; nevertheless, he was elected.

When the new Pope went to the Palace of the Vatican to live, he had all unnecessary furniture removed from his own rooms, and kept only plain things. He asked at once for a smaller number of servants, and would have only two guards. When he learned that there were several cooks in the kitchen, he said, "Why does an old man need more than one cook to make him a bowl of soup?" All but one of the cooks were dismissed.

Every Sunday he preached out of doors, giving a simple sermon to the people. For this he stood on a platform in the midst of the crowd. Thousands gathered to hear him each week.

Among the many rules of the Church made by Pius X were some regarding Holy Communion. He not



only advocated, but urged more frequent Communion for everyone, and especially for the sick. He also made a new rule about early Communion for children. Because he loved children so much, he permitted them to make their First Holy Communion much earlier than formerly. He decided that boys and girls may receive Our Lord as soon as they can understand the meaning of the Sacrament. Because of this and other ways in which he showed his love for children, he is known as "the Pope of the Little Children."

In 1915 the two hundred and sixty-third Pope passed away. The nobility and excellence of his life remain an example to us all. As Americans we ought espe-

cially to honor him, for he said: "I love the Americans, who are the blossoming youth of Catholicism. Tell them all how glad I am to send my blessing to the whole country."

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. Here is a list of the main things that happen in the story. But they are out of order. Put them in the right order so that you could tell the story from them.

Father Sarto is sent to be a canon in the cathedral.

Cardinal Sarto becomes Pope.

Father Sarto is made Bishop of Mantua.

Joseph Sarto receives his First Holy Communion, and is confirmed.

Joseph goes to high school.

Joseph Sarto is ordained as a priest.

Pope Pius X makes a rule that little children may receive Holy Communion.

Bishop Sarto is made a cardinal.

2. From the following list of words choose three that you think describe Joseph Sarto.

thoughtful

lazy

kind

proud

industrious

selfish

3. Read the lines which show how Pius X felt toward the Americans.

"A Story of the Boyhood of Pius VI," *The Ave Maria* (in *Tales for Eventide*), tells of another Pope who loved children and was willing to make great sacrifices for them. You would also like to read "Father, Forgive Them," Father Herbst (in *Tell Us Another*).

THE WAYSIDE SHRINE

JULIA JOHNSON DAVIS

Half hidden by the tender green
Of leafy tree and vine,
Beside a well-worn path there stands
A little wayside shrine.

There Mary clasps the Holy Child,
And He, with outstretched arm,
Would guard all creatures, man and beast,
And shelter them from harm.

The birds that twitter in the trees,
The squirrel and the hare,
The tiny field-mouse and the toad
Receive His blessing there.

The plowman on his early way
To till the stubborn soil,
The reaper coming home at eve
He blesses in their toil.

And still serene, the little Child
Smiles on them from above,
And takes from man and bird and beast
No offering but love.

A BACKWARD LOOK

Now read again page 160. Could you explain to anyone who had not read this group of stories what Catholic Action means? This unit tells about people who gave proof in their daily lives that they knew the meaning of Catholic Action. What did Father Marquette do to spread Christ's teachings? Who was the Soldier Saint, and how long ago did he live? What plan did he make for carrying the gospel to all the people of the world? Can you list five things Joseph Sarto did which are examples of Catholic Action?

Before you read this unit, did you think that the religious are the only people who can help others live according to Christ's teachings? But some of these stories are about people of the world who had a part in Catholic Action. Beatrice Martin reminded Mr. Doran that Christ taught men to love their neighbors; and Juan, though only a poor Indian, led a life so pleasing to God that the Blessed Virgin gave him a special task.

Have these stories suggested ways in which you can show in your daily life that you understand the meaning of Catholic Action? Read page 160 again, and then write down several things you may do which you think Pope Pius XI would list under Catholic Action.

PART FIVE • YOUNG AMERICAN CITIZENS •



SONG OF OUR LAND*

ANNETTE WYNNE

Mountainland, fountainland, shoreland, and sea,
God's land thou art surely—His gift to the free;
How blest are thy children wherever they roam
To claim thee their country, their hope, and their
home.

I love thee, my country—O great be thy fame!
I love thy dear banner—I honor thy name;
I'll live for thee, die for thee, serve no land but thee;
My country forever, great land of the free!

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WHAT IS A GOOD CITIZEN?

MANY hundreds of years ago Athens, in the country that we now call Greece, was the most beautiful and the most famous city in the world. Its people loved it and were proud of it. When the Athenian boys became about your age, they were taught a pledge to their city. This is the promise they made:

We will never bring disgrace to this our city by any act of dishonesty or cowardice, nor ever desert our comrades. We will respect and obey the city laws and do our best to get others to respect and obey them. We will ever strive to teach others to be loyal and true. Thus, in all these ways, we may make this city greater, better, and more beautiful.

One more thing each Athenian youth was taught: to keep himself strong and healthy.

What do you think of the pledge of the Athenian youth? Could you take it for your own pledge to your city and your country? To be honest. To be brave. Never to betray your friends. To respect and obey the laws. Always to try to make your home, your city, and your country greater, better, and more beautiful. To keep yourself healthy and strong.

Now you are going to read stories about some young American citizens—Paul Seabury, who did a dangerous thing in order to save his comrade; Ethel and Jimmie, who were brave and honest when they met a great temptation; George Washington and Robert E. Lee—what these great men were like when they were young citizens.

A HERO FOR A FRIEND

JOSEPH B. AMES

Can a person be afraid and still be brave? Perhaps you will be able to answer this question after you have read this story of an adventure that Paul Seabury and Bill Hedges had while they were skiing one afternoon.

PAUL MEETS HIS HERO

Opening the door of the long, low-ceiled library, Bill Hedges paused in surprise. He had expected to find the library as deserted as were all the other rooms of the boarding-school since the Christmas vacation had begun four days before. Instead, on the hearth a log fire burned cheerfully. Curled up in an easy chair close by was the slight figure of Paul Seabury, who, like himself, lived at too great a distance from school to go home for the holidays.

"Hello!" said Bill in surprise. "You have surely made yourself comfortable here. I thought you were upstairs."

He dragged a chair up to the hearth and plumped down into it. "What are you reading?" he asked.

Paul's eyes brightened. "*Robinson Crusoe*," he answered eagerly. "It's awfully exciting. I've just got to the place where—"

"Never read it," interrupted the larger fellow. Lounging back against the leather cushions, he surveyed the

slim, rather pale-faced boy with curiosity. "Do you read all the time?" he asked.

"Why, no—not all the time," Paul answered slowly. "But just now there's nothing else to do."

Bill grunted. "Nothing else to do! Don't you ever feel like going for a tramp or something? I suppose you can't snowshoe, or ski, but I shouldn't think you would want to stay in the house all the time."

A faint, nervous smile curved the boy's lips. "Oh, I can ski and snowshoe all right. Everybody does where I live in Canada. Often it's the only way to get about."

"Oh, I see." Bill's tone was no longer curt, and a sudden look of interest had flashed into his eyes. "But don't you *like* it? Doesn't this snow make you want to try some stunts? Come on out and let's see what you can do."

Paul hesitated; he did not feel at all inclined to leave his comfortable chair and this interesting book. On the other hand, he wanted to have Bill Hedges think well of him. From the first he had regarded this big, strong fellow with a secret admiration, the sort of admiration he felt for certain heroes in his favorite books. When Bill had made some showy play on the athletic field or performed a thrilling stunt on the skating-rink, Paul, watching from the side-lines, became breathlessly excited. He had often wondered what it would be like to have such a person for a friend. But until this moment Bill Hedges had paid little attention to him, and Paul



Seabury was much too shy to make advances, even when they had been thrown together for the holidays in the loneliness of the empty school.

"I—I haven't any skis," Paul said at length.

Bill sprang briskly to his feet. "That's nothing; I will fix you up. We can borrow Marston's. Come ahead."

OFF FOR A TRAMP

Swept along by Bill's enthusiasm, Paul closed his book and followed the other boy out into the hall and down to the locker room. Here they got out sweaters, woolen gloves, and caps, and Bill calmly turned over to Paul the skis belonging to the absent John Marston.

Coming out finally into the open, Paul shivered a little as the keen wind struck him. By the time he had adjusted the leather harness to his feet and pulled on his gloves, his fingers were blue, and he needed no urging to set off at a swift pace. In saying that he could ski, the boy had told the truth. He was perfectly at home upon his skis, so that he glided along with easy grace.

"You're not *much* good on skis, are you?" Bill commented after watching Paul closely for a time. "I suppose you can jump any old distance and do all sorts of fancy stunts."

Paul laughed. "Nothing like that at all," he answered. "I can jump some, of course, but I'm really not much good at anything except just straight going."

"Huh!" grunted Bill. "I'll bet you could beat any of the fellows here. Well, what do you say to taking a little tramp? Let's go up Cedar Hill."

Paul agreed, though he was not altogether thrilled at the thought of such a climb. Cedar Hill rose steeply back of the school. A few hayfields covered its lower level, but above them the timber growth was fairly thick, and Paul knew from experience that skiing on a wooded slope was far from easy. But Bill had no intention of tackling the steep slope directly. He knew of an old wood-road which led nearly to the summit by many twists and curves. It was his idea that they take this old road as far as it went and then ski back down its winding length.

By the time they were halfway up, Paul was getting rather breathless. It was the first time he had been on skis in nearly a year, and his muscles were soft from lack of exercise. He made no complaint, however, and presently Bill himself proposed a rest.

"I wish I could handle skis as easily as you do," he commented. "You just glide along as if you were on skates."

"I may glide, but I haven't any wind left," confessed Paul. "I've used skis ever since I was a little kid, and compared to some of the fellows up home, I am rather poor. Do you think we ought to go any farther? I felt some snow on my face just then."

"A little snow won't hurt us," said Bill, "and we can ski down in no time at all. Let's not go back just yet."

Presently they started on again. It seemed to Paul wiser to turn back at once, but he was afraid to suggest it again lest Bill think him a quitter. A little later, still mounting the narrow, winding trail, they came upon a deserted log hut with a sagging half-open door; but the two boys did not stop to investigate it. Every now and then during the next half mile, little gusts of stinging snow flakes whirled down from the sky, beat against their faces, and scurried on. Paul's nervousness increased, but Bill merely laughed, saying that the trip home would be all the more interesting for a little snow.

The words were scarcely spoken when from the distance there came a curious wailing of the wind, rising

swiftly to a dull, threatening roar. Startled, both boys stopped abruptly and stared up the slope. As they did so, something like a white curtain surged over the crest of the hill and swept rapidly toward them. Almost before they could draw a breath it was upon them, a dense, blinding mass of snow, which whirled about them and blotted out the landscape in a flash.

"Wow!" gasped Bill. "Some speed to that! We had better hurry home while there is still time."

The boys had gone perhaps a quarter of a mile down the trail when a sudden heavier gust of stinging flakes blinded them both. Paul instantly put on the brake and almost stopped. When he was able to clear his eyes, Bill was out of sight. An instant later there came a sudden crash, a startled, muffled cry, and then—silence!

PAUL MAKES A DECISION

Horried, Paul instantly jerked his staff out of the snow and sped forward. At first, he could barely see the tracks of his companion's skis, but presently the storm lightened a trifle, and suddenly he realized what had happened. Bill had misjudged a sharp curve in the trail and, instead of following it, had plunged off to one side and down a steep slope thickly grown with trees. At the foot of this little slope Paul found him lying, a twisted heap, face downward in the snow.

Sick with horror, the boy bent over that silent figure. A moment later his heart leaped as Bill stirred, tried

to rise, and fell back with a stifled groan. Bill's left foot was twisted under him, and the front part of his ski was broken off. As Paul freed the other's feet from the skis, Bill made a second effort to rise, but his face turned quite white, and he sank back with a groan.

"I—I believe my ankle's sprained," he muttered.

For a moment or two he sat there, face screwed up, arms gripping his knees. Then he looked up at the frightened Paul, a wry smile twisting the corners of his mouth. "It looks as if we are in a mess, doesn't it?"

Paul nodded, still unable to trust himself to speak. But Bill's coolness soothed his nerves, and presently a thought struck him.

"That cabin back there!" he exclaimed. "If we could only manage to get that far—"

"Good idea," Bill agreed promptly. "I'm afraid I can't walk it, but I might be able to crawl."

"Oh, I didn't mean that. If we only had some way of fastening my skis together, you could lie down on them, and I could pull you."

A gleam of admiration flashed into the older boy's eyes. "You have your nerve with you, old man," he said. "Do you know how much I weigh?"

"That doesn't matter," was Paul's reply. "It's all downhill; it will not be so hard. Besides, we can't stay here, or we'll freeze."

And it was true. Already Paul's teeth were chattering, and even Bill could feel the cold through his thick



sweater. He tried to think of some other way, but finally agreed to try Paul's plan. His heavy high shoes were laced with rawhide thongs, which could be used to bind the two skis together. There was no possibility, however, of pulling them. The only way they could manage was for Bill to seat himself on the hastily-made toboggan while Paul trudged behind and pushed.

It was a toilsome and painful method of progress for them both, and often jolted Bill's ankle, which was already badly swollen. Paul, wading knee-deep in the snow, was soon breathless, and by the time they reached the cabin, he felt completely exhausted.

"Couldn't have kept that up much longer," grunted

Bill, when they were inside the shelter, with the door closed against the storm. His alert gaze traveled swiftly around the hut. There was a rough stone chimney at one end, a shuttered window at the back, and that was all. Snow lay piled on the cold hearth, and here and there made little ridges on the logs where it had filtered through the many cracks and crevices. It was not much better than the out-of-doors, and Bill's heart sank as he glanced at Paul, leaning exhausted against the wall.

"It is sure to stop pretty soon," he said hopefully. "When it lets up a little, we might—"

"I don't believe it's going to let up." Paul straightened up suddenly with an air of determination. "We've got to do something, and do it immediately."

Bill stared at him, amazed at the sudden change in Paul's manner.

"You're not thinking of pushing me all the way down the road, are you?" he protested. "I don't believe you could do it."

"I don't believe I could either," agreed the other, frankly. "But I could go down and bring back help."

"You—you mean ski down that road? Why it's over three miles, and you'd miss the trail a dozen times."

"I shouldn't try the road," said Paul, quietly. "If I went straight down the hill back of this cabin, I'd land close to the school, and I don't believe the whole distance is over half a mile."

Bill gasped. "You're crazy, man! Why, you'd kill yourself trying to ski through those trees."

Paul cut short his protests by buttoning his collar tightly about his throat and testing his shoe laces.

"I'm going," he stated stubbornly; "and the sooner I get off, the better."

SKIING FOR HELP

And go he did, with a curt farewell which astonished his companion. Back of the cabin, poised at the top of the slope, with the snow whirling around him, he had one horrible moment when he was on the point of turning back. But with a tremendous effort he fought down that feeling. He could not bear the thought of facing Bill as a coward and a quitter. An instant later a thrust of his staff sent him over the edge, to glide downward through the trees with swiftly-increasing speed.

Strangely enough, he felt that the worst was over. After he had successfully steered through the first hundred feet or so of woods, growing confidence in himself helped to strengthen his courage. After all, except for the blinding snow, this hill was no worse than some of the wooded slopes back there at home in Canada.

At first he managed, by a skillful use of his staff, to hold himself back a little and keep his speed within a reasonable limit. But just before he left the woods, a sudden side-turn to avoid a clump of trees nearly flung him off his balance. In struggling to recover it, he struck the end of his staff against another tree, and it was



torn instantly from his grasp. There was no stopping now. A moment later he flashed out into the open and shot down the steep incline.

Long before he expected it, the snow-covered bulk of a stone wall seemed to leap out of the blinding snow-curtain and rush toward him. Almost too late he jumped, and soaring through the air, struck the slope again a good thirty feet beyond.

He tried to figure where he was coming out and what hindrances he might yet encounter, but the effort was useless. He knew that the highroad, bordered by another stone wall, ran along the foot of the hill, with the school grounds on the other side. But the light-

ning speed at which he was traveling made thought almost impossible. Again, with the same terrible swiftness, the final barrier loomed ahead. He leaped, and, at the very take-off, a gasp of horror was jolted from his lips by the sight of a two-horse sledge moving along the road directly in his path!

It was all over in a flash. Helpless to avoid the collision, Paul nevertheless twisted his body toward the left. The next instant he landed badly, his feet shot out from under him, and he fell backward with a stunning crash.

His first knowledge was of two strange faces bending over him and of hands lifting him from where he lay half buried in the snow. For a moment he was too dazed to speak or even to remember. Then, with a rush of immense relief, he realized what had happened, and gaining speech, he blurted out the story of Bill Hedges' injury and the need for help.

His rescuers were woodsmen, perfectly familiar with the Cedar-Hill trail and the old log cabin. The men took off Paul's skis, helped him into the sledge, and drove him to the near-by school. Stiff and sore, but otherwise unhurt, Paul wanted to go with them, but his request was firmly refused; and pausing only long enough to get some rugs and a heavy coat, the party set off. Little more than two hours later they returned with the injured Bill, who was carried at once to the infirmary to be treated for a severe cold and a badly sprained ankle.

TRUE FRIENDS AT LAST

Bill's strong body and good health soon conquered the cold, but the ankle proved more stubborn; so Christmas dinner had to be eaten in bed. But somehow Bill did not mind that very much, for Paul Seabury shared it, sitting on the other side of a folding table drawn up beside the couch. When they had eaten everything in sight and reached that state of fullness without which no Christmas dinner is really perfect, the two boys relapsed for a space into a friendly sort of silence.

"Not *much* on skis, are you?" Bill commented, presently, glancing teasingly at his companion.

Paul flushed a little. "I wish you wouldn't," he protested. "If you had any idea how scared I was, and—and—why, the whole thing was just pure luck."

Bill snorted. "Luck! You will never make me believe that. Now, as soon as I'm around again," he added, "you must come out and give me some points. I thought I was fairly decent on skis, but I guess after all I am not so good."

"I'll show you anything I can, of course," agreed Paul, readily. He paused an instant, and then went on hesitatingly: "I—I am going to do a lot more of that sort of thing from now on. It was simply disgusting the way I got winded so soon and all tired out."

"That's the way to talk," nodded Hedges, promptly. "You need to take more exercise and stop moping around by yourself so much. But we will fix that up

all right from now on.” He paused. “Aren’t you going to read some more in *Robinson Crusoe*?” he asked expectantly. “That’s a good book, believe me! What with you and that and everything, I’m not going to mind being laid up at all.”

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. Of what was Paul most afraid?

(a) Getting lost in a storm.

(b) Hurting himself.

(c) Being a quitter and a coward.

2. What three things made Bill respect and admire Paul?

3. Some of the words below describe Paul, and some describe Bill. Write the names “Paul” and “Bill.” Under each name write the words that you think belong there. Perhaps some of the words belong under both names.

strong

nervous

cool-headed

liked to read

shy

liked to be with people

slender

jolly

a good leader

liked outdoor games

brave

a good friend

4. What valuable lesson did Paul learn from this ski trip?

5. In what did Bill become interested because of Paul?

6. What was the most exciting moment in the story?

7. Write titles for the three pictures.

8. Make a list of seven words or groups of words that the author used to help you see and feel and hear the things in this story—words like *scurried*, *curious wailing*, and *grunted*.

Some other stories about young American citizens are: “The Boy Who Saved the Settlement,” Trowbridge, and “The Oyster Farmer and the Pirates,” Robins (both in *Child-Library Readers, Book Five*).

BETSY FINDS A WAY

DOROTHY CANFIELD FISHER

Mrs. Fisher is one of our best story-tellers today. She writes stories for grown-up people and for boys and girls, too. Here is one of her stories. It is about a little girl who, like Paul Seabury, just had to find a way to do a certain thing.

BETSY'S BIRTHDAY

Betsy was to celebrate her tenth birthday by going to Woodford to the County Fair. Aunt and Uncle Putney, with whom she lived, weren't going to the Fair that year. But the Wendells, on the next farm, said they could make room for the two little girls; for of course Betsy's little friend Molly was going along.

When they arrived at the Fair, the two little girls were allowed to wander about as they pleased until noon, and they thoroughly enjoyed the many sights and sounds and smells of their first County Fair. At noon they met the Wendells in front of Industrial Hall for a picnic lunch. As they ate, the children talked happily of the merry-go-round, the balloon-seller, and the popcorn stands. The Wendells had met some cousins who wished to ride home with them.

"Betsy, could you and Molly go home with the Vaughans?" Mrs. Wendell asked. "They're here in their big wagon. You could sit on the floor with the Vaughan children."

Betsy and Molly thought this would be great fun.

"All right, then," said Mrs. Wendell. She called to a young man who stood inside the building, near an open window, "Oh, Frank, Will Vaughan is going to be in your booth this afternoon, isn't he?"

"Yes, ma'am," said the young man. "His turn is from two to four."

"Now, Betsy," said Mrs. Wendell, "you go to Frank's booth at two o'clock and ask Will Vaughan what time they're going to start home. Be sure not to keep them waiting a minute."

"I'll be sure to be there on time," said Betsy.

She and Molly still had twenty cents to spend out of the forty they had brought with them, twenty-five earned by berry-picking and fifteen a present from Uncle Henry Putney. They now put their heads together to see how they could spend their four nickels. Molly wanted a big red balloon. While they were buying that, a man came along selling toy dogs with curled-wire tails. Betsy bought one done up neatly in a box.

BETSY AND MOLLY LEFT ALONE

Now they had ten cents left, and they each decided to have a ride on the merry-go-round. But, glancing up at the clock-face in the tower, Betsy noticed that it was already half-past two; so she decided to go first and find out just what time the Vaughans would start for home. She found the booth, but William Vaughan



was not in it, nor was Frank. There was instead another young man, who said carelessly, in answer to Betsy's question, "Vaughan? Never heard the name." An older man leaned out from the next booth and said, "The Vaughans had news that one of their cows was very sick, and they had to start home at once."

Betsy snatched Molly's hand. "Hurry! Quick! We must find the Wendells before they get away!"

In her fear she forgot how easily frightened little Molly was. "Oh, Betsy! Betsy! What shall we do?" Molly gasped, as Betsy pulled her rapidly along.

"Oh, the Wendells can't be gone yet," said Betsy. To the horse-shed where Mr. Wendell had tied his

horses she ran as fast as she could drag Molly's fat little legs. The horse-shed was empty!

Betsy stopped short; her heart seemed to be up in her throat, so that she could hardly breathe. They were eight miles from home, much too far for Molly to walk, and neither of them knew the way. They had only ten cents left, and nothing to eat. The only people they knew in all that crowd of strangers had gone.

"What *will* we do, Betsy?" Molly wailed.

Betsy's head swam. "What would Aunt Abigail do if she were here?" she asked herself. One thing her aunt would be sure to do, of course; she would quiet Molly first of all.

At this thought, Betsy sat down on the ground and took the frightened little girl in her lap. She wiped away the tears and said, "Now, Molly, stop crying this minute. I'll get you home all right."

"How will you ever do it?" sobbed Molly. "Everybody's gone and left us. We can't walk!"

"Never you mind how," said Betsy, though her underlip was quivering a little. "Come on back to the booth. Maybe Will Vaughan didn't go home with his folks after all."

When they found the careless young man again, he stopped his whistling only long enough to say, "No, Will Vaughan isn't anywhere around here."

"We were going home with the Vaughans," murmured Betsy in a low tone.

"Looks as though you'd better go home on the cars," advised the young man.

"How much does it cost to go to Hillsboro on the cars?" asked Betsy with a sinking heart.

"You'll have to ask somebody else about that," said the young man.

Betsy turned and went over to the man who had told her about the Vaughan's sick cow. Quite comforted, now that Betsy was talking to grown-ups, Molly trotted at her heels. Betsy would manage somehow. Then Betsy led Molly out of doors where everybody was blowing on horns, waving plumes of colored tissue paper, and eating popcorn and candy out of paper bags.

The popcorn reminded Molly that they had ten cents yet. "Oh, Betsy," she said, "let's buy some popcorn."

Betsy clutched at their little purse. "No, no, Molly. We must save every cent. I've found out that it costs thirty cents for us to go home on the cars. The last train goes at six o'clock."

"We have only ten cents," said Molly.

Betsy looked at her silently for a moment, and then burst out, "I'll earn the rest! I'll earn it somehow! I'll have to! There's isn't any other way!"

BETSY EARNS MONEY FOR THE TICKETS

How *could* a little girl earn money at a Fair?

"Here, Molly, you wait here," Betsy said. "Don't you budge till I come back."

But Molly had only a moment to wait, for the man who was selling lemonade answered Betsy's question with a sharp, "No! What could a child like you do!"

The little girls wandered on, Molly calm, trusting in Betsy; Betsy with a very anxious feeling. It was four o'clock. The last train for Hillsboro left in two hours, and she had not yet earned the price of the tickets. Although they were walking slowly, she kept feeling breathless and choked. Hearing something from one of the booths, she turned quickly.

"Oh, if I could only rest for an hour, I should feel much better."

The words, spoken to someone in a neighboring booth, came from a tired-looking woman who had home-made doughnuts and lemonade for sale.

The weary voice went on: "I think I could keep on if I had only the selling to do, but there is a great pile of dishes that must be washed."

"Oh, please!" said a small voice. "I'll do it for twenty cents."

Betsy stood by the woman's elbow.

"Do what, child?" asked the tired woman in great surprise.

"Everything!" said Betsy. "Wash the dishes and tend the booth. You can go and rest. I'll do it for twenty cents."

The woman looked at the small, eager girl in surprise.

"I can wash dishes as well as anybody," said Betsy.

"Yes, I think she can," said the friend in the other booth. "And I am sure she can do the selling, too."

The tired woman waited no longer, but tied a long apron around Betsy's neck, gave her a few instructions, and left, saying she would be back shortly after five o'clock. So Betsy mounted a soap box and began joyfully to wash the dishes. She had never thought that she would ever in her life simply *love* to wash dishes.

"It's all right, Molly; it's all right!" she said. But Molly only nodded and asked if she might sit upon a barrel where she could watch the crowd go by.

"Two doughnuts, please," said a man's voice.

Somebody had come to buy! Whatever should she do! She came forward slowly. But the man laid down a nickel, took two doughnuts, and turned away. Sure enough, the sign read "2 for 5." She put the nickel up on the shelf and went back to her dishwashing.

Soon she began to find some fun in her new work, and when a woman with two little boys came up, she stepped forward to wait on her, feeling very important. "Two for five," she said in a business-like tone. The woman put down a dime, took four doughnuts, and left.

"Oh, Betsy, see! The pig! The big ox!" cried Molly now, looking down the wide lane between the booths. Betsy turned her head to look over her shoulder, continuing to wash and wipe the dishes. The prize stock was being paraded around the Fair: the great prize ox, his shining horns tipped with blue rosettes;



the prize horses, four or five of them, as glossy as satin, their manes and tails braided with bright ribbon; the smaller animals, the sheep, the calves, the colts, and the prize pigs, waddling slowly along.

Betsy looked anxiously at the clock. It was nearing five. Oh, what if the tired woman overslept! But in a minute there she came, walking fast and looking greatly rested.

"Have some doughnuts. Hold out your hands, both of you," said the grateful woman as Betsy and Molly prepared to leave.

"Oh, thank you so much," said Betsy. "We can eat the doughnuts on the train." When the little girls had

left the booth, Betsy rushed back to say, "Some people came and bought things. The money is on the shelf."

The woman thanked her and said, "I wish I had a little girl just like you!"

THE HOMEWARD JOURNEY

Molly and Betsy hurried out of the gate into the main street of the town and down to the station. Molly was eating doughnuts as she went. They were both quite hungry by this time, but Betsy could not think of eating till she had the railroad tickets in her hand.

She pushed her coins into the ticket-seller's window and said, "Hillsboro." When she actually held the precious bits of paper in her hand, her knees shook so under her that she had to go and sit down on the bench. She drew a long breath and began rather slowly to eat a doughnut; she felt all of a sudden very, very tired.

She was tired still when they got out of the train at Hillsboro and started wearily up the road toward Putney Farm. Two miles lay ahead of them, miles which they had often walked before, but never after such a day of work as this. Molly dragged her feet as she walked and hung heavily on Betsy's hand. Betsy plodded along, her head hanging, her eyes all gritty with fatigue and sleepiness. A light buggy spun round the turn of the road behind them, the wheels rattling smartly. The little girls drew out to one side and stood waiting till the road should be clear again. When the

driver saw them, he pulled the horse back so quickly that it stood almost straight up. He looked at them through the twilight, and then with a loud shout sprang out of the buggy.

It was Uncle Henry Putney! They wouldn't have to walk any farther!

He ran up to them, exclaiming, "Are you all right?" He stooped and felt them over anxiously, as though he expected them to be broken somewhere. Then Betsy said, "Why, yes, Uncle Henry, we're all right. We came home on the cars." He took off his hat, wiped his forehead, and said, "Well, well, well! And so here you are! And you're all right! A plucky little girl you are."

—Adapted

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. Why did Betsy feel especially that she had to be brave?
2. Which do you think is the best way to quiet another person's fear?
 - (a) To make fun of the other person's fear.
 - (b) To act brave and quiet yourself.
 - (c) To scold the person.
3. Which of these things show that Betsy was a girl who planned things carefully?
 - (a) She comforted Molly.
 - (b) She found how much the tickets cost.
 - (c) She asked for a job.
 - (d) She worked hard washing dishes.
 - (e) She found when the train left.

If you liked this story, you will want to read Mrs. Fisher's book *Understood Betsy*, from which this story was taken.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

NANCY BYRD TURNER

He played by the river when he was young,
He raced with rabbits along the hills,
He fished for minnows, and climbed and swung,
And hooted back at the whippoorwills.
Strong and slender and tall he grew—
And then, one morning, the bugles blew.

Over the hills the summons came,
Over the river's shining rim.
He said that the bugles called his name,
He knew that his country needed him,
And he answered, "Coming!" and marched away
For many a night and many a day.

Perhaps when the marches were hot and long,
He'd think of the river flowing by;
Or, camping under the winter sky,
Would hear the whippoorwill's far-off song.
Boy and soldier, in peace or strife,
He loved America all his life.

ROBERT E. LEE: FROM MANLINESS TO MANHOOD

EDITH A. HEAL

When Robert E. Lee had grown to manhood, he once wrote to his son that "duty" was the finest word in our language. Perhaps as you read this story, you will be able to tell whether, as a boy, he was faithful in doing the things that were his to do.

Robert E. Lee was born into an old Virginia family. The gentlemen of Virginia were proud of their homes, their horses, and their beautiful estates. They built their houses sturdily, so that many years later their sons and grandsons could still live in them.

It was in one of these famous old Virginia mansions that Robert E. Lee was born on January 19, 1807. Stratford House, the home of the Lees, stood high on a wooded hill overlooking the Potomac River in the county of Westmoreland. It was a grand old house. There were long halls with fine wainscoting and moldings brought over from England, beautifully furnished rooms, and broad stairways. Portraits of gallant soldiers recalled days that were gone, and it must have been easy for young Robert to imagine the time when gentlemen in white wigs and velvet breeches walked through the wide hallways. Wherever the boy looked, he was sure to see pictures and records of the deeds of



the famous Lee family. He could not forget that he was one of a long line of brave Americans.

So young Robert Lee lived among inspiring surroundings. Stratford House had done much to keep alive the glory of the Lee family. Important men had lived beneath its roof. There were Robert's cousins, the two brothers, Francis Lightfoot Lee and Richard Henry Lee, who had signed the Declaration of Independence. And there was Robert's own father, General Henry Lee, the famous Light Horse Harry, as he was called, who had fought in the Revolutionary War by the side of Washington when we won our freedom from England.

The boy was told that three generations of Lees had

lived at Stratford, and that the gates had always been open wide to their friends. Everyone was always welcome at Stratford, and the finest people of the land were proud to visit the distinguished family who lived there. The house stood for the best in all things. Its library was filled with fine books. Robert's father was a scholar as well as a soldier, and the boy always remembered him sitting in a big chair or at his desk writing an account of the battles he had fought with his beloved George Washington. The boy saw the brave spirit of the Lees still alive in his father, who was fighting constantly against ill-health. Robert himself had that same brave spirit, and he was to do even greater things than the others of his family had done.

Just as Robert loved the fine old rooms at Stratford House, rich in history, so he loved the fields and forests of the vast estate surrounding the house. He enjoyed roaming through the countryside and the cool woods. He was completely happy when he lay on the fragrant grass beneath the tall oaks and maples or raced along the river, where the rustling poplars grew. He learned early in life to love the beauty and the freshness of the out-of-doors, and this love stayed with him ever afterwards. He knew every inch of the grounds of Stratford, and years later when his own daughter wrote him of a visit to the old house, he answered her by saying: "I am much pleased at your description of Stratford and your visit..... The horse-chestnut you mention

in the garden was planted by my mother..... You did not mention the spring, one of the objects of my earliest recollections.”

When Robert was still a young boy, the family moved to Alexandria, so that the children could go to school, but they still spent part of the time at Stratford. The Lees' first house in Alexandria was on Cameron Street near old Christ Church, where George Washington had worshiped. Undoubtedly Robert's father told his son stories of the great general, for in the days of the Revolution Mr. Lee had been a favorite of Washington.

Life at Alexandria began very much like that at Stratford. Robert continued to love the out-of-doors, and his new surroundings were as beautiful as the old homestead they had left. When he was a grown man, Lee returned to Alexandria for a visit. He was found gazing over the fence at the garden in which he used to play. "I am looking," he said, "to see if the old snowball trees are still here. I should have been sorry to miss them."

But suddenly the carefree days ended. Robert's father was forced to leave his family and go to the West Indies for his health. The brave mother stayed at home to watch over her children, although she was an invalid much of the time herself. More and more Mrs. Lee turned to her small son. And when the boy's father died, she was able to depend entirely upon young Robert, although he was only eleven years old. His older

brothers were away at school, and his sister was too small to be of any help.

The boy grew up almost overnight. He became the young master of the house, carrying the keys, attending to the marketing, managing the outdoor tasks, and taking care of his mother's horses. The strong sense of duty that he developed at this time stayed with him all his life. Just as he stepped into his father's place and took charge of the household for his mother during his boyhood, so later he became a great general.

The tasks that the boy undertook in his mother's household would have been hard work for a grown man. But his outdoor life had made him strong. His splendid health helped him to succeed. This same strength gave him an advantage over other men throughout his life. He was like a sturdy tree that could grow with little to eat and drink and could stand the harshest weather without noticing it.

While he was helping his mother, Robert went to school as well. His first teacher was an Irish gentleman, a Mr. Leary, with whom young Robert continued his friendship for many years. Later he prepared for West Point Military Academy at the school of Mr. Benjamin Hallowell, where he made a special study of mathematics. The famous teacher always spoke of him as a splendid student.

After school hours, when other children played, Robert hurried home to take his mother driving. And now

he had to pretend he was really grown-up to amuse the invalid. He told her that her ride would not make her better if she were not cheerful. When she shivered with the cold, he called to Nat, the coachman, to halt. Then he pulled out his big jackknife and some newspapers and made curtains to keep out the wind that whistled through the openings of the old family coach. His gay and happy efforts would soon cheer her.

Perhaps the happiest part of his early days at Alexandria was the time he spent in taking care of the horses. He learned to ride very well and followed the hunt for hours over the hills and valleys. So he came to love horses and to admire good riders. Long afterwards, when he had become a famous general, his love for his horse Traveller was known among all the soldiers. The horse—a handsome iron-gray, with black points and dark mane and tail—was as easily recognized as his master. In a letter to his daughter Agnes, General Lee once described this horse:

“If I were an artist like you, I would draw a true picture of Traveller—representing his fine proportions, muscular figure, deep chest and short back, strong haunches, flat legs, small head, broad forehead, delicate ears, quick eye, small feet, and black mane and tail.”

Traveller was the great general’s “patient follower” through the war, and in the end the gallant horse outlived his master. When Lee was in his last illness, the doctor tried to cheer him by saying, “You must make



haste to get well; Traveller has been standing so long in the stable that he needs exercise."

General Lee was both soldier and country gentleman. He had all the qualities of good leadership—devotion to duty, constant truthfulness, and a generous way of looking at every side of a question. He was the exact opposite of the city-bred boy who grows up to feel at home in crowds and lonely in the quiet countryside. Lee had learned at Stratford House that in the woods and the fields one can never be lonely. His own words, when he was a man, tell us this: "To be alone in a crowd is very solitary. In the woods I feel sympathy with the trees and birds, in whose company I take delight."

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. In what state was Robert E. Lee born?
 2. On what river was the Lee plantation?
 3. About how long ago was Lee born—75 years, 125 years, or 200 years?
 4. While he was a boy, what did he learn to love?
 5. What outdoor sport did he like best?
 6. What study did he like best in school?
 7. Give two reasons why he had to take charge of the home in Alexandria.
 8. Which three of these facts show that Lee could be a great and loved leader of men?
 - (a) He loved horses.
 - (b) He was faithful to his duty.
 - (c) He knew that many of his family had been great men.
 - (d) He loved the out-of-doors.
 - (e) He was kind and thoughtful.
 - (f) He was fair-minded and generous.
 9. Find and be ready to read lines that show that Lee
 - (a) was kind and thoughtful.
 - (b) could be depended upon to do his duty.
 - (c) could stand hard work.
 10. Did you find some hard words in this story? Do you know the meaning of *wainscoting*, *inspiring*, *generations*, *distinguished*, *recollections*? Don't forget to use your Glossary.
- Other good stories about Robert E. Lee are "Boyhood," Hamilton (in *The Life of Robert E. Lee for Boys and Girls*); "Father and Sons," Barnes (in *The Son of Light Horse Harry*); and "Robert E. Lee," Evans (in *America First*).

ETHEL AND JIMMIE

VARA MACBETH JONES

Have you ever been tempted to keep something you have found? In this story a boy and a girl each meet such a temptation. When you read it, you will find out what they decided to do.

WHAT ETHEL FOUND

At first, eleven-year-old Ethel could hardly believe her eyes. She had just finished her prayers after confession and had reached for her worn prayer book, when she saw something in the corner of the pew—a green bank-note! For a moment she just settled back and stared, afraid to touch it for fear it would all prove a dream. Finally, she put out her hand and picked it up, the big blue eyes in her freckled face aglow. It could not be the hundred dollars for which she was making a novena to St. Joseph! It just could not be! But it was—it was—the magic, precious hundred!

All these days she had been slipping over to the church when she could find time between helping with the housework and taking care of the younger children while Mother went to the hospital to see Father—spending weary hours on her already tired knees, praying that the miracle might happen. And here, on the next to the last day, it had! Just how, she was for the moment

too dazed to figure out. She looked about the church from her pew in the rear. The money had not been there when she went up to confession, she was almost sure. She had been one of the last to go. Now Father Thomas had left the confessional. The only other person in the church was old Mrs. Malloy, who was praying up near the altar. Besides, no one except those at home knew what Ethel was making the novena for. It was for them she wanted the money so desperately.

A moment later Ethel was flying down the street—so happy that she looked like a different child. As she ran, her thoughts raced ahead of her. With the hundred dollars her Mother could buy the things she needed in order to take in boarders. Mother had been afraid that she and Jimmie would have to go out to work while Ethel took care of Marty and Rosemary and Junior.

That's why Mother needed a hundred dollars so badly. She had it figured out almost to the penny. Fifty dollars would pay for some much-needed furniture at the second-hand store. With the rest of the money she could buy new dishes and linens, and have a little left to buy food. After that she was sure she could get the boarders. But where was that hundred to come from—with Father's savings gone—and the St. Vincent de Paul Society already paying their rent?

Mother had hoped at first that the McGrath Paper Box Factory, whose truck had run Father down, might

help a little. But the factory people felt that it was all Father's fault. And, of course, he had been taking a short cut home through their grounds at the time; so that he had no claim against the company.

And Mother, who was always so brave about things, tried to be brave now, to hide her red eyes from the children, to figure out ways and means of keeping her family together. Ethel, feeling the responsibilities of all her eleven years resting heavily upon her thin little shoulders, had tried to plan, too. As usual, she had made a novena about it. And now, on the next to the last day the miracle had happened.

With shining eyes Ethel ran along, her red curls flying in the wind. She did not slacken her pace until she came in sight of the McGrath factory, where Jimmie would be waiting for her. He had parted from her there on her way to church, to see if he could get any work. That had been another of Ethel's plans.

Mother had been afraid that the factory might not want to have anything to do with a Morton. Everybody said Mr. McGrath, the owner, was hard-hearted; but Ethel had urged Jimmie to try anyway. And true to his word, Jimmie was now waiting outside the big gate that closed off the factory from the street.

"Did you get anything, Jimmie?" Ethel called out.

Jimmie shook his head. "Not a chance!" he said in disgust. "I think Mother was right; for the minute the man took my name, he said there was no place."



"Was it Mr. McGrath?" Ethel questioned.

Jimmie snorted at that. "Oh, Sis! A fine chance I'd have to see him! Why, he drove up in his car while I was in there—he's a cross-looking old fellow, too—with a chauffeur to open the door for him—and when he dropped a leather case he was carrying, about fifty people rushed to pick it up, just as if he were a king! See Mr. McGrath!"

But Ethel was not so crushed as she might have been in ordinary circumstances. "Oh, well," she broke in breathlessly, "it doesn't matter much. Just see what I have, Jimmie!"

Jimmie, trudging along by her side, barely turned his

head. Then his eyes opened wide. "Ethel!" he gasped, "where'd you get that?"

"In my pew, just after I came from confession." Quickly she told him her story.

Jimmie whistled. "It looks like a miracle, doesn't it?"

Ethel nodded. For a few minutes she did not speak. But when she did, her voice seemed to have lost a little of its sureness. "It could have been a miracle, Jimmie, couldn't it?" she said pleadingly.

"Why, of course." Jimmie nodded confidently. "What do you mean?"

"Well," Ethel admitted slowly, "now that I think about it and we talk it over, I'm not so sure. I know I asked St. Joseph to let us have the money, but still—— How did it get there, right in the pew?"

"Miracles are miracles; you just have to accept them," Jimmie argued. "I thought you had more faith than that, Sis!"

Ethel's face was growing more and more woebegone. "I know, Jimmie—but——"

"But what?"

"We can't be sure somebody didn't lose it. Sister Miriam told us that if we found anything in church, we must turn it in at the priest's house, so that Father Thomas could announce it from the pulpit." She had been walking more and more slowly. Now she stood still. Jimmie stopped, too. "Then somebody might step up and claim the money," he said disgustedly.

Ethel's eyes filled with tears. "Well, Father'd make him prove his property; and if he couldn't, we'd get it back in the end anyway. You know it would be a great sin to keep it if it didn't belong to us!"

Firmly she turned her steps toward the church. "Come on, walk back with me, Jimmie! And we won't say a word to Mother about it until we can be sure."

WHAT JIMMIE FOUND

But Jimmie did not budge. "Listen, Sis, you don't have to do that. I know where that money came from. I put it in the pew as a surprise!"

Ethel stared. "Jimmie Morton!" she gasped. "Where did you get a whole hundred dollars?"

"Well, you know when I was in the factory yard, it happened just as I said. I mean about Mr. McGrath's getting out of a big car and dropping a bag. All his papers spilled out, and the chauffeur must have thought he picked up everything; but as I came along, I saw a roll of bills with a rubber band around it, lying near the door. On the back was a slip of paper with Mr. McGrath's name and the name of a bank on it. So I turned it in, and they gave me the hundred dollars as a reward. I was just starting home with it; but I thought of you over at the church, praying for a miracle to happen, and went after you; and just as I got there, you were going in to confession. So I put it in the pew and ran. Of course I was going to tell you——"

Ethel's face was again aglow. "Oh, Jimmie!" she breathed. "I never was so happy in all my life. And won't Mother be surprised!" She was now swinging along joyously by her brother's side. "Why, she can go down to the store this afternoon and buy the new furniture—and tell Father about it when she goes to the hospital tomorrow after Mass. Can't she?"

"Of course!" said Jimmie. "Of course she can!"

But, strange to say, as Ethel's enthusiasm increased, Jimmie's seemed to lessen. His steps slackened.

"Come on, Jimmie," Ethel urged. Then suddenly she paused at sight of his face. "Jimmie, what is it?" she asked, wide-eyed.

"Nothing! Only, oh, well—I guess we'd better not take the money to Mother after all. Maybe we've no right to keep it."

Ethel stared fearfully. "But it's yours, Jimmie! They gave it to you, didn't they?"

Jimmie shuffled his feet. "No, I just made that up."

"And you didn't find the money?"

"Yes. You see, Sis"—Jimmie turned a red face to his sister—"for a minute after I picked up that money, I was like you. I thought it might be some kind of miracle, for I've been praying, too. Then I turned the bills over and saw that slip of paper, and I knew where they belonged. But I got to thinking what it would mean to Mother to have just one of them. That old factory owes her more than that for hurting Father!

Besides, it could be just like a loan. After Mother got a start, I could tell her; she could give it back. Maybe God intended us to get the money that way! So I took one of those bills and put the rest in the mail box in the door——” Jimmie gulped. “Even when I came over to the church, I kept telling myself I wasn’t stealing. But down in my heart I knew it was a sin——”

Ethel’s lips trembled. “Then we’ll have to take it over to Father Thomas after all—or no—if it’s Mr. McGrath’s——” Her eyes widened with fright. Then she added: “We must take back the money, Jimmie. You stole the hundred dollars, and we must restore it, or else God will not forgive the sin.”

“I’ll take it,” he said doggedly, as he turned back.

Ethel turned, too.

“You don’t have to go, Sis,” he insisted. “This is my——my——”

But Ethel took his hand and fell into step beside him, and so they approached the big building. When they were in sight of the gate, their steps lagged for the moment, but somehow they kept on. Inside, the place seemed deserted.

WHAT MR. McGRATH FOUND

They went timidly down the big bare corridor, passing doors with various names on them, and at the end came to one marked “Mr. McGrath.” After an anxious moment, in which one pair of frightened eyes met the

other, Jimmie stepped forward and knocked. The door was immediately opened by a young woman wearing glasses.

"Please may we see Mr. McGrath?" Jimmie asked in a small voice.

"What do you want to see him about?" the young woman inquired. "He's very busy."

"It's—it's important," Jimmie said.

The young woman hesitated. "Well, I'll see," she said doubtfully. She disappeared through the door of an inner office. A moment later she opened the door and beckoned them in.

Just beyond the threshold they stopped, gazing timidly at the elderly man behind the big desk. His unsmiling face was set in grim lines; his eyes stared coldly from behind heavy glasses.

"Well, young lady and young gentleman, what can I do for you?"

Jimmie gulped, hesitated, then suddenly stepped forward and laid on the desk the bank-note he was clutching. "It's yours," he faltered.

Mr. McGrath stared in surprise from speaker to bill. "Why, where did you get this?"

"You dropped it outside when your bag fell," Jimmie explained. "I picked up a roll of bills. I put the money in the mail box, but first I took—took that hundred dollars out of it."

The factory-owner looked sternly at Jimmie. "Do you



mean to say, young man, that you deliberately stole a hundred dollars that you knew belonged to me?"

"Yes, sir," admitted Jimmie, with a break in his voice.

This was too much for Ethel. She stepped forward. "Oh, but please, sir, it wasn't for himself. It was for Mother, so that we could all keep together—and bring Father home from the hospital. You know my father? Your truck ran him down."

Mr. McGrath reached for a pen. "What are your names?" he asked. "And the address?" He wrote down the information.

Mr. McGrath touched a bell in his desk; at its buzz the young woman came to the door.

"Miss Dunbar," said Mr. McGrath, "please let me have the record on the case of Thomas Morton."

Miss Dunbar brought the papers from a drawer in the corner. Her employer dismissed her with a wave of his hand, as he glanced over them briefly. Then he turned back to Jimmie. "And now, young man, suppose you explain the rest of this," he demanded sternly.

Jimmie started to tell his story; told it rather badly, too, confusion and shame tying his tongue. Once or twice he stopped to blink back his tears. Ethel, holding his hand with a comforting grip, tried to help him all she could. She was the one that told about their prayers—the belief at first that maybe a miracle had happened. Little by little the whole tale was told. At the end the stern-faced man sat for a moment, tapping his desk with his pencil thoughtfully. Then he pressed his bell, and Miss Dunbar came in again.

"Miss Dunbar," he said to her without raising his eyes, "I wish you would take these two in charge for the present. And send a call through to the officer at the police station for me."

Then he went back to his papers. Ethel felt her heart leap into her already choking throat at these words. In terror she glanced at Jimmie. His freckled face had turned pale. For a moment his eyes met hers, then fell. In silence the children followed Miss Dunbar into the outer office and took the chairs she indicated.

Like little images they perched there. Ethel felt worse and worse as she thought: "Mr. McGrath called the police station. That must mean we're going to be arrested. Suppose, just suppose, that happens to us!"

The time that followed seemed an eternity. The clock ticked on and on; Miss Dunbar typed on and on. Ethel could almost hear her own heartbeats. Then, finally, when she felt she just could not stand it another minute, the telephone in the other office rang again. Mr. McGrath's voice could be heard in low-toned conversation, and in a few minutes Miss Dunbar was called to usher the children into her employer's presence.

"And now, young lady and young gentleman," the man said in the same gruff voice, as he raised his eyes from his desk, "you two may go home."

Ethel gasped. "But aren't we going to be arrested, sir?" she managed to ask.

Mr. McGrath pursed his lips. "Well, I hardly planned anything so severe. I simply had one of the policemen down at the station check up on your story before I gave that hundred dollars into your keeping for good."

Jimmie Morton cleared his throat. "But it's yours, Mr. McGrath."

The elderly man nodded. "Certainly it's mine," he said shortly, "but I'm passing it on to you. I suppose that is a fair reward for the return of the rest, although I do think you were a little hasty in claiming it. There was a thousand dollars in that roll, young man." He

almost smiled then, but seemed to think better of it, and his face settled back into its gruff lines.

"And, young lady," he said, turning to the shining-eyed Ethel, "tell your mother I'll be in to see her on Monday. I've been going over the record of your father's accident. I am still convinced he has no claim on my company, but I think we may be able to use him for some light work when he's fit to be about. In the meantime, if your mother wants boarders, I have several employees that would be glad to find rooms in the neighborhood. You understand?"

Ethel nodded. Words seemed beyond her. For a moment both children stood there, still hand in hand; then they rushed out of the room. Suddenly Ethel paused, turned, and flew back.

Mr. McGrath, busy at his desk, showed his surprise. And he showed it still more when Ethel's arms were thrown suddenly about his neck and her wet little face was pressed to his.

"Please, Mr. McGrath," she whispered, "I'll—I'll say a novena for you, beginning on Monday. I'll ask God to send you some special blessing for making the miracle come true. For, you see, miracles do happen, after all, don't they?"

The elderly man stared into space for a moment, and then his face softened as he said, "Of course, child! Of course they do!"

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. Name four things Ethel did which show she was thoughtful of others.

2. Tell two decisions the girl made which prove she was honest.

3. Find two ways in which Jimmie tried to be a good citizen. Be ready to tell about them.

4. Why was it hard for Jimmie to tell his story to Mr. McGrath?

5. Do you think Mr. McGrath was as stern as he looked? Tell three things he did which helped you decide.

6. Which of the sentences below best tells what this story is about?

(a) It is about a girl who made a novena to St. Joseph, and asked him to send her a hundred dollars.

(b) It is about two children who were tempted to keep money that belonged to someone else, but who made a brave decision to do right and were rewarded for their honesty.

(c) It is about two children who were tempted to keep some money that belonged to a rich man who was very stern.

“Betty’s Ride: A Tale of the Revolution,” Canby (in *Child-Library Readers, Book Five*) is another story of good citizenship. You will also enjoy reading “A Letter to St. Joseph” and “St. Joseph Again,” Father Herbst (both in *Just Stories*).

A BACKWARD LOOK

Now read again the pledge of the Athenian boys. In what ways did the boys and girls in these stories live up to that pledge? Who would not desert his comrade? Who was faithful to his duty?

You have probably been told many times that you should always be truthful and honest, but have you ever met a great temptation? Did you ever feel, as both Ethel and Jimmie did, that a little wrongdoing on your part would make someone else happy? If you met such a temptation and conquered it, you did a brave thing.

It may be that you have never thought of yourself as a real citizen of the United States. You may have thought that you had to wait until you were grown up to be a citizen. But this is not true. You are a citizen just as much as your father and mother. When you learn your lessons at school, play games hard and fairly, do the little jobs around your home faithfully and cheerfully, you are doing your part in making your home and your country better and more beautiful places in which to live.

Did you read any of the stories that are named at the ends of the stories in this part? Your classmates will want to know whether you liked them. You may want to read some more stories of boys and girls at work and at play. The book list on page 433 will help you find such stories.

PART SIX
• BOYS AND GIRLS OF OTHER LANDS •



TO EVERY CHILD OF EVERY LAND

MADELINE BRANDEIS

To every child of every land,
Little sister, little brother,
As in this book your lives unfold,
May you learn to love each other.



BOOKS CAN TAKE YOU TRAVELING

Books can take you traveling to lands far across the sea. In your own home, in a comfortable chair, you can explore places where very few men have ever been. You can live among people whose language you cannot speak, and who could not understand you if you talked to them. You can watch them work and play. You will be surprised at the strange things they do. Some of their ways of living will seem almost funny to you. Then, you will be just as surprised to learn that these people of far-away lands are in many ways like the people in our own land. The boys and girls have their lessons to learn; they have holidays to celebrate; they like to play and have good times.

Of course, it would be much more fun to travel and see these things ourselves. But not many of us can do so. Even in a lifetime we could not visit all the places and learn all the things that we find in travel books.

You have already been traveling in this book—with Admiral Byrd at the South Pole; on the snowy trail from Nenana to Nome; in Africa on a midnight lion hunt. Now you are going to read four more stories of other lands. Mrs. Crew tells you of Mario, Fioretta, Annina, and Tino Bernado, whose land she has often visited; Father Dolan tells of the Little Flower, a French girl of recent times who became a saint; Caroline Mabry writes of Esteban and holiday celebrations in Porto Rico; and Margaret Morley takes you high up in the mountains in Austria and shows you wood-carvers at work making toy horses, wagons, and dolls.

GRANDMOTHER'S TRIP TO NAPLES

HELEN COALE CREW

Mrs. Crew, who wrote this story especially for this book, has many times traveled in countries across the sea, and she has always been interested in what the boys and girls of those lands do. She has written many stories about them.

Mrs. Crew is herself a grandmother; so she probably knows just how happy the grandmother in this story was over what the children did for her.

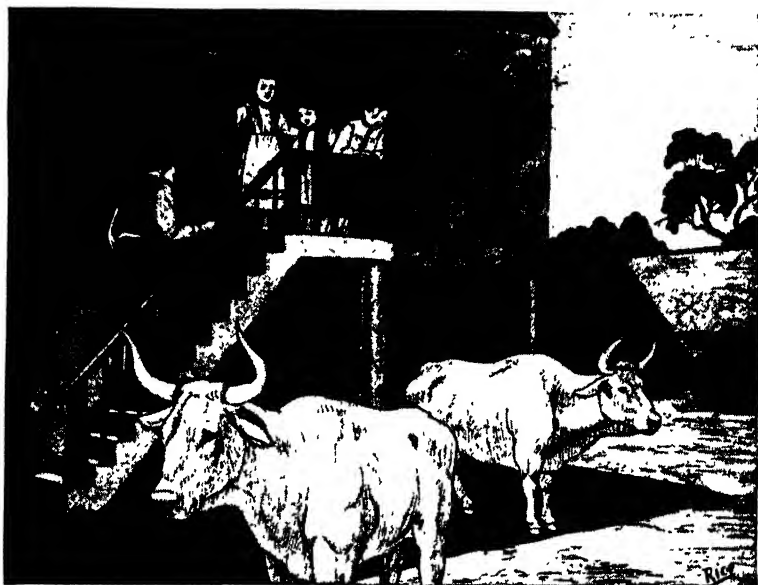
I

Ugo and Margaretta Bernado had four children. There was Mario, the eldest, who was fifteen; grave Annina, who was thirteen; twelve-year-old Fioretta, gay and laughter-loving; and Tino, who was ten and full of mischief.

"Wife," said Ugo, seeing the four busy about their work and happy about their play, "I think we have wonderful children."

"Husband," said Margaretta, laughing, "did I not only yesterday hear you calling Tino a lazy little good-for-nothing? And last week did you not complain that Fioretta was always tearing her clothes?"

At this, Ugo began to talk about something else, and then went out to do some work upon the farm. It was a good farm, left to him by his grandfather, and was about four miles from Florence, that lovely city of Italy



that is strung like a pearl upon the Arno River and lies in a jewel-case of green hills whose lid is the sky.

Ugo was fortunate in owning his own farm, when so many of the farmers in Italy could only hire themselves out for farm work. A small stream ran through it; a little hill, on which grew a few chestnut and mulberry trees, rose up in one corner; and the earth gave good harvests of wheat and barley. The farmhouse was of stone, whitewashed over, and before it lay an old stone threshing-floor. The upper story held the big kitchen and two bedrooms, and below were the stables and barn.

Two creamy oxen with spreading horns stood in the

stalls; these oxen were the pride of Ugo's heart. With them he plowed his land, drew the wheat in his farm-cart from field to threshing-floor, and occasionally took the family to Florence. They always went, for example, to the Cathedral on Easter Day, each carrying a little pot of new-springing wheat, as a symbol of life in the springtime. Or they went at Christmas, to see the little wax image of the Christ Child in the manger and to sing carols, standing in the huge aisles.

Besides themselves and their children, there was Grandmother, old and bent, bright-eyed and busy, as she sat in her chair in the kitchen. There were six stools about the table, and one chair, an American rocking-chair sent over as a present to Grandmother by Uncle Matteo, who had gone to America to live. Anyone might sit on any stool, but only Grandmother sat in the rocking-chair.

II

There came an April when something seemed to be wrong with Grandmother. She still knitted stockings and mended garments, peeled potatoes for the stew and sliced apples for drying, but somehow she wasn't happy. For Grandmother to be unhappy was all wrong. It wouldn't do at all! Her eyes that had been so sharp and bright now quite frequently held tears, and there was a woebegone look on her deeply-wrinkled face.

It was one evening at the supper table that she asked, suddenly, "Ugo, do you think Naples is still there?"

"Still where, Grandmother?"

"By the sea."

"Yes, of course. Why wouldn't it be?"

"I dream about the sea," said Grandmother.

It was at breakfast the next morning that she asked, "Margaretta, you don't think, do you, that Mount Vesuvius is gone?"

"Gone where, Grandmother?"

"Well," said Grandmother dreamily, "gone away."

"Grandmother!" put in Mario, laughing. "To be sure, it is still there! And the Bay of Naples is still there, and all of Italy, and Sicily, too!"

"I haven't seen the place where I was born for years and years," continued Grandmother wistfully. Then they knew. Grandmother was homesick. And why should she not be, indeed? It was sixty years since she had left Naples as a bride, and in all that time there had been no money that could be spared to take her home for a visit.

"If I had not bought the oxen last spring—" began Ugo, but again Margaretta shook her head. But if only they could send her, with one of the children to look after her, to spend a week or two with Uncle Tony and his family in Naples! But where would the money come from? It really couldn't be done.

Next morning, when the children went to the spring with buckets to fetch water, they talked it over.

III

"Why," said Mario, "it is the simplest thing in the world. Put the oxen to the cart and put Grandmother in the cart, and presto! I'll drive her myself to Naples, just as *easy!*"

"Not at all," said Annina, who was practical. "Where's the geography?"

Fioretta, the book-lover, ran back to the house on nimble feet and got the geography. They gathered about the map of Italy eagerly. Alas, Naples was nearly, or quite, or even more than, three hundred miles away, and the map between Florence and Naples was sprinkled with mountains and snaky black rivers.

Well, then, it would have to be by train. But where was the money for the tickets?

"We must earn the money," said Annina.

"But how?" asked the rest in chorus.

Four young foreheads became wrinkled with anxious thought.

"Tino and I might raise silkworms and sell the cocoons," said Mario. "There are the mulberry trees, and there is the little silkworm house where Mother used to raise them."

"But it is such hard work," said Fioretta.

"But it brings in good money," replied Mario.

"Annina and I can weave straw into hat braid and sell it at old Nello's shop. Grandmother knows how, and can teach us," said Fioretta.

"But it will scratch and cut your hands," objected Mario.

"But it brings in good money!" said Fioretta with a saucy laugh at Mario.

All right then, they would begin as soon as school closed. Of course it could be done!

When they told their plans to Margaretta, she approved promptly. "It will not be any too easy," she warned them, "for you boys must help your father in the busy summer season, and the girls must help me as usual. We will say nothing to Grandmother yet, until we see how things are going to turn out."

That very afternoon Margaretta wrote to Uncle Tony at Naples, asking if they would take in Grandmother and one of the children for a week or two in early September. She told him how homesick Grandmother was and how she longed to see Naples again. After she had signed her name, she held her pen poised over the letter for some time. Then she wrote, a little shamefacedly, "If Vesuvius isn't there, Grandmother will be disappointed."

When, some days later, a reply came, Uncle Tony said they would be much pleased to have Grandmother and one of the children visit them. He, too, added a sentence after his name—"If Vesuvius isn't there, I'll fetch up Mount Aetna from Sicily; Grandmother shall not be disappointed." Ah, that rascal Uncle Tony was laughing at her.

IV

At once the boys set about giving the silkworm house—a tiny place with broad shelves along two walls—a thorough cleaning, whitewashing it inside and out. On the shelves they laid clean papers and put a piece of netting at the window. There were a few bricks piled in one corner. Should a day threaten to be chilly, these would be heated in the kitchen oven and placed below the shelves to warm the air slightly. For silkworms are tender creatures and must be cared for as though they were fretful babies.

Then the four, barefooted and bareheaded, and in their simple, home-made clothes, patched but clean, walked the four miles to Florence to buy both silkworm eggs and straw for the braiding. The eggs they bought at a little shop not far from the Ponte Vecchio, the oldest of the bridges over the river—the one that has a row of shops clinging on each side all the way across. For the straw, they went to the New Market, which, in spite of its name, is centuries old.

What a fascinating place it is, to be sure, with its arches holding up a great roof above its rows of stalls! And what a rainbow of colors is spread upon these stalls: purple of cabbages and plums, silver of onions and turnips, scarlet of tomatoes and peppers, green of beans and lettuce, white of celery, yellow of squash and pumpkins, earthy brown of potatoes. To the women and girls who go to market, there is a great charm in



the straws of all colors tied up in neat bundles. These they may make into long pieces of braid and sell at the hat shop, where old Nello is so crabbed and yet so honest in his dealings with them.

The children, on the other hand, are equally pleased with the stalls where sticky sugar-candy is sold, and the fountain, where a great bronze boar spouts a lively stream of water from his mouth. His bronze back has been polished by generations of small boys and girls who climb upon it and slide joyously off.

Home again over the four lovely miles, the Bernado children went, passing by great houses with handsome wrought-iron gates; by stone walls over which April had thrown cascades of blossoming vines; by broad meadows carpeted with flowers; by stone pines and dark, pointed cypresses; across little streams over the round arches of ancient bridges; and at last reached the farm.

V

Now their work began in earnest. The silkworm eggs, which all winter had been kept in a cool place, now were put in a warm place to hatch, which they did in a few days. At this Tino hurried off to the hill and brought back a basketful of the youngest and tenderest of the mulberry leaves. At once the tiny jaws began to eat, and the worms grew so fast that one could almost see them growing. Could their skins stand the strain? No, they couldn't. Twice they shed their too-

tight skins, but not for long were the new ones loose and baggy; the little gluttons soon filled them up. The sound of their many little mouths chewing was like the sound of scratching on silk.

Meanwhile the girls, seated on the veranda, braided the rather brittle straws, which from time to time they moistened in bowls of water to keep them from splitting. Grandmother, in her rocking-chair near by, gave directions and was deeply interested. If she found a lumpy place, or a place too wide or too narrow, the girls would have to take it out and do it over better. There were some tears at first and hands with many scratches, but as days passed, the braid grew smooth and even.

It was in the midst of all this busy work that Margaretta said that the one of the three older children doing the most faithful work and getting the best results should be the one to take Grandmother to Naples. This increased both care and speed, and Tino, who was too young to take care of Grandmother on the trip, and who might, therefore, if he wished, shirk his work, was faithful and eager in going four times daily to the mulberry trees to get fresh leaves for the little spoiled darlings of silkworms.

Both boys, indeed, worked so hard and fast that their mother reminded them of an old saying:

Of a mulberry leaf and a little patience silk is made.

Patience indeed! Nothing else would bring those tiny,

spoiled little creatures to the point of spinning their cocoons. Mother said that silkworms had even been known to go on hunger-strikes. Ah, what uncertain creatures they were!

In mid-July when cocoon-spinning time was approaching, the boys arranged branches and twigs upon the shelves, so that the silkworms might have something to which they could attach their silken threads. This was an anxious time, and, moreover, it was the time of wheat harvest, when Ugo, having cut the golden grain, needed the help of the boys to put it into shocks. Margaretta, too, gave a helping hand in the field one warm, sunny morning. The harvesters all sang as they worked; the two girls, busily braiding straw on the veranda, could hear the harvest song.

Very suddenly dark clouds massed themselves in the sky; thunder rolled along overhead. Following two vivid flashes of lightning, there came two heavy crashes of thunder. The boys hurried to the silkworm house. The worms were very much excited and wove their lifted heads to and fro, refusing to eat. In a day or two some grew ill and died. This was a blow to Mario. He would not have as many cocoons as he had expected. And how he had longed to go to Naples and "see the world"!

Annina, by this time, had become almost perfect through care and practice. Her braid was even and firm, with no gaps in it. She could see very well that

her work was better than Fioretta's. But Fioretta sang happily as she worked, or broke out into delighted accounts of what she would do and see in Naples if she were the fortunate one.

"Ah, that Vesuvius! I hope he will be spitting forth his smoke and fire and lava while I am there. That Bay of Naples! I wonder if it is really so beautiful. But no, there's nothing so beautiful there as our Giotto's Tower in Florence! I will tell my Uncle Tony and my Aunt Vanna about that, how lovely it is, rising up beside the Cathedral like a finger pointing heavenward."

VI

When at last in August the cocoons had been carefully loosened from the delicate threads that held them tied to the twigs, and when each girl had neatly rolled and wrapped up her straw braid, they all went again to Florence. Annina said not a word in all the four lovely miles, ripe with the ripeness of the late summer, but listened to the gay and excited talk of Mario and Fioretta, both so anxious for the trip to Naples. But was not she herself just as eager to go? Yes, but. . . .

When they sat down, in view of the lovely Giotto's Tower, to rest a moment, with their bundles on the ground beside them, Annina had made up her mind to something. Very carefully, she exchanged her bundle for Fioretta's, and Fioretta, so gay and lively, never knew it. So it happened that when grumpy old Nello

examined the two bundles of braid, he gave Fioretta the larger sum of money, saying that her braid was better than her sister's. And, since Mario had fewer cocoons to show for his summer's work than he had hoped to have, why there you were! It was Fioretta who was to go!

By this time, of course, Grandmother knew what the children were doing for her, and her little brown face was once more a happy one. When she heard that old Nello had thought Fioretta's braid better than Annina's, she was surprised. She had watched those pieces of braid growing. She knew which was the better piece. She spoke to Margaretta about it, but neither of them mentioned it to the girls.

The day came at last when Ugo brought the oxen and cart to the door to take Grandmother and Fioretta to the station at Florence. Annina looked a little pale, but she cheerfully helped Grandmother and Fioretta into the cart and handed Fioretta the bundle, wrapped in an old shawl, which held her rather skimpy wardrobe. Then, with a laugh, Fioretta jumped out of the cart!

"Me," she cried, "I'm not going at all! Do not think it. I have packed Annina's clothes into the bundle. It is Annina that is going. Me, why should I leave the Giotto's Tower? Naples would look shabby to me. Annina may go and see that Vesuvius and that"



For just a moment Annina could not speak. Then she said: "But our Mario, he is the oldest; he could take the best care of Grandmother. Me, I shall not go. I shall kneel in the Cathedral on Sunday and pray for a safe journey for Grandmother and Mario."

Then there followed those shouts and gestures that always accompany an argument in Italy, in which all are talking at the same time. And in the end it was Mario, shy and gloriously happy, who went with Grandmother to Naples.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. Tell in one sentence just what this story is about. You might begin this way: "This is a story about four Italian children who . . ."

2. The parts of this story have numbers, but not titles. Write the numbers I to VI on your paper, and after each number write a title for that part. Your first title might be *1. The Bernados and Their Home*.

3. Make up a title for each of the three pictures in the story.

4. Make a list of all the people in the story, and in a word or two tell who each one was, like this, *1. Ugo Bernado, the father*.

5. What name belongs where each letter is?

....(a).... was thoughtful and unselfish.

....(b).... was a happy but careless worker.

....(c).... was faithful in doing his share even though he could not go.

6. If you went to Florence, what three things might you see that are told about in this story?

7. On a map of Italy find Florence, Naples, Sicily, Mount Vesuvius, Mount Aetna. Be ready to show them on the wall map.

Some other stories about Italian children are: "Marda's Masterpiece," Crew (in *Saturday's Children*); "The Italian Drummer-boy," de Amicis (in *Child-Library Readers, Book Five*); and *Dino of the Golden Boxes*, Olcott.

THE LITTLE FLOWER

THE REV. ALBERT H. DOLAN, O. C. C.

This story will help you understand why the Little Flower is so dearly loved by Catholics all over the world. Not satisfied with devoting her short life to winning souls for Jesus, she planned to spend her heaven in doing good on earth. "I shall let fall from heaven a shower of roses," she promised, and, true to her promise, she is a kind friend to all who ask her help.

THE CHILDHOOD OF THERESE

On January 2, 1873, there was born in Alencon, in France, Marie Frances Therese Martin, whom we know now as St. Therese, or the Little Flower. Both her parents were devoutly religious, and their five daughters, of whom Therese was the youngest, all entered the cloister at an early age.

Therese's father was very fond of her and called her his little queen. As soon as she was old enough, she always ran to meet him when he came home. He would lift her high in the air, set her on his shoulder, and kiss her lovingly. Her mother used to say, laughingly, that her father always did whatever Therese wanted, and he would answer, "Well, why not? She is the queen!"

She was a very intelligent child, but had a stubborn disposition, which, of course, she conquered before her childhood had passed.

Even when she was very small, she loved everything

connected with the Church. After seeing a procession of the Blessed Sacrament, she said: "What a joy it was to strew flowers in God's path! But before letting them fall under His feet, I threw them high into the air, and never was I more happy than when I saw my rose petals touch the sacred monstrance."

Once after having had her beads blessed, little Therese stopped under a street lamp to look at them closely. Her sister, who was with her, asked what she was doing. "I want to see how my beads look," Therese replied, "now that they have been blessed."

The Little Flower loved nature from her earliest childhood. On Sunday afternoons she usually went walking with her father and mother. Vivid impressions were made on her childish heart by the fields she saw—fields dotted with cornflowers, poppies, and daisies. Even at an early age she loved far-stretching views, sunlit spaces, and stately trees.

When Therese was taken to the seashore and saw the sea for the first time, she could not turn away her eyes. The grandeur of the ocean, the roaring of its waves, the whole great spectacle, impressed her deeply and spoke to her soul of God's power and greatness.

That evening, at the hour when the sun seems to sink into the broad expanse of waters, leaving behind it a trail of light, she sat on a lonely rock and let her gaze linger on this path of splendor. She pictured her own soul as a tiny boat, with a graceful white sail, floating

in the midst of the golden waves, and she determined never to steer it out of the sight of Jesus, so that it might make its way swiftly and peacefully toward the heavenly shore.

When Therese was only four years old, her mother died, and soon afterwards, Monsieur Martin moved to Lisieux, in order that his children might be near their uncle and aunt. The child was almost heartbroken at the loss of her mother. From that time on, her father was even more tender with her, and her older sister Pauline became her "Little Mother." When the Little Flower was ten years old, Pauline entered the convent, and Therese grieved until she became sick.

Soon she was dangerously ill and seemed at the point of death. When her father and sisters realized the almost hopeless condition of the beloved girl, they begged for a miracle to restore her to health.

Therese lay suffering such agony that she could not recognize her sister Marie, who knelt by her bed. Turning toward the statue of the Queen of Heaven, which stood always beside her, Therese begged her Heavenly Mother to have pity upon her.

Suddenly the statue became animated and radiant with divine beauty. The look upon Our Lady's face was unspeakably kind and compassionate, and she smiled sweetly. Instantly all the child's pain vanished. From that moment she began to get well, and soon she was strong again.



THE LITTLE FLOWER'S CONVENT LIFE

When Therese was only eight years old, she felt a call to the convent life, and before she was nine, she begged to be allowed to enter the Carmelite convent at Lisieux. She even persuaded her father to go with her to the bishop and beg his permission to enter, but he would not consent.

In 1887, while in Rome on a pilgrimage, she made a daring appeal to the Holy Father himself. She ran across the room and flung herself at the feet of Leo XII, saying, "Holy Father, in honor of your Jubilee, permit me to enter Carmel at the age of fifteen." Everyone gasped at her boldness as the Pope an-

swered, "Well, child, you will enter if it is God's will."

Even in the face of the Holy Father's refusal to interfere, she continued to hope and pray that she would be permitted to give herself to Our Lord without delay. Finally the bishop sent a special permission to the Prioress of Carmel, and on April 9, 1888, when the Little Flower was only fifteen, the doors of the Lisieux convent swung open to receive the one who was to make that convent known in every corner of the world.

On January 10, 1889, she received the holy habit of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, and took the name Sister Therese of the Child Jesus and of the Holy Face. Less than two years later, on September 8, 1890, she made her holy vows in Carmel. Of this she said, "My soul was flooded with heavenly joy, and in that peace which surpasses understanding I pronounced my holy vows." The Little Flower proclaimed, as does every Carmelite Sister, "I have come to save souls and especially to pray for priests." Later she said, "Our Lord made me understand that it was *by the cross* He would give me souls. The more crosses I met with, the stronger grew my attraction to suffering."

Of suffering she had much. We have already spoken of her sorrow at her mother's death and at her parting from Pauline, as well as of her grief because she could not enter Carmel sooner. After she became a Sister, her dearly-beloved father was taken ill and lost his mind.



For three years he lived in an asylum, and during this time Therese suffered so intensely that she learned, as she said, "how the agony of the crucifixion of Our Lord pierced the heart of His Holy Mother."

However, Therese rejoiced in her sufferings. Of them she said: "I would not exchange my sufferings for the greatest bliss, and in gratitude for such priceless treasures my heart cries out, 'Blessed be Thou because Thou hast afflicted us.'"

Before she had reached the age of twenty-four, the Little Flower's life on earth was ended. She was laid to rest in the chapel of the convent she loved so well, and over her tomb a beautiful shrine was built.

THE MISSION OF THE LITTLE FLOWER

Shortly before her death Therese said to her superior, Mother Agnes of Jesus: "I feel that my mission is soon to begin—to make others love God as I love Him, to teach souls *my little way*. I will spend my heaven in doing good upon earth."

"What is the little way that you would teach?" asked Mother Agnes of Jesus.

"It is the way of spiritual childhood, the way of trust and complete self-surrender. I want to point out to souls the means that I have always found so completely successful, to tell them there is only one thing to do here below—to offer Our Lord the flowers of little sacrifices and win Him by our caresses."

At another time the Little Flower said to her superior: "You see, Mother, that I am but a very little soul who can offer to God only very little things. I often miss opportunities to welcome these little sacrifices which bring so much peace, but I am not discouraged. I try to be more watchful in the future." Thus she shows us that little sacrifices, little acts of self-denial, are part of her little way.

Many times Therese said that we should all have the trust of a little child who sleeps in its father's arms. In one of her poems she wrote:

My heaven is—to feel in me the likeness
Of the God of Power Who created me;

My heaven is—to stay forever in His presence,
To call Him Father—just His child to be.
Safe in His arms divine, near to His sacred face,
Resting upon His heart, of the storm I have no
fear—

Behold my heaven here!

In 1923 the Little Flower was declared “Blessed” by Pope Pius XI, and two years later she was canonized. Thus only twenty-eight years after her death the humble little Carmelite was recognized as a saint.

Before her death she had said, “My work will begin after I die. I shall let fall from heaven a shower of roses.” This prophecy has been fulfilled. Pius XI said of the Little Flower, “We have called upon her as our advocate and our patron because of the rain of roses which, as she promised, she does not cease to pour down upon men.”

To the members of the Society of the Little Flower, to all who love her, Therese is not dead; she lives. She is alive to them all. They open their arms to receive her roses, roses of healing, roses of financial assistance, roses of relief from trouble and trial, roses of greater love of God, roses of strength against temptation, roses of the gift of prayer, roses of the virtues of humility, simplicity, and purity. The roses drop and are caught by millions all over the world, by thousands of the members of her society here in America.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. When did the Little Flower live? In what year did she die?

2. In what country did she live?

3. Tell of an incident which shows Therese's strong faith in the power of the Blessed Mother.

4. Which of the three sentences below best explains why Therese made her bold appeal to the Pope?

(a) She thought he would give her permission because it was the time of his Jubilee.

(b) Her older sister had already entered the convent.

(c) She was so eager to become a nun that she forgot everything else.

5. What did the Little Flower mean by her "little way"? Name three things you can do that would help you follow her little way.

6. How may we merit some of the roses the Little Flower is dropping in America?

7. The picture on page 287 shows the tomb of the Little Flower in the church at Lisieux. How many things can you find in the picture that are told about in the story?

8. From the following qualities choose three that the Little Flower showed in her life.

faith

impatience

ambition

pride

humility

devotion

You may enjoy reading *Living Sisters of the Little Flower*, Dolan; and "Little Joy of the Heart," Sister M. Eleanore (in *Through the Lane of Stars*).

ESTEBAN, PAGE TO A CARNIVAL QUEEN

CAROLINE MABRY

American boys and girls are not the only ones who have holidays to celebrate. But the boys and girls of other nations have many different holidays from ours, and they celebrate them in different ways. This story tells how Three Kings' Day and Ash Wednesday are celebrated on the island of Porto Rico.

Esteban was proud of his school garden. In the Porto Rican school of San Juan each child had been awarded a garden plot, and Esteban had tended his with such care that it was trimmer and finer than any of the others. He wanted it to be like the gardens in the United States, for to her Porto Rican children the United States is a wonderland. Today Esteban was especially happy, because a friend of his teacher's from the United States had come to visit the school.

She sat smiling at the pupils in history class, and when Esteban was called upon to tell how Columbus had landed on this island, the boy's heart beat with pride. He told the story in glowing words, while he looked at the visitor out of the corner of his eye to see whether she was watching him. It was here in Porto Rico that Columbus had found his New World. It was here that he had set the Spanish flag. Esteban was almost sorry for the visitor to think that his little island

had been so honored, and that Columbus had never seen New York, where the visitor lived.

When she came out later to look at the school gardens, Esteban tried to think of some way to make her forget that the great Columbus had not set foot on her native soil. She stood praising the gardens. Now, the prize object in Esteban's garden was a large red tomato that had grown bigger than any of the others. It was fine and smooth, and it hung from its vine as round and red as the morning sun. When the visitor spoke of it, Esteban was so proud that he plucked it for her and pressed it into her hands.

"Like the United States?" he asked, looking up shyly.

"It's the finest tomato I ever saw," she said. "It will make three salads."

Esteban stood beaming even after she had gone. And then his joy was suddenly turned to dismay. He had been so busy caring for his garden that he had not heard the other boys planning the part each would take when they sang carols the night before Three Kings' Day. The Porto Rican children do not have gifts on Christmas, but their gifts come on Three Kings' Day, which is January sixth. The kings are said to ride on camels, and every child gathers grass for the camels and puts a little box of it under his bed so that they will find it when they bring the kings with their gifts.

On the night before the kings come, bands of children throng the streets, singing carols. They stop before



many houses, and the night rings with their music. The part each child wants is that of a king. The Porto Rican children always have two white kings and one black one, and now it was that Esteban learned how other boys had been chosen for the parts of the white kings, and the part left for him was that of the black king. He would have to blacken his face and his hands with burnt cork.

When the night came, Esteban made himself black, and wrapped around him the Spanish cloak that had been his grandfather's. It swept the ground, but Esteban, small as he was, wore it gracefully, for many of his forebears had worn such cloaks not only for warmth, but for adornment. The little band of singers went first

to the governor's palace. It was a beautiful palace of more than thirty rooms, and for many years it had been the pride of Porto Rico. And yet the children sang for its household one of the simple, kindly songs which they also sang at humble doorways:

The house we stand before
Has kindly doors of wood,
And those who live within
Are generous and good.

As they sang, the palace door opened, and the children were invited to come into the courtyard, where they were given sweet cakes, as was the custom in Porto Rico. They had their cakes and trooped out happily to sing before the next house. This house had an iron balcony facing the street, and now there stepped out on the balcony the loveliest girl Esteban had ever seen. Her black hair shone above big dark eyes, which smiled on the children in welcome. Esteban had heard it whispered that she was to be chosen queen of the next carnival, which would take place the day before Ash Wednesday, as it did every year. He hoped she would be the queen, for he was sure no carnival had ever had a queen more beautiful. When she invited the children into the house for more cakes, Esteban's heart beat proudly. As she put the cakes into his hands, she stopped to talk with him, and he was very happy.

"I could hear your voice above the others," she whispered. "It is clear and sweet."

The singers trooped on to other houses. The Three Kings came with their gifts. Esteban was not forgotten. The day to which all the children had looked forward passed, as happy days will.

February came, and now they were enjoying the merry whirl of the carnival. Gay crowds thronged the streets, hurling confetti and paper ribbons. There were mischievous boys spraying a powder into the air that made everyone sneeze. It was all part of the fun.

Esteban was very busy, for he needed to earn some money. He had hired himself as a messenger boy to a jeweler in San Juan. And there were so many balls at carnival time that Esteban was very busy delivering bright trinkets to the grand houses. But he performed his duty faithfully, and because he had proved himself trustworthy, he was given the queen's crown to deliver. As he took the box, he noticed the name on the cover. It was *her* name—that of the beautiful girl he had hoped would be queen. And so proud was he of his errand that he stopped to wash his face and smooth his hair. He couldn't carry the crown, looking like a ragamuffin.

As he hurried through the streets with his precious package, there were many sights to take his mind from it. A parade was passing. There were strange figures with big plaster heads and gay costumes. But Esteban held his treasure fast and did not stop to see all of them. He must take the queen her crown.

As he passed the capitol with its high white pillars of marble, which had been brought all the way from Asia, he saw a group of boys playing about the long seat built in the sea wall that faces the capitol. Marble lions guarded the seat, and almond trees shaded it. The boys called to Esteban, and he was tempted to join them. He paused; then holding the package close, he shook his head and went on. The queen must have her crown.

A servant opened her door for him, and he asked to see the queen, for the crown must be delivered into her own hands. When she came, Esteban was sorry to see a troubled look on her face. He had expected to find it happy and shining. Perhaps the crown would bring the glad light into her eyes. He wanted to wait and see.

"My master would know if the crown pleases," Esteban said, for his master had put his finest work on it.

The queen untied the box and lifted out the sparkling crown. For a moment her eyes shone like the jewels, and then the same troubled look came again into her face. Esteban could not leave until he knew what caused this look in the queen's eyes.

"You like it?" he asked, pointing to the crown.

"Yes—yes," she answered quickly. "It is the most beautiful crown I've ever seen."

"Then—why doesn't it make you glad?" Esteban burst forth.

"It does," she said, "but I haven't any page to carry my train when I walk up to the throne. The train is

three yards long and very heavy, for it has golden palm leaves embroidered on it. My nephew was to carry it, and today he's all broken out with measles. He looks like a little boiled lobster. Can you imagine? Measles! At carnival time, too."

Esteban's heart was beating fast. He had played he was a king. He could carry her train with princely grace. He knew it. And his longing was so great that his heart grew bolder. "Let me be your page," he cried.

She looked into his eager eyes. He was so glad he had washed his face. It was shining as he stood before her, his heart trembling with hope.

She hesitated. "You are just his size," she murmured, and then she beckoned Esteban to follow her. "Come, and we'll see if the page's costume fits you."

She led him into a room hung with silken curtains. She showed him the satin suit that had been intended for her nephew. It had short white trousers and a blue velvet coat with crystal buttons. Its blue hat had a long feather trailing from it.

"Try it," she said, leaving the room.

Esteban slipped into the gleaming satin trousers. He put on the blue velvet coat, and when he stood before the mirror, he looked so grand that he had to sing to make sure that it was himself he saw. His burst of song recalled the queen.

"You're the boy who played the black king, aren't you? I remember your voice."



"Yes," he gasped, "but I didn't think you'd know me."

"But I do know you," she said. "And the costume fits you beautifully. You wear it like a real prince—and indeed I don't imagine any other carnival queen has had a king to carry her train for her."

"I will be your Majesty's slave," said Esteban, bowing before her.

That night was the happiest of Esteban's life. In the gay ballroom, the beauty of San Juan had gathered. The queen had twenty ladies-in-waiting, and as her court gathered about her, it had no more loyal subject than her page, Esteban. The aisle up which she

was to walk toward the throne was lined with eager faces. The band played to announce her coming. She started up the aisle, and stepping proudly behind her, Esteban walked in glory.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. What word or words belong where the letters are?

In Porto Rico the people give presents on(a).... This comes in the month of(b).... The(c).... take the place of our Santa Claus, and(d).... take the place of Santa's reindeer. Instead of hanging up stockings, the children provide boxes of(e).... for the(f).... On the night before, the children go through the streets(g)....

2. From this story, what do you learn about the difference in weather between Porto Rico and the United States?

3. What is the capital city of Porto Rico?

4. Which two of the following reasons were most important in helping Esteban to be page?

- (a) The American lady's visit.
- (b) Being messenger for the jeweler.
- (c) Being the Black King.
- (d) Being a good singer.
- (e) The nephew's illness.

5. Which reason tells why Esteban wanted to be page?

- (a) To have a pretty costume.
- (b) To have a part in the grand celebration.
- (c) To serve the beautiful queen.

If you enjoyed this story, you will want to read "Easter Monday in Washington," Fox (in *Uncle Sam's Animals*) and *The Boy with the Parrot*, Coatsworth.

JOHN GOES DOWN TO TOY VALLEY

MARGARET WARNER MORLEY

In Austria, high up among the Alps lies Toy Valley. Here for many years men, women, and children have been carving wooden blocks into toys which are sold for boys and girls in many parts of the world.

The Hofer family lived up on the side of a high mountain overlooking the valley. In the thick forests Father Hofer chopped trees to be made into blocks for the wood-carvers down in the valley.

THE SLED-RIDE TO THE VALLEY

Early one morning Father Hofer got out a sled, put on his wooden shoes with the long spikes in the heels, wrapped up well, and wound a scarf many times around his head and neck. John knew that his father was going down to the village, and almost fell over with surprise and delight when asked if he would like to go, too. He was ready in a moment, and they trudged, all three—for Mother Hofer must see them start—through the snow to where the gully led far down toward the bottom of the valley.

Father Hofer placed the sled carefully and firmly on the platform of snow at the top. Then he seated himself, and John got on behind, his arms around his father's waist and his legs drawn well up out of the way. He had often taken short sled trips with his father down the mountain-side near home, but he had never

yet gone down the long slide to the village in the valley. He had often come there to see his father start and had held his breath as he saw him flash down and out of sight under the great rock. Then he and his mother would wait patiently for the father to return, for they did not know until he got back whether or not he had reached the bottom alive. Now they were both going, and the poor mother stood with clasped hands, and murmured a prayer as she watched them.

John was eleven now and very proud to be allowed to go down into the Toy Valley in the winter time. "Are you quite ready, my son?" his father asked in a serious voice, and John knew the great moment had come. He gripped his father very tight, shut his eyes, and bowed his head against his father's back as he felt the sled move; faster and faster it went until John felt as though they had left the earth and were flying through the air. Then came a strange, swaying motion that gave him a sudden sick sensation. He felt his father's body sway far out, and he, clutching fast, swayed, too; the sled shot ahead again faster than before, and John knew that the dangerous curve had been passed and that they were flying down the mountain in safety.

It is no wonder John almost lost his senses clinging there, for the sled shot down through the icy air with the rapidity of a railway train. After what seemed to John ages, though it was only a few minutes, the speed slackened. Finally the sled stopped, and John raised



his head to look about. They were in the midst of a forest of fir trees whose branches dipped to the ground, burdened with snow. The sun was shining brightly, and Father Hofer was looking at John in a kindly manner.

"Well done, my son," he said, while John, who was yet so dazed he could hardly stand, smiled broadly.

They dragged the sled after them a little way and then flew down another steep gully, but not so long nor so steep as the first one. Again the sled came to a standstill, but, this time, only wide white slopes lay about them. They were quite below the black fir forest, and now they slid easily enough down over the steep open meadows to the very bottom of the valley.

A VISIT WITH THE HERDER FAMILY

They went at once to the store, where Father Hofer left a package of lace to be sent away and sold. There was nobody in the store but the man behind the counter, for in the winter all the people were busy carving, and stayed all day long in their own houses. But Father Hofer and the shopkeeper had a long talk, while John looked about the store at the many things it contained, until he discovered a wooden frame filled with carver's tools of many shapes and sizes. Before these tools he planted himself until his father was ready to go.

John followed through the crooked street, so narrow now with banks of tumbled snow piled high above his head that he could not walk at his father's side, but had to trot on behind. His father went so fast that he had no time to look at the gay paper toys pinned up in some of the windows, although he knew the children who had put them there. And the broad window sills!—how well they were filled with green moss and bright berries—though none were prettier than their own at home. Still, he would have liked to stop and look at them and at the bright flowers growing in pots in the window where Dono and Peter lived.

But his father went too fast, straight on to the large wide-roofed, latticed house where the Herders lived. They pushed open the outside door and went into a smoke-stained room like the entrance to their own house. Beyond this was another room, larger than

theirs, with a big brick stove in one corner. Here Mr. and Mrs. Herder and three of their children were sitting at a long wooden table at work.

They all got up when John and his father entered. They were glad to see the Hofers and asked many questions about the health of the family and how the winter was going up on the mountain. Then they sat down, and the Herders took up their work again, while the visitors looked on, and the talk continued. Mr. and Mrs. Herder sat opposite each other, each with a stick of wood clamped to the table in front, against which they held the bit of wood they were cutting, and into which the tool struck when it glanced off.

They were carving little wooden horses and doing it very quickly. The oldest boy made the first cuts in the rude block. Father Herder finished hewing out the form and then passed it along to Mother Herder, who, with her small, sharp tools, quickly and neatly separated the hind legs, smoothed and shaped them, cut down the front legs until they were slender and shapely, modeled the ears, the nose, the neck, until the little horse, no larger than your hand, looked quite alive. Then she passed it to her boy Henrico, who, with a little tool, made some long, fine lines to represent the mane.

John went and stood behind Henrico. He longed to take the little tool and try, but he only said, "It looks easy to do."

"Yes," said Henrico, proudly. "I learned it all this winter. When I first tried, the lines went crosswise and looked not at all like a horse's mane. But now, see," and he moved the tool very quickly; the shavings rolled out, and the mane grew under his skillful touch in quite a wonderful way.

"It looks so easy," said John. "I wish I could try."

"No, no," said Mother Herder, anxiously, "you would spoil the wood and maybe break the tool. It takes practice."

"John wants to carve," said Father Hofer, "but I tell him it is folly, for none of our family has ever carved."

He said this a little sadly, for it was a great honor in the Toy Valley to be able to carve.

"I am going to carve," came a piping voice, apparently from the roof. John looked around and saw little Hans peeping down at him from the bed made on the platform above the stove. He had gone up there to take a nap, because it was so warm. All the children laughed, for little Hans was a great pet.

A VISIT WITH THE WAGON- AND DOLL-CARVERS

In a few minutes John's father got up. They said good-by, and again went out into the sparkling white world, along a lane that led them out of the village, down across a bridge over a little stream that made a pleasant sound as it rushed along between its ice-bound banks.

They followed a path across some meadows, quite across the valley to a little stone house under the shadow of the opposite mountain. In this house lived Father Hofer's old friend Ampezzang.

Ampezzang and his wife and son were at work in the inner room. Herr Ampezzang sat alone at a little table, on which was a lathe turned swiftly by the rushing brook outside. By means of this Herr Ampezzang was cutting out toy wagon wheels at a great rate.

The wife and son were fitting little spokes into the wheels, a task that looked very easy indeed. But when Frau Ampezzang put a wheel rim and some spokes into John's hand and told him to try, he could not do it at all. First the rim flew across the room; then he broke the spoke that he was trying to force into place. Young Ampezzang laughed, but Frau Ampezzang, seeing how red John's face became, looked kindly at him and said it didn't matter, as they had plenty of the little spokes and often some of them were broken.

"He thinks he wants to carve," said Father Hofer, shaking his head, "but I know he never could learn."

"Bless the child!" cried Frau Ampezzang. "Of course he could learn. *It is just wanting to hard enough and keeping at it long enough,*" and she smiled so kindly that John had a sudden warm feeling at his heart, and his blue eyes shone with pleasure.

When they were leaving, Frau Ampezzang looked at John and said again, very slowly and in a tone he never



forgot, "It is just wanting to hard enough and keeping at it long enough."

John would have liked to stay there close to kind Frau Ampezzang all day, but his father soon took leave, and they went next to see the Wolferlos, who lived at the foot of the steep bluff on top of which stood a tiny village and a church with a tall spire.

Here the whole family were painting wooden horses. Two lads painted them white and set them aside to dry. The others took the white horses that had already dried and painted black spots on them and a black stripe down their backs; though why they did this I cannot tell you, and I doubt that they could have

told, themselves. Certainly no living white horse ever had such spots on it or such a line down its spine. But horses were scarce in the Toy Valley, and probably no one in it had ever seen a white horse; so they had to do the best they could, and once, away back, no doubt, some carver with a bright imagination had so painted his horses, and ever after, all his descendants, who knew no more about white horses than he did, had painted them that way, too.

John and his father did not stay here long, but visited at another stone house with deep overhanging porches and broad lattices. This family was also at work, even to the old grandfather, making wooden dolls—not those sticks of wood with a doll's head on top that the babies of the Toy Valley love to hug (somebody else made *them*), but real dolls with jointed legs and arms.

"See," said the grandfather, holding out a handful of dolls no more than an inch long, "these are the smallest jointed dolls in the world." And sure enough, those mites were jointed and could bend their knees and elbows and sit down!

"It takes skill," he cried, chuckling, "and the mother does it all. Hers are the only fingers fine enough for such work as that," and he looked with pride at the tiny things lying in the palm of his great hand.

Dolls were everywhere in this room, hanging and standing about, so that the paint on them might dry, and John came near sitting down in a basketful of dolls'

arms, while another one full of leg-joints stood ready on the table. The children were all busy fitting the joints together and fastening them with little wooden pegs, while the father, who had a jolly red face, was boring holes for the pegs to go into.

They were a merry set, these doll-makers, and the children had round faces and round eyes and little pug noses and bright red cheeks and looked very much like their own dolls come to life—and grown bigger, of course. Only they were not a bit wooden, but laughed and chattered and showed John everything they had.

He had seen all this toy-making many times before, but today it was different; it seemed as though he were looking at it for the first time. The desire to become a carver had come to him the summer before, and now everything connected with it had a new meaning.

THE RETURN TO THE MOUNTAIN HOME

They did not stay long with the doll-makers, but went next to his father's relative, whom they called Uncle Francesco. He had been a hunter in his young days, but now that he was old, he stayed at home and worked the piece of land he owned on the slope above the village.

They had dinner there, and as soon as it was over, John was sent to the store to get the sled which his father had left there and which he meant to leave in Uncle Francesco's shed until summertime, when he

would bring Franz, the horse, down and let him carry it home on his back. He had three or four of these sleds, which he used for sliding down to the Toy Valley in the wintertime. When John got back with the sled, his father said, "Now we must be starting up the mountain." He got up and began to wind his scarf about his neck. It was early yet, but it would take a long time to climb up through the snow, and the days were short.

They had no trouble going up the open slopes, for there were paths everywhere made by the people to go from farm to farm, and from their houses down to the village. But when they had climbed above the open slopes into the woods, there was no path. Still, Father Hofer knew the way very well, and he knew how to find the least snowy trails under the cliffs, while the long spikes in their shoes kept them from slipping.

It was very cold and very still in the woods, and every little while they heard a loud report which Father Hofer said was the cold splitting the trees. John's breath froze in a thick fringe on the scarf wound about his neck and ears, but inside his warm wrappings his blood tingled, and he did not feel the cold at all.

If you had been there, you would have thought you were climbing up through a forest of Christmas trees, for each evergreen was hung with snow-wreaths and glittering ice-jewels.

It was very beautiful, and yet it was a long, hard climb for John, and as night came early, they had to

hurry. When finally they reached the top and Mother Hofer opened the door and let out a flood of warmth and the fragrant odor of the cooking supper, John rushed in—never so glad in all his life to be at home.

He was almost too tired to eat, but he felt very proud to think he had really been down to the valley in the wintertime. He felt as though he were quite grown up and not at all the little boy who that morning had hugged his father so closely. "Soon I shall be able to slide down by myself," he thought sleepily, as he climbed to his warm bed above the great stove, and all night long he seemed to be speeding through the air after wonderful toy horses that galloped swiftly ahead of him.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. What two reasons did Father Hofer give why John could never be a wood-carver?
2. What was the first thing John did in this story that let you know he was interested in wood-carving?
3. What two things did Frau Ampezzang tell John he had to do to become a wood-carver?
4. Why would you not expect to find many horses or automobiles in John's country?

Are you wondering whether John ever became a wood-carver? You can find out by reading *Donkey John of the Toy Valley*, from which this story was taken.

A BACKWARD LOOK

Now turn back to page 265 and read again the poem that you find there. Do you feel that you know a little more about the boys and girls of other lands and understand them a little better? Do you see that they work and play and think and feel in many ways just as you do, even though they speak languages that you cannot understand and live in countries that are in many ways different from yours? You could probably be good friends with Mario, Annina, John Hofer, and Esteban. It would certainly be interesting to visit them. Perhaps some day you can go to their countries.

Which of these lands you have read about seemed most like our own land? Which country seemed most different from ours? Which would you most like to visit? You have probably seen many pictures of the countries told about in these stories. It would be fun to gather pictures of Italy, France, Austria, and Porto Rico for a bulletin board or a scrapbook.

One of the stories told you about toy-makers. Did you ever look at the bottom of a toy to see whether it had a little label telling where it was made? You might be surprised to find that it came from a far-away land. Perhaps there are other things in your home that came from far away. One fifth-grade girl found in her home articles from Italy, England, India, Japan, and France.

You have read stories about four countries. Of course, there are more stories of the boys and girls of these lands, and of other lands. On pages 433-434 you will find a list of books that will give you many a pleasant hour of travel.

PART SEVEN
• FAMOUS HEROES OF LONG AGO •



ARABIAN NIGHTS

ANNA BIRD STEWART

Oh, Ali Baba's forty thieves,
Aladdin's lamp, the Singing Tree,
Are stories everyone believes,
And things I'd dearly love to see.



SOME STORIES NEVER GROW OLD

THERE are some stories that never grow old. Year after year, century after century, men and women and boys and girls read them and love them. The people in the stories become almost as real as people who have actually lived. They come to be known all over the world. Cinderella, Robinson Crusoe, Alice in Wonderland, Beowulf, Siegfried, Guinevere, and Roland—almost anywhere you go, you will find someone who knows these story-book people.

You are now going to read three very famous stories. The first two of these are so old that no one has ever been able to find out when they were first told. It is thought that they were first put down in writing about a thousand years ago in Persia. But they were probably told by the story-tellers long before that. It is thought that perhaps story-tellers in India first made them up—how long ago nobody knows. These two stories are "Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp," and "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves." They are part of a great group of stories called *The Arabian Nights*. So much have people liked these stories that they are known all over the world. Except for the Bible, nothing else has ever been translated into so many different languages.

The third story is that of the famous Robinson Crusoe, the shipwrecked sailor who spent twenty-seven years on a lonesome island. It, too, has been a great favorite. Probably millions of people have read it in the two hundred years since it was written.

ALADDIN, OR THE WONDERFUL LAMP

Perhaps after you have read this story, you will be able to tell why men and women and boys and girls for hundreds of years have liked to read it.

ALADDIN MEETS HIS UNCLE

Aladdin was the son of Mustapha, a poor Chinese tailor. When the boy was old enough to learn a trade, his father took him into his own workshop. But Aladdin, being an idle fellow, loved play more than work and spent his days in the public streets with other boys as idle as himself.

His father died while Aladdin was yet very young, but the boy still continued his foolish ways. His mother was forced to spin cotton night and day in order to keep herself and her boy.

When Aladdin was about fifteen years old, he was one day playing in the streets with some of his companions. A stranger who was going by stopped and looked at him. This stranger was a famous magician, and it happened that he was in need of the help of some ignorant person. No sooner did he see Aladdin than he knew by the boy's manner and appearance that he was fit to be made a tool of. The magician inquired of some persons standing near, the name and character of Aladdin, and the answers proved to him that he had judged rightly of the boy.



The stranger, pressing in among the crowd of lads, clapped his hand on Aladdin's shoulder and said, "My good boy, are you not the son of Mustapha the tailor?"

"Yes, sir," said Aladdin, "but my father is dead."

"Alas!" cried he. "What unhappy news! I am your father's brother. I have been many years abroad; and now that I have come home in the hope of seeing him, you tell me he is dead!" And all the while tears ran down the stranger's cheeks, and his bosom heaved with sighs. Then, pulling out a purse, he gave Aladdin two pieces of gold, saying, "Take this to your mother. Tell her that I will come and sup with her tonight."

Pleased with the money, Aladdin ran home to his

mother. "Mother," said he, "have I an uncle?" His mother told him he had not; then Aladdin pulled out his gold and told her that a man who said he was his father's brother was coming to sup with her that very evening. Full of wonder, the good woman set out for the market, where she bought provisions. She was busy preparing the supper when the magician knocked at the door. He entered, followed by a porter who brought all kinds of delicious fruits and sweetmeats for their dessert.

As soon as they sat down to supper, he gave Aladdin's mother an account of his travels, saying that for forty years he had been away from home in order to see the wonders of distant countries. Then, turning toward Aladdin, he asked his name. "I am called Aladdin," said he. "Well, Aladdin," said the magician, "what business do you follow?"

At this question Aladdin hung his head and was not a little ashamed when his mother answered: "He is an idle fellow; his father did all he could to teach him his trade, but could not succeed; and since his father's death, in spite of all I can say to Aladdin, he does nothing but idle away his time in the streets, so that I despair of his ever coming to any good." With these words the poor woman burst into tears, and the magician, turning to Aladdin, said: "This is not well, nephew; you must think of making a living. I will help you as far as I may. What think you—shall I take a shop and furnish it for you?" Aladdin was overjoyed, for he thought

there was little labor in keeping a shop, and he told his uncle this would suit him better than anything else.

"I will take you with me tomorrow," said the magician, "clothe you as handsomely as the best merchants in the city, and then we will open a shop."

Aladdin's mother then thanked him very heartily, and begged Aladdin to behave so as to prove himself worthy of the good fortune promised by his kind uncle.

Next day the stranger called for Aladdin, as he had promised, and led him to a merchant's where clothes for all sorts of people were sold. Then he told Aladdin to try on the handsomest suits; and choosing the one Aladdin preferred, he paid the merchant for it at once. The pretended uncle then took Aladdin to visit the bazaars and the inns where the foreign merchants were, and in the evening he gave the boy a merry feast.

The next morning Aladdin got up and dressed himself very early, so eager was he to see his uncle. Presently he saw the man coming and ran out to meet him. The magician greeted him very kindly. "Come, my good boy," he said; "I will show you some very fine things."

He then led Aladdin through beautiful gardens with great houses standing in the midst of them. The boy was amazed at their beauty, and so his uncle led him on farther and farther into the country.

"We shall now go no farther," said he to Aladdin, "for I shall here show you some wonders that no one besides yourself will ever have seen. I am now going

to strike a light, and you collect all the dry sticks and leaves that you can find, in order to make a fire."

There were so many pieces of dry sticks scattered about this place that Aladdin collected more than enough by the time his uncle struck a light. The magician then set them on fire, and as soon as they were in a blaze, he threw a certain perfume, that he had ready in his hand, upon them. A dense smoke arose, while the magician spoke some mysterious words. At the same instant the ground shook slightly, and opening in the spot where they stood, showed a square stone about a foot and a half across, with a brass ring in the center.

Aladdin was frightened out of his wits and was about to run away, when the magician suddenly gave him a box on the ear so violent as to beat him down and very nearly to knock some of his teeth out. Poor Aladdin, with tears in his eyes and trembling in every limb, got up. "My dear uncle," he cried, "what have I done to deserve so severe a blow?"

"I have good reasons for it," replied the magician. "Obey me, and you will not repent of it. Underneath that stone is a great hidden treasure, which will make you richer than many kings if you will do what I tell you."

Aladdin had now got the better of his fright. "Well," said he, "what must I do? Tell me; I am ready to obey you fully!" "Well said!" replied the magician. "Come to me, then; take hold of this ring and lift up the stone."



To Aladdin's surprise the stone was raised without any trouble, and then he could see a small opening three or four feet deep, at the bottom of which was a little door, with steps to go down still lower. "You must now," said the magician, "go down into this cavern, and when you have come to the bottom of the steps, you will see an open door which leads into three great halls. In each of these you will see, on either side of you, four bronze vases as large as tubs, full of gold and silver, but you must not touch any of it.

"When you get to the first hall, bind your robe around you. Then go to the second without stopping, and thence in the same manner to the third. Above all, be

very particular not to go near the walls or even to touch them with your robe; for if any part of your dress should touch them, you will die instantly. At the far end of the third hall there is a door which leads into a garden planted with beautiful trees, all of which are full of fruit. Go straight forward, and follow a path which you will see. This will bring you to the bottom of a flight of fifty steps, at the top of which there is a terrace.

"There you will see a niche and in it a lighted lamp. Take the lamp and blow it out. Then throw out the wick and the liquid that is within, and put the lamp in your bosom. If you should wish very much to gather any of the fruit in the garden, you may do so; and there is nothing to prevent your taking as much as you please."

When the magician had given these directions to Aladdin, he took off a ring which he had on one of his fingers and put it on his pretended nephew, telling him at the same time that it was to save him from every evil that might otherwise happen to him. "Go, my child," he said; "descend boldly. Now both of us shall become immensely rich for the rest of our lives."

ALADDIN FINDS THE WONDERFUL LAMP

Aladdin jumped willingly into the opening and went down to the bottom of the steps. He found the three halls exactly as the magician had said. These he passed through with the greatest care, keeping in mind his

uncle's warning. He went on to the garden and mounted to the terrace without stopping. There in a niche was the lamp, which he seized, and after he had thrown out the oil which it contained, he put it in his bosom.

This done, he returned to the garden. The trees here were full of the most wonderful fruit. Never before had he seen fruits of so many different colors. The white were pearls; the sparkling and transparent were diamonds; the deep red were rubies; the green, emeralds; the blue, turquoises; the violet, amethysts; those tinged with yellow, sapphires. All were of the largest size, and finer than had ever been seen in the whole world. Aladdin was not yet old enough to know their value and thought they were only pieces of colored glass.

However, the unusual color and size of each sort tempted him to gather some of every color; and he took so many that he filled both his pockets, as well as the two new purses the magician had bought for him at the time he made him a present of his new suit. Since his pockets were already full, he fastened one of the purses on each side of his girdle and also wrapped some of the gems in its folds, as it was of silk and made very full. In this manner he carried his treasures so that they could not fall out. He did not forget to fill even his bosom quite full, between his robe and his shirt.

Laden in this manner with the great treasure, though ignorant of its value, Aladdin made haste through the three halls, in order that he might not make his uncle

wait too long. Having passed through them, he began to climb the steps he had come down, and reached the entrance of the cave, where the magician was waiting.

When Aladdin saw his uncle, he called to him, "Help me up!" "My dear boy," replied the magician, "you had better first give me the lamp, as that will only hinder you." "It is not at all in my way," said Aladdin, "and I will give it to you when I am out." The magician still wished to get the lamp before he helped Aladdin out of the cave, but the boy had so covered it with the fruit of the trees that he refused to give it to him. The wicked magician was in despair at the refusal the boy made, and fell into the most violent rage.

He then threw some perfume on the fire, and had hardly spoken two magic words before the stone at the entrance to the cavern returned of its own accord to the place, with all the earth over it, where it was when the magician and Aladdin first arrived there.

When Aladdin found himself buried alive, he called aloud a thousand times to his uncle, telling him he was ready to give him the lamp. But all his cries were useless, and having no other means of making himself heard, he remained in perfect darkness.

Finally he went down to the bottom of the stairs, intending to go toward the light in the garden where he had been before. But the walls, which had been opened by magic, were now shut by the same means. The poor boy felt all around him several times, but could not dis-

cover the least opening. He then cried aloud and sat down upon the step of his dungeon, without the least hope of ever seeing the light of day again.

For two days Aladdin remained in this state, without either eating or drinking. On the third day, feeling that his death was near, he clasped his hands in prayer and said in a loud voice, "There is no strength or power but in the great and high heavens." In this act of joining his hands he happened, without thinking, to rub the ring which the magician had put upon his finger.

Instantly a horrid-looking genie rose out of the earth. This genie, who was so extremely tall that his head touched the roof, addressed these words to Aladdin: "What do you wish? I am ready to obey you as your slave, both I and the other slaves of the ring." Weak and terrified, and scarcely daring to hope, Aladdin cried, "Whoever you are, take me out of this place, if you are able!" No sooner had his lips formed the words than he found himself on the outside of the cave at the very spot where the magician had left him. Almost unable to believe his good fortune, he arose trembling, and seeing the city in the distance, made his way back by the same road over which he had come. Such a long, weary road he found it to his mother's door that when he reached it, he was fainting from hunger and fatigue.

His mother, whose heart had been almost broken by his long absence, received him joyfully and refreshed him with food. When he had regained his strength, he



told her all and showed her the lamp and the colored fruits and the wonderful ring on his finger. His mother thought little of the jewels, as she was quite ignorant of their value; so Aladdin put them all behind one of the cushions of the couch on which they were sitting.

Next morning when Aladdin awoke, his first thought was that he was very hungry and would like some breakfast. "Alas, my child," said his mother, "I have not a morsel of bread to give you. Last night you ate all the food in the house. However, I have a little cotton of my own spinning. I will go and sell it and buy something for our dinner."

"Keep your cotton, Mother, for another time," said Aladdin, "and give me the lamp which I brought with me. I will go and sell it, and the money will serve us for breakfast and dinner, too; perhaps also for supper."

Aladdin's mother took the lamp from the place where she had put it. "Here it is," she said to her son, "but it is very dirty. If I were to clean it a little, perhaps it might sell for something more." She then took some water and a little fine sand with which to clean it. But she had scarcely begun to rub the lamp when a gigantic genie rose out of the ground before her and cried with a voice as loud as thunder, "What do you wish? I am ready to obey you as your slave, both I and the other slaves of the lamp."

Aladdin's mother was much terrified; but Aladdin, who had seen the genie in the cavern, had no fear.

Seizing the lamp, he answered in a firm voice, "I am hungry; bring me something to eat." The genie disappeared, and returned a moment later with a large silver basin, which he carried on his head. In it were twelve covered dishes filled with the most delicious meats, and six loaves as white as snow. In his hand the genie carried two silver cups. These he placed upon the table, and vanished.

When Aladdin's mother had recovered from her fright, they both sat down to their meal, in the greatest delight, for never before had they eaten such delicate meats or seen such splendid dishes.

The remains of this feast provided them with food for some days, and when it was all gone, Aladdin sold the silver dishes one by one for their needs. In this way they lived happily for several years, for Aladdin now behaved with great wisdom. He took care to visit the principal shops and public places, speaking only with wise persons; and in this way he gathered much wisdom and grew to be a courteous youth.

ALADDIN WEDS THE PRINCESS

One day Aladdin told his mother that he intended to ask the sultan to give him his daughter in marriage.

"Truly, my son," said his mother, "you seem to have forgotten that your father was only a poor tailor; and indeed I do not know who will dare go and speak to the sultan about it!" "You yourself must," said Aladdin

decidedly. "I!" cried his mother, in great surprise. "I go to the sultan! Not I, indeed! You know very well that no one can make any demand of the sultan without bringing a rich present, and where shall such poor folk as we find a present?"

Thereupon Aladdin told his mother that while talking with the merchants in the bazaar, he had learned to know the value of gems. And for a long time he had known that nothing which the merchants had in their shops was half so fine as those jewels he had brought home from the enchanted cave. So his mother took them from the drawer where they had been hidden and put them in a dish of fine porcelain.

Aladdin's mother, now sure that such a gift was one that could not fail to please the sultan, at last agreed to do everything her son wished. She took the porcelain dish with its precious contents and folded it up in a very fine linen cloth. She then took another, less fine, and tied the four corners of it together, that she might carry it without trouble. This done, she took the road toward the palace of the sultan.

Trembling, she told the sultan of her son's boldness, and begged his mercy for Aladdin and for herself. The sultan heard her kindly; then before giving any answer to her request, he asked her what she had with her so carefully tied up in a linen cloth. Aladdin's mother unfolded the cloths and laid the jewels before him.

It is impossible to express the surprise which this ruler

felt when he saw before him so many brilliant jewels, which were of greater size than any he had ever seen before. For some moments he gazed at them speechless. Then he took the present from the hand of Aladdin's mother, and exclaimed, joyfully, "Ah! How very beautiful, how very wonderful they are!"

Then turning to his grand vizier, he showed him the gems and talked privately to him for some minutes. At last he said to Aladdin's mother: "My good woman, I will indeed make your son happy by marrying him to the princess, my daughter, as soon as he shall send me forty large basins of gold. These vessels must be filled with the same varieties of precious stones which you have already given me. They must be brought by an equal number of black slaves, each of whom shall be led by a white slave, young, handsome, and richly dressed. These are the conditions upon which I am ready to give him the princess, my daughter. Go, my good woman, and I will wait till you bring me his answer."

Full of disappointment, Aladdin's mother made her way home, and told her son the sultan's strange wish. But Aladdin only smiled, and when his mother had gone out, he took the lamp and rubbed it. Instantly the genie appeared, and Aladdin commanded him to lose no time in bringing the presents for which the sultan had wished.

In a very short time the genie returned with forty black slaves, each carrying upon his head a large golden basin of great weight, full of pearls, diamonds, rubies,

and emeralds, quite as fine as the jewels that Aladdin's mother had given the sultan. Each basin was covered with a cloth of silver embroidered with flowers of gold. There were also the forty white slaves. All these slaves with their golden basins entirely filled the small house, as well as the court in front and the garden behind it.

Aladdin's mother now came back and almost fainted when she saw this great crowd and all its magnificence. Aladdin told her at once to follow the procession of slaves to the palace and present his gifts to the sultan.

The astonishment of the sultan at the sight of all these riches is hardly to be imagined. After gazing upon the slaves with their shining heaps of jewels, he said to Aladdin's mother, "Go, my good woman, and tell your son that I am waiting with open arms to embrace him!"

Aladdin was so delighted with this news that he could hardly answer his mother, and hastening to his chamber, he shut the door. Once more he summoned the genie, who brought to him garments that shone like the sun. The genie also brought him a splendid horse and twenty slaves to march on either side of him on the way to the sultan's palace, all holding purses of gold to scatter among the people.

If there had been a crowd before, there was ten times as great a one now to watch Aladdin when he rode to the sultan's palace, and to pick up the gold pieces which were showered by his slaves as he went.

The sultan came down from his throne to greet him, and all was feasting and joy in the palace.

After the feast the judge drew up a marriage contract between Aladdin and the beautiful princess. As soon as this was done, the sultan asked Aladdin if he wished to remain in the palace and have the marriage take place that day. "Sire," he replied, "however impatient I may be to have entire possession of all your Majesty's bounties, I beg you to permit me to wait until I shall have built a palace worthy to receive the princess in; and for this purpose I request that you will have the goodness to point out a place for it near your own."

"My son," answered the sultan, "take the open space before my palace; but remember that, to have my happiness complete, you cannot too soon be united to my daughter." Having said this, he again embraced Aladdin, who now took leave of the sultan as if he had spent all his life at court.

As soon as Aladdin reached home, he again summoned the genie and commanded him to build instantly the most gorgeous palace ever seen, on the spot of ground given by the sultan. Early the next morning the genie appeared and said, "Sir, your palace is finished."

Words cannot tell how astonished the sultan and all his household were at seeing this gorgeous palace shining in the place which only the day before had been empty and bare. The princess, too, rejoiced much at the sight. Her wedding with Aladdin was held the



same day, and their happiness was the greatest that heart could wish. For some months they lived thus, Aladdin showing great kindness to the poor and pleasing all by his generosity.

ALADDIN LOSES AND REGAINS THE LAMP

About this time his old enemy, the magician, found out by some of his magic arts that Aladdin was alive and very rich, instead of being, as he had supposed, dead in the enchanted cave. He was filled with rage, and vowing to destroy Aladdin, he immediately set out for China. There he learned that Aladdin had gone hunting, and was not expected home for three or four days.

The magician bought a dozen shining new lamps, put them in a basket, and set out for Aladdin's palace. As he came near it, he cried, "Who will change old lamps for new?"

When he came under the windows of the Princess, one of her slaves said, "Come, let us see if the old fool means what he says. There is an ugly old lamp hanging in the hall of four-and-twenty windows; we will put a new one in its place if the old fellow is really in earnest." The princess having given permission, one of the slaves took the lamp to the magician, who willingly gave her the best he had among his new ones.

As soon as night arrived, the magician summoned the genie of the lamp and commanded him to whisk the princess, the palace, and the magician himself to the farthest corner of Africa.

The grief of the sultan was terrible when he found the palace gone and his daughter lost. The people ran in fear through the streets, and the soldiers were sent in search of Aladdin, who had not yet returned.

Soon Aladdin was found and dragged before the sultan like a criminal. He would have been beheaded had not the sultan been afraid of making the people angry.

"Go, wretch!" cried the sultan. "I grant you your life; but if ever you appear before me again, death shall come to you, unless in forty days you bring me tidings of my daughter."

Aladdin, wretched and downfallen, left the palace, not knowing where to go or what to do. At length he stopped at a brook to bathe his eyes, which smarted with the tears he had shed. As he stooped, his foot slipped, and, catching hold of a piece of rock to save himself from falling, he pressed the magician's ring, which he still wore on his finger. Instantly the genie of the ring appeared before him. He bowed low, and said, "What would you have?"

"Oh, Genie," cried Aladdin, "bring my palace back without delay."

"What you command," replied the genie, "is not in my power; you must call the genie of the lamp."

"Then I command you," said Aladdin, "to bear me to the place where now it stands." Instantly Aladdin found himself beside his own palace, which stood in a meadow not far from a strange city; and the princess was then walking in her own chamber, weeping for her loss. Happening to come near to the window, she saw Aladdin under it, and making a sign to him to keep silent, she sent a slave to bring him in. When the princess and her husband had kissed each other and shed many tears, Aladdin said, "Tell me, my princess, what has become of an old lamp which I left in the hall of four-and-twenty windows?"

The princess then told how her slave had exchanged the old lamp for a new one, and said that the tyrant who had her in his power always carried that very lamp

in his bosom. Aladdin was then sure that this person was no other than his old enemy, the magician.

After talking a long while, they hit upon a plan for getting back the lamp. Aladdin went into the city in the disguise of a slave and bought a powder. Then the princess invited the magician to sup with her. As she had never before shown him the least kindness, he was delighted and came. While they were at table, she ordered a slave to bring two cups of wine, one of which she had prepared by mixing in the powder. After pretending to taste the one she held in her hand, she asked the magician to change cups, as was the custom in China. He joyfully seized the goblet, and drinking all of it at once, fell senseless on the floor.

Aladdin was at hand to snatch the lamp from his bosom. Hastily rubbing it, he summoned the genie, who instantly transported the palace and all it contained back to the place whence they had come.

Some hours after, the sultan, who had risen at break of day to mourn for his daughter, went to the window to look upon the spot which had been empty and vacant for so many days. There to his unspeakable joy he saw Aladdin's palace shining in its place! He summoned his guards and hastened to embrace his daughter; and during a whole week nothing was heard but the sound of drums, trumpets, and cymbals, and there were all kinds of music and feasting, in honor of Aladdin's return with the princess.

Some time after this, the sultan died, and Aladdin and the princess became rulers of the country. They reigned together many years and left many noble sons and daughters at their death.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. Which two of these reasons best tell why for so many years people have liked this story?

(a) It is so exciting.

(b) It tells so many funny things.

(c) It tells us interesting things about strange countries.

(d) It tells about a magic lamp such as we all wish we could have.

2. Make a list of the main points of this story so that you could use it to tell the story. You can begin this way:

(1) *The magician meets Aladdin.*

3. Was the magician really Aladdin's uncle? Find lines to prove your answer.

4. Did the Sultan really want to make Aladdin happy, or did he have some other reason for letting Aladdin marry his daughter? Be ready to read lines that prove your answer.

5. Find and be ready to read the lines that tell about each of the pictures.

6. Were there words in this story whose meanings you did not know—such as *niche*, *transparent*, *bazaar*, *bounties*, and *account*? Don't forget to use your Glossary.

On page 434 you will find the names of two books of Arabian Nights stories that were made especially for boys and girls. You will like to read them and to look at the beautiful pictures in them.

ALI BABA AND THE FORTY THIEVES

In this story Ali Baba, a poor man, finds a treasure cave and learns the magic words that open it. But if Morgiana, the slave girl, had not been so clever and so brave, it would have been an unlucky day indeed for Ali Baba when he heard the magic words "Open Sesame!"

ALI BABA FINDS THE CAVE

In an old town of Persia there lived two brothers, Cassim and Ali Baba. Cassim married a wife who owned a fine shop, a warehouse, and some land; he soon became one of the richest men in the town. Ali Baba, on the other hand, who had a wife no better off than himself, lived in a very poor house. He supported his family by cutting wood in the forest and carrying it on his donkeys to sell about the town.

One day Ali Baba went to the forest, and when he had almost finished cutting as much wood as his donkeys could carry, he saw high in the air a thick cloud of dust which seemed to be coming toward him. He gazed at the cloud for a long time, until he saw a company of men on horseback, riding so fast that they were almost hidden by the dust they stirred up.

Although that part of the country was not often troubled by robbers, Ali Baba thought that these horsemen looked like evil men. Therefore, without thinking at all what might become of his donkeys, his first

and only care was to save himself. So he climbed up quickly into a large tree, the branches of which spread out so thick that from the midst of them he could see everything that passed, without himself being seen.

The robbers rode swiftly up to this very tree and there alighted. Ali Baba counted forty of them and saw that each horseman took the bridle off his horse and hung over its head a bag filled with barley. Then they took their traveling bags, which were so heavy that Ali Baba thought they must be filled with gold and silver.

With his bag on his shoulder, the captain of the thieves came close to the rock at the very spot where grew the tree in which Ali Baba had hidden himself. After the rascal had made his way through the shrubs that grew there, he cried out, "Open Sesame!" so that Ali Baba distinctly heard the words. No sooner were they spoken than a door opened in the rock. The captain and all his men passed quickly in; then the door closed again.

There they stayed for a long time. Ali Baba was compelled to wait in the tree with patience, for he was afraid some of them might come out and see him if he left his hiding-place.

At length the door opened, and the forty thieves came out. After he had seen all the troop pass out before him, the captain exclaimed, "Shut Sesame!" Each man then bridled his horse and mounted it. When the



captain saw that all were ready, he put himself at their head, and they rode off as they had come.

Ali Baba watched them as long as he could; nor did he leave the tree for a long time after he had lost sight of them. Then, remembering the words the captain had used to open and shut the door, he made his way through the bushes and called out to it, "Open Sesame!" Instantly the door flew wide open!

Ali Baba expected to find only a dark cave; he was very much astonished at seeing a fine, large chamber, dug out of the rock, and higher than a man could reach. The cave received its light from a hole in the top of the rock. In it were piled all sorts of rare fruits, bales of rich merchandise, silk stuffs and brocades, and great heaps of money, both silver and gold, some loose, some in large leather bags. The sight of all these things almost took Ali Baba's breath away.

But he did not hesitate long as to what he should do. He went boldly into the cave, and as soon as he was there, the door shut; but since he knew the secret by which to open it, this gave him no fear. Leaving the silver, he turned to the gold which was in the bags, and when he had gathered enough of the treasure, he brought his three donkeys to the rock, loaded them, and covered the sacks of gold with wood so that no one could suspect anything. This done, he went to the door, and had no sooner said the words, "Shut Sesame" than it closed.

Now Ali Baba took the road to the town, and when

he got home, he drove his donkeys into the yard and shut the gate with great care. He threw off the wood that hid the gold, and carried the bags into the house. There he laid them down in a row before his wife, who was sitting upon a couch.

When he had told the whole story of the cave and the forty thieves, he emptied the sacks, making one great heap of gold that quite dazzled his wife's eyes.

His wife rejoiced in this good fortune, and began to count, piece by piece, the money that lay before her.

"What are you going to do?" said he. "Why, you would never finish counting them. I will dig a pit for the treasure; we have no time to lose."

"We should know about how much there may be," replied the wife. "I will go and borrow a small grain measure, and while you are digging the pit, I will find how much there is."

So the wife of Ali Baba went to her brother-in-law, Cassim, who lived a short way from her house. Cassim was away from home; so she begged his wife to lend her a measuring vessel for a few minutes. "That I will," said Cassim's wife. She went to seek a measure, but knowing how poor Ali Baba was, she was curious to know what sort of grain his wife wanted to measure; so she put some tallow on the bottom of the measure.

The wife of Ali Baba returned home, and placing the measure on the gold, filled it over and over again, till she had measured the whole. Ali Baba by this time

had dug the pit for it, and while he was burying the gold, his wife took back the measure. But she did not notice that a piece of gold had stuck to the bottom of it.

The wife of Ali Baba had scarcely turned her back when Cassim's wife, looking at the bottom of the measure, was astonished to see a piece of gold sticking to it. "What!" said she, "Ali Baba measures his gold! Where can the wretch have got it?" When her husband, Cassim, came home, she said to him, "Cassim, you think you are rich, but Ali Baba must have far more wealth than you; he does not count his gold as you do; he measures it." Then she showed him the piece of money she had found sticking to the bottom of the measure.

Far from feeling glad at the good fortune which had come to his brother, Cassim grew so jealous of Ali Baba that he passed almost the whole night without closing his eyes. The next morning before sunrise he went to his brother. "Ali Baba," said he, harshly, "you pretend to be poor and miserable and a beggar, and yet you measure your money. How many pieces," added he, "have you like this piece of gold my wife found sticking to the bottom of the measure yesterday?"

CASSIM VISITS THE CAVE

From this speech Ali Baba knew that Cassim, and his wife also, must suspect what had happened. So, without showing the least sign of surprise, he told Cassim how he had found the cave of the thieves, and

where it was; he offered, if he would keep the secret, to share the treasure with him.

"This I certainly expect," replied Cassim in a haughty tone; "otherwise I will inform the police of it."

Ali Baba, led rather by his good nature than by fear, told him all, even to the words he must pronounce, both on entering the cave and on quitting it. Cassim made no further inquiries of Ali Baba; he left his brother and set off the next morning before break of day with ten mules laden with large baskets which he proposed to fill with treasure from the cave. He took the road which Ali Baba had pointed out and arrived at the rock and the tree; on looking for the door, he soon discovered it. When he cried, "Open Sesame!" the door obeyed; he entered, and it closed again.

Greedy as Cassim was, he could have passed the whole day in feasting his eyes with the sight of so much gold; but he remembered that he had come to take away as much as he could. He therefore filled his sacks, and went to the door, but he had forgotten the secret words, and instead of saying, "Open Sesame," he said, "Open Barley." So the door, instead of flying open, remained closed. He named various other kinds of grain; all but the right one were called upon, and still the door did not move.

Toward noon the thieves returned to their cave. When they were within a short distance of it and saw Cassim's mules laden with baskets, standing about the



rock, they were a good deal surprised. They drove away the ten mules, which took to flight in the forest. Then the captain and his men, with their swords in their hands, went toward the door and said, "Open Sesame!" At once it flew open.

Cassim, who from the inside of the cave had heard the horses trampling on the ground, did not doubt that the thieves had come and that his death was near. Determined, however, on one effort to escape, he placed himself near the door ready to run out as soon as it should open. The word "Sesame" was scarcely pronounced when it opened, and he rushed out with such force that he threw the captain to the ground. He could not,

however, escape from the other thieves, who slew him on the spot.

On entering the cave the thieves found, near the door, the sacks which Cassim had filled, but they could not imagine how he had been able to get in.

The wife of Cassim, in the meantime, was in the greatest uneasiness when night came and her husband did not return. After waiting as long as she could, she went in great alarm to Ali Baba and said to him: "Brother, I believe you know that Cassim has gone to the forest; he has not yet come back, although it is almost morning. I fear some accident may have befallen him."

Ali Baba immediately set off with his three donkeys and went to the forest to seek Cassim. As he drew near the rock, he was astonished to see that blood had been shed near the cave. When he reached the door, he said, "Open Sesame!" and it opened.

He was shocked to see his brother's body in the cave. He decided to carry it home, and placed it on one of his donkeys, covering it with sticks to conceal it. The other two donkeys he quickly loaded with sacks of gold, putting wood over them as before. Then, commanding the door to close, he took the road to the city, waiting in the forest till nightfall, that he might return without being seen. When he got home, he left the two donkeys that were laden with gold for his wife to unload; and having told her what had happened, he led the other donkey to the home of his sister-in-law.

Ali Baba knocked at the door, which was opened to him by Morgiana, who was a very clever slave girl. "Morgiana," said he, "the first thing I have to ask you is to keep a deep secret! This packet contains the body of your master, and we must bury him as if he had died a natural death. Let me speak to your mistress, and listen to what I say to her."

Morgiana called her mistress, and Ali Baba then told her all that had happened before his arrival with the body of Cassim. "Sister," added he, "here is a great sorrow for you, but we must bury my brother as if he had died a natural death. And then my wife and I shall be glad to offer you and your slave a shelter under our own roof."

Cassim's widow decided that she could not do better than consent. So she wiped away her tears and thereby showed Ali Baba that she accepted his offer of a home.

Ali Baba left her in this frame of mind, and Morgiana went out with him to a shop where drugs were sold. She knocked at the door, and when it was opened, asked for a certain kind of tablet often used in dangerous illness. The drug-seller gave her the medicine, asking who was ill in her master's family. "Ah!" exclaimed she with a deep sigh, "it is my worthy master, Cassim himself. He can neither speak nor eat!"

Meanwhile, as Ali Baba and his wife were seen going backward and forward to the house of Cassim in the course of the day, no one was surprised on hearing

in the evening the cries of his widow and Morgiana, announcing his death.

And so the body of Cassim was prepared for its burial, which took place the next day, attended by Ali Baba and Morgiana. As for his widow, she remained at Ali Baba's home to weep with her neighbors, who, according to the usual custom, called at the house during the burial, and joining their cries to hers, filled the air with sounds of woe. Thus the manner of Cassim's death was so well hidden that no one knew about it.

THE ROBBERS SEEK REVENGE ON ALI BABA

But let us now leave Ali Baba and Morgiana and return to the forty thieves. When they came back to their cave, they found the body of Cassim gone, and with it much of their treasure. "We are discovered," said the captain, "and we shall be lost if we are not very careful. All that we can at present tell is that the man whom we killed at the cave knew the secret of opening the door. But he was not the only one; another must have found it out, too. Having slain one, we must not let the other escape. Well, the first thing to be done is that one of you should go to the city in the dress of a traveler and try to learn who the man we killed was." The thief who agreed to carry out this plan, having disguised himself so that no one could tell who he was, set off at night and entered the city just at dawn.

By asking questions in the town he discovered that a body had been prepared for burial at a certain house. Having found the house, the thief marked the door with chalk and returned to the forest.

Very soon after this, Morgiana happened to go out, and she saw the mark which the thief had made on the door of Ali Baba's house. "What can this mark mean?" thought she. "Has anyone a spite against my master, or has it been done only for fun? In any case, it will be well to guard against the worst that may happen." She therefore took some chalk, and as several of the doors, both above and below her master's, were alike, she marked them in the same manner, and then went in without saying anything of what she had done, either to her master or to her mistress.

The thief in the meantime arrived at the forest and related the success of his journey. They all listened to him with great delight, and the captain, after praising him, said: "Comrades, we have no time to lose; let us arm ourselves and depart. When we have entered the city, which we had best do separately, let us all meet in the great square, and I will go and find out the house with the chalk mark."

Thus the thieves went in small parties of two or three to the city without causing any suspicion. The thief who had been there in the morning then led the captain to the street in which he had marked the house of Ali Baba. When they reached the first house that

had been marked by Morgiana, he pointed it out, saying that was the one. But as they continued walking on, the captain saw that the next door was marked in the same manner. At this the thief was quite confused and knew not what to say, for they found four or five doors more with the same mark.

The captain, in great anger, returned to the square. When he met the first of his men, he commanded them to tell the rest that there was nothing left to do but to return to the forest—that all their work had been for nothing. When they had reached the forest, the captain declared the mistaken thief deserving of death, and he was at once killed by his companions.

Next day another thief, in spite of this, determined to succeed where the other had failed. He went to the city, found the house, and marked the door of it with red. But, a short time after, Morgiana went out and saw the red mark and did not fail to make a similar red mark on the neighboring doors.

This thief, when he returned to the forest, boasted of his success, and the captain and the rest took themselves into the city as carefully as before. The captain and his guide went immediately to the street where Ali Baba lived, but the same thing happened as before.

Thus they were obliged to return again to the forest disappointed. The second thief also was put to death as a punishment for deceiving them.

Next time, the captain himself went to the city and



found the house of Ali Baba. But not choosing to amuse himself by making marks on it, he examined it carefully. Not only did he look at it in passing; he passed before it several times, until at last he was certain he could not mistake it.

Thereupon he returned to the forest and told the thieves he had made sure of the house and had made a plan such that at last he was certain he could not mistake it. And first he ordered them to divide into small parties, and to go into the neighboring towns and villages and buy nineteen mules and thirty-eight large leather jars to carry oil, one of which must be full, and all the others empty.

In the course of two or three days the thieves returned, and the captain made one of his men enter each jar, armed as he thought necessary. Then he closed the jars as if each were full of oil, leaving, however, a small slit open to admit air. The mules were then laden with the thirty-seven thieves, each concealed in a jar, and the jar that was filled with oil. The captain took the road to the city at the hour that had been agreed, and arrived about an hour after sunset. He went straight to the house of Ali Baba, where he found Ali Baba at the door, enjoying the fresh air after supper. "Sir," said he, "I have brought oil from a great distance to sell tomorrow at the market, and I do not know where to go to pass the night; if it would not give you much trouble, do me the favor to take me in."

Although Ali Baba had seen, in the forest, the man who now spoke to him and had even heard his voice, yet he had no idea that this was the captain of the forty robbers, disguised as an oil merchant. "You are welcome," said he, and took him into the house, and his mules into the stable. The jars were left in the court.

THE OIL MERCHANT IN THE HOME OF ALI BABA

Ali Baba, having told Morgiana to see that his guest was supplied with everything he wanted, added, "Tomorrow before daybreak I shall go to the bath. Make me some good broth to take when I return." After giving these orders, he went to bed.

In the meantime the captain of the thieves, on leaving the stable, went to give his people orders what to do. Beginning with the first jar, and going through the whole number, he said to each, "When I throw some pebbles from my chamber, do not fail to rip open the jar from top to bottom with the knife you have and to come out; I shall be with you soon after." The knives he spoke of had been sharpened for the purpose. This done, he returned, and Morgiana took a light and led him to his chamber. Not to cause any suspicion, he put out the light and lay down in his clothes, to be ready to rise as soon as he had taken his first sleep.

Morgiana did not forget Ali Baba's orders; she prepared his linen for the bath and gave it to Abdalla, Ali Baba's slave, who had not yet gone to bed. Then she put the pot on the fire to make the broth, but while she was skimming it, the lamp went out. There was no more oil in the house, and she had no candle. She did not know what to do. She wanted a light to see to skim the pot, and mentioned it to Abdalla. "Take some oil," said he, "out of one of the jars in the court."

So Morgiana took the oil jug and went into the court. As she drew near the first jar, the thief who was concealed within said in a low voice, "Is it time?"

Any other slave except Morgiana, in the first moment of surprise at finding a man in the jar instead of some oil, would have made a great uproar. But Morgiana collected her thoughts, and imitating the voice of the

captain, answered, "Not yet, but presently." She went on to the next jar, and the others in turn, making the same answer to the same question, till she came to the last, which was full of oil.

Morgiana by this means discovered that her master, who supposed he was giving a night's lodging to an oil merchant only, had provided shelter to thirty-eight robbers, including the pretended merchant, their captain. She quickly filled her oil jug from the last jar and returned to the kitchen. After having put some oil in her lamp and lighted it, she took a large kettle and went again into the court to fill it with oil from the jar. This done, she brought it back again, put it over the fire, and made a great blaze under it with wood; for the sooner the oil boiled, the sooner her plan would be carried out. At length the oil boiled. She then took the kettle, and poured into each jar, from the first to the last, enough boiling oil to kill the robbers.

This being done without any noise, she returned to the kitchen with the empty kettle and shut the door. She put out the large fire she had made up to heat the oil, and left only enough to finish boiling the broth for Ali Baba. She then blew out the lamp and remained perfectly silent, determined not to go to bed until she had watched what would happen, from a window which overlooked the courtyard.

Morgiana had waited scarcely a quarter of an hour, when the captain of the robbers awoke. He got up,



and opening the window, looked out. All was dark and silent. He gave the signal by throwing the pebbles, many of which fell on the jars, as the sound plainly proved. He listened, but could hear nothing that would lead him to think his men obeyed the signal. He became uneasy at this delay, and threw some pebbles down a second time, and even a third. They all struck the jars, and when nothing moved, he became frightened.

He went down into the court in great alarm. Going up to the first jar, he was about to ask if the robber inside was asleep. But as soon as he drew near, he caught a strong scent of burning oil coming out of the jar. From this he feared that his wicked plan had failed.

He went to the next jar, and to each jar in turn. Then he realized that all his men were dead. Terrified at this, he jumped over the garden gate and made his escape.

Before daybreak Ali Baba went to the bath, entirely ignorant of what had taken place during his sleep. When he returned from the bath, the sun being risen, Ali Baba was surprised to see the jars of oil still in their places; so he inquired the reason of Morgiana.

"My good master," said Morgiana to Ali Baba's question, "may God preserve you and all your family. You will soon know the reason, if you will take the trouble to come with me." Ali Baba followed Morgiana, and when she had shut the door, she took him to the first jar and bade him look in and see if it contained oil. He did as she desired; and seeing a man in the jar, he hastily drew back with a cry of surprise. "Do not be afraid," said she. "The man you see there will not do you any harm, for he is now dead."

"Morgiana!" exclaimed Ali Baba, "what does all this mean? Do explain this mystery." "I will explain it," replied Morgiana, "but pray do not awaken the curiosity of your neighbors to learn what you should keep secret. Look first at all the other jars."

Ali Baba examined all the rest of the jars, one after the other. This done, he stood, sometimes casting his eyes on Morgiana, then looking at the jars, yet without speaking a word, so great was his surprise. At length he said, "And what has become of the merchant?"

"The merchant," replied Morgiana, "is just as much a merchant as I am. I can tell you who he is."

She then described the marks made upon the door, and the way in which she had copied them, adding: "You see this is a plot formed by the forty thieves of the forest, whose troop is now reduced to three at most. The events of last night prove that they are determined to take your life, and you will do right to be on your guard against them, so long as even one of the robbers remains."

Ali Baba, full of gratitude for all he owed her, replied: "I will reward you as you deserve, before I die. I owe my life to you, and from this moment I give you your liberty, and will soon do still more for you."

MORGIANA'S GREAT COURAGE AND REWARD

Meanwhile the captain of the forty thieves had returned to the forest full of rage, and determined to revenge himself on Ali Baba.

Next morning he awoke at an early hour, put on a merchant's dress, and returned to the city, where he took a lodging at an inn. Then he bought a horse, which he made use of to carry to his lodging several kinds of rich stuffs and fine linens, bringing them from the forest at various times.

In order to dispose of these wares, he rented a shop and established himself in it. This shop was exactly

opposite to that which had been Cassim's and was now occupied by the son of Ali Baba.

The captain of the thieves, who had taken the name of Houssam, soon succeeded in making friends with the son of Ali Baba, who was young and good-natured. He often invited the youth to sup with him, and made him rich gifts.

When Ali Baba heard of it, he resolved to make a return for this kindness to Houssam, little thinking that the pretended merchant was really the captain of the thieves. So one day he asked Houssam to do him the honor of supping and spending the evening at his house. "Sir," replied the merchant, "I am grateful for your kindness, but I must beg you to excuse me, and for a reason which I am sure you will think sufficient. It is this: I never eat of any dish that has salt in it. Judge, then, how uncomfortable I should be at your table."

"If this be your only reason," replied Ali Baba, "it need not prevent your coming to supper with me. The bread which is eaten in my house does not contain salt; and as for the meat and other dishes, I promise you there shall be none in those which are served to you."

So Ali Baba went into the kitchen and desired Morgiana not to put any salt in the meat she was going to serve for supper, and also to prepare two or three dishes of those that he had ordered, without any salt.

Morgiana obeyed, though much against her will; and

she felt some curiosity to see this man who did not eat salt. When she had finished, and Abdalla had prepared the table, she helped him to carry in the dishes. On looking at Houssam, she instantly recognized the captain of the robbers, in spite of his disguise. Looking at him more closely, she saw that he had a dagger hidden under his dress. "I am no longer surprised," said she to herself, "that this villain will not eat salt with my master; he is his enemy and means to murder him! But I will prevent the villain!"

When the supper was ended, the captain of the thieves thought that the time for revenging himself on Ali Baba had come. "I will make them both drink much wine," thought he, "and then the son, against whom I bear no malice, will not prevent my plunging my dagger into the heart of his father, and I shall escape by way of the garden, as I did before, while the cook and the slave are at their supper in the kitchen."

Instead, however, of going to supper, Morgiana did not allow him time to carry out his wicked plans. She dressed herself as a dancer, put on a suitable headdress, and wore round her waist a fancy girdle of gold, to which she fastened a dagger. Her face was hidden by a handsome mask. When she had so disguised herself, she said to Abdalla, "Take your tabor, and let us go and entertain our master's guest, who is the friend of his son, with our music and dancing."

Abdalla took his tabor and began to play as he walked before Morgiana and entered the room. Morgiana followed him, making a low curtsy, and performed several dances. At length she drew out the dagger, and dancing with it in her hand, she surpassed all she had yet done, by her light movements and high leaps; sometimes thrusting the dagger as if to strike, and at others holding it to her own bosom, as if to stab herself.

At length, as if out of breath, she took the tabor from Abdalla with her left hand, and holding the dagger in her right, she held out the tabor to Ali Baba, who threw a piece of gold into it. Morgiana then held the tabor out to his son, who did the same. Houssam, who saw that she was coming to him next, had already taken his purse from his bosom and was putting his hand into it when Morgiana, with great courage, suddenly plunged the dagger into his heart.

Ali Baba and his son, terrified at this action, uttered loud cries. "Wretch!" exclaimed Ali Baba, "what have you done? You have ruined me and my family forever!"

"What I have done," replied Morgiana, "is not for your ruin, but for your safety." Then, opening Housam's robe to show Ali Baba the dagger which was concealed under it, "See," continued she, "the cruel enemy you had to deal with; examine him, and you will recognize the pretended oil merchant and the captain of the

forty thieves! Do you now see why he refused to eat salt with you?"

Ali Baba, who now saw all that he owed to Morgiana for having thus saved his life a second time, cried, "Morgiana, I gave you your liberty, and at the same time I promised that I would do more for you at some future time. This time has come, and I present you to my son as his wife."

A few days later Ali Baba had the marriage of his son and Morgiana celebrated with great feasting.

After the marriage Ali Baba decided to visit again the cave of the forty thieves. On reaching it, he repeated the words "Open Sesame." At once the door opened, and entering the cave, he found that no one had been in it from the time that Houssam had opened his shop in the city. He therefore knew that the whole troop of thieves had been killed, and that he was the only person in the world who had the secret of the cave.

From that time Ali Baba and his son, whom he took to the cave and taught the secret of how to enter it, enjoyed its riches and lived in great happiness and comfort to the end of their long lives.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. Name the five most important characters in this story. Put the most important one first.
2. Why did Ali Baba pretend that his brother had died of illness?

3. In what three ways did Morgiana show that she was a quick-witted girl?

4. What names belong where the letters are in the sentences below?

....(a).... was clever, brave, and faithful.

....(b).... was greedy, deceitful, and envious.

....(c).... was revengeful, bold, and clever.

....(d).... was kind-hearted, good-natured, and generous.

5. What were the four most exciting moments in this story?

6. Write about eight sentences that will give the main points of this story, so that you could use them for an outline in telling it. You might begin this way: (1) *Ali Baba finds the treasure cave.*

7. Make up a name for each of the four pictures in this story.

8. Find other happenings in the story that would make good pictures.

If you liked these two Arabian Nights stories, you will want to read some of the others. You might start with "Sinbad the Sailor" and "The Fisherman and the Genie" (both in *Legends of the Seven Seas*, Price).

ROBINSON CRUSOE

DANIEL DEFOE

Daniel Defoe, an Englishman, wrote this story about two hundred years ago. He got the idea for the story from the adventures of a sailor named Alexander Selkirk, who spent four years on a lonesome island about four hundred miles off the western coast of South America. Even boys and girls of other lands have enjoyed this story, for it has been translated into many other languages.

HOW I WENT TO SEA AND WAS SHIPWRECKED

I was born at York, in England, on the first of March, 1632. From the time that I was quite a young child I had felt a great wish to spend my life at sea, and as I grew, so did this taste grow more and more strong; till at last on September 1, 1651, I ran away from my school and home and found my way on foot to Hull, where I soon got a place on board a ship.

Never did any young adventurer's misfortunes begin sooner or continue longer than mine, for when we were far out at sea, some Turks in a small ship came on our track in full chase. After a long pursuit our vessel was captured, and all on board were taken as slaves.

The chief of the Turks took me as his prize to a port which was held by the Moors. There I remained in slavery for several years, and bitterly did I repent having left my good parents in England.

At length I found an opportunity to escape to a vessel that was passing by, and was kindly received by the captain, an Englishman bound on a voyage of trade.

I had not been aboard more than twelve days when a high wind took us off, we knew not where. All at once there was a cry of, "Land!" and the ship struck on a bank of sand, in which she sank so deep that we could not get her off. At last we found that we must make up our minds to leave her and get to shore as well as we could. There had been a boat at her stern, but we found it had been torn off by the waves. One small boat was still left on the ship's side; so we got into it.

There we were, all of us, on the wild sea. The heart of each now grew faint, and our cheeks were pale, for there was but one hope, and that was to find some bay, and so get in the lee of the land. But the sea grew more and more rough, and its white foam curled and boiled till at last the waves in their wild sport burst on the boat's side, and we were all thrown out.

I could swim well, but the force of the waves made me lose my breath too much to do so. At length one large wave took me to the shore and left me high and dry, though half dead with fear. I got on my feet and made the best of my way for the land, but just then the curve of a huge wave rose up as high as a hill, and this I had no strength to keep from; so it took me back to the sea. I did my best to float on the top and held my breath to do so. The next wave was quite as high and



shut me up in its bulk. I held my hands down tight to my sides, and then my head shot out of the water. This gave me breath, and soon my feet felt the ground.

I stood quite still for a short time to let the sea run back from me, and then I set off with all my might to the shore; but yet the waves caught me, and twice more did they take me back, and twice more land me on the shore. I thought the last wave would have been the death of me, for it drove me on a piece of rock with such force as to leave me in a kind of swoon. I soon regained my senses and got up to the cliffs close to the shore, where I found some grass out of the reach of the sea. There I sat down, safe on land at last.

I felt so wrapped in joy that all I could do was to walk up and down the coast and thank God for all that he had done for me when the rest of the men were lost. I now cast my eyes round me, to find out what kind of place it was that I had been thus thrown in, like a bird in a storm. Then all the glee I had felt at first left me; for I was wet and cold and had no dry clothes to put on, no food to eat, and not a friend to help me.

I feared that there might be wild beasts here, and I had no gun to shoot them with. I had but a knife and a pipe.

It now grew dark; and where was I to go for the night? I thought the top of some high tree would be a good place to keep me out of harm's way; and that there I might sit and think of death, for, as yet, I had no hope of life. Well, I went to my tree and made a kind of nest to sleep in. Then I cut a stick to keep off beasts of prey, in case any should come, and fell asleep just as if the branch I lay on had been a bed of down.

When I woke up, it was broad day; the sky, too, was clear, and the sea calm. But I saw from the top of the tree that in the night the ship had left the bank of sand and lay but a mile from me. I soon threw off my clothes, took to the sea, and swam up to the wreck. But how was I to get on deck? I had gone twice around the ship, when a piece of rope caught my eye, which hung down from her side so low that at first the waves hid it. By the help of this rope I got on board.

HOW I MADE AND USED A RAFT

I found that there was a bulge in the ship, and that she had sprung a leak. You may be sure that my first thought was to look around for some food, and I soon made my way to the bin where the bread was kept, and ate some of it as I went to and fro, for there was no time to lose. What I stood most in need of was a boat to take the goods to shore. But it was vain to wish for that which could not be had; and as there were some spare yards in the ship, two or three large planks, and a mast or two, I fell to work with these to make a raft.

I put four spars side by side, and laid short bits of plank on them, crossways, to make my raft strong. Though these planks would bear my own weight, they were too slight to bear much of my freight. So I took a saw which was on board and cut a mast in three lengths, and these gave great strength to the raft. I found some bread, rice, a Dutch cheese, and some dry goat's flesh.

My next task was to screen my goods from the spray of the sea; and this did not take long, for there were three large chests on board which held all, and these I put on the raft.

"See, here is a prize!" said I, out loud, though there was none to hear me. "Now I shall not starve." For I found four large guns. But how was my raft to be got to land? I had no sail, no oars; and a gust of wind would make all my store slide off. Yet there were three things which I was glad of—a calm sea, a tide which

set in to the shore, and a slight breeze to blow me there. I had the good luck to find some oars in a part of the ship in which I had made no search till now. With these I put to sea, and for half a mile my raft went well; but soon I found it driven to one side. At length I saw a creek, up which, with some toil, I took my raft.

I saw that there were birds on the isle, and I shot one of them. Mine must have been the first gun that had been heard there since the world was made, for, at the sound of it, whole flocks of birds flew up, with loud cries, from all parts of the wood.

I now went back to my raft to land my stores, and this took up the rest of the day. What to do at night I knew not, nor where to find a safe place for my stores. I did not like to lie down on the ground, for fear of beasts of prey, as well as snakes; but there was no cause for these fears, as I later found. I put the chests and boards round me, and thus made a kind of hut for the night.

As there were still a great many things left in the ship which would be of use to me, I thought that I ought to bring them to land at once; for I knew that the first storm would break up the ship. So next day I early went on board, and took good care this time not to load my raft too much.

The first thing I sought for was the tool chest. In it were bags of nails, some spikes, saws, knives, and such things, but best of all, I found a stone to grind

my tools on. There were two or three flasks, some large bags of shot, and a roll of lead, but this last I had not the strength to hoist up to the ship's side. There were some spare sails, too, which I brought to shore.

Now that I had two loads of goods on hand, I made a tent with the ship's sails to stow them in and cut the poles for it from the wood. I now took all the things out of the casks and chests and put the casks in piles round the tent to give it strength; and when this was done, I shut up the door with the boards, spread on the ground one of the beds which I had brought from the ship, laid two guns close to my head, and went to bed. I slept all night, for I was much in need of rest.

The next day I was sad and sick at heart, for I felt how dull it was to be thus cut off from all the rest of the world! I had no great wish for work, but there was too much to be done for me to dwell long on my sad lot. Each day I went off to the wreck to fetch more things, and I brought back as much as the raft would hold.

The last time I went to the wreck the wind blew so hard that I made up my mind to go on board next time at low tide. I found some tea and some gold coin; but as to the gold, it made me laugh to look at it. Said I: "Thou art of no use to me! I care not to save thee. Stay where thou art till the ship goes down; then go thou with it!"

Still, I thought I might just as well take it; so I put it in a piece of the sail and threw it on deck, that I



might place it on the raft. By and by the wind blew from the shore; so I had to hurry back with all speed, for I knew that at the turn of the tide I should find it hard work to get to land. But in spite of the high wind I came to my home all safe. At dawn I put my head out and looked out to sea, when lo! no ship was there!

This loss of such a friend quite struck me down. Yet I was glad to think that I had brought to shore all that could be of use to me. I had now to look out for some spot where I could make my home. Halfway up the hill there was a small plain, four or five score feet long and twice as broad; and as it had a full view of the sea, I thought that it would be a good place for my house.

HOW I MADE MYSELF A HOME ON THE ISLAND

I first dug a trench round a space which took in twelve yards; and in this I drove two rows of stakes till they stood firm like piles, five and a half feet from the ground. I made the stakes close and tight with bits of rope and put small sticks on the top of them in the shape of spikes. This made so strong a fence that no man or beast could get in. The entrance to this place was not by a door, but by a ladder, which I took in with me.

Inside this fence I set up my tent. Close to the back of my home stood a sand rock, in which I made a cave, laying all the earth that I had dug out of it round my tent, to the height of a foot and a half.

I had to go out once a day in search of food. The first time, I saw some goats, but they were too shy to let me get near.

At first I thought that for the lack of pen and ink I should lose all note of time; so I made a large post in the shape of a cross, on which I cut these words: "I came on shore here on the thirtieth of September, 1659." On the side of this post I made a notch each day, and this I kept up till the last.

I have not yet said a word of my four pets, which were two cats, a dog, and a parrot. You may guess how fond I was of them, for they were all the friends left to me. I brought the dog and two cats from the ship. The dog would fetch things for me, and by his bark, his whine, his growl, and his tricks, he would almost talk to me.

If I could but have had someone near me to find fault with, or to find fault with me, what a treat it would have been! I was a long way out of the course of ships; and oh, how dull it was to be cast on this lone spot with no one to love, no one to make me laugh, no one to make me weep, no one to make me think! It was dull to roam day by day from the wood to the shore, and from the shore back again, alone with my thoughts all the while.

So much for the sad view of my case; but like most things, it had a bright side as well as a dark one. For here was I safe on land, while all the rest of the ship's

crew were lost. True, I was cast on a rough and rude part of the globe, but there were no beasts of prey on it to kill or hurt me. God had sent the ship so near to me that I had got from it all things to meet my wants for the rest of my days. Let life be what it might, there was surely much to thank God for. And I soon gave up all dull thoughts and did not so much as look for a sail.

My goods from the wreck remained in the cave for more than ten months; I decided then that it was time to put them right, as they took up all the space and left me no room to turn in; so I made my small cave a large one and dug it out a long way back in the sand rock.

Then I brought the mouth of the cave up to my fence, and so made a back way to my house. This done, I put shelves on each side to hold my goods, which made the cave look like a shop full of stores. To make these shelves was a very difficult task and took a long time, for to make a board I was forced to cut down a whole tree, chop away with my ax till one side was flat, and then cut at the other side till the board was thin enough, when I smoothed it with my adz. But in this way, out of each tree I got only one plank. I also made for myself a table and a chair, and finally got my castle, as I called it, in good order.

I usually rose early and worked till noon, when I ate my meal; then I went out with my gun, after which I worked once more till the sun had set; and then to bed. It took me more than a week to change the shape and

size of my cave. Unfortunately, I made it far too large, for, later on, the earth fell in from the roof; and had I been in it when this took place, I should have lost my life. I had now to set up posts in my cave, with planks on the top of them, so as to make a roof of wood.

HOW I SUPPLIED MY NEEDS

I had to go to bed at dusk, till I made a lamp of goat's fat, which I put in a clay dish; and this, with a piece of hemp for a wick, made a good light. As I had found a use for the bag which had held the fowls' food on board ship, I shook out from it the husks of grain. This was just at the time when the great rains fell, and in the course of a month, blades of rice and barley sprang up. As time went by and the grain was ripe, I kept it, and took care to sow it each year; but I could not boast of a crop of grain for three years.

I knew that tools would be my first want and that I should have to grind mine on the stone, as they were blunt and worn with use. But as it took both hands to hold the tool, I could not turn the stone; so I made a wheel by which I could move it with my foot. This was no small task, but at length it was done.

I had now been in the isle twelve months, and I thought it was time to go all round it in search of its woods, springs, and creeks. So I set off, and brought back with me limes and grapes of the finest kind, large and ripe. The little valley on the banks of which they

grew was fresh and green, and a clear, bright stream ran through it, which gave so great charm to the spot as to make me wish to live there. But there was no view of the sea from this vale, while from my house no ships could come on my side of the isle and not be seen by me. Yet the cool, soft banks were so sweet and new to me that much of my time was spent there.

In the first of the three years in which I had grown barley, I had sown it too late; in the next it was spoiled by the drought; but the third year's crop had sprung up well. Few of us think of the cost at which a loaf of bread is made. Of course there was no plow here to turn up the earth, and no spade to dig it with; so I made one with wood, but this was soon worn out, and for want of a rake I made use of the bough of a tree. When I had got the grain home, I had to thresh it, part the grain from the chaff, and store it up. Then came the want of sieves to clean it, of a mill to grind it, and of yeast to make bread of it.

If I could have found a large stone, slightly hollow on top, I might, by pounding the grain on it with another round stone, have made very good meal. But all the stones I could find were too soft; and in the end I had to make a sort of mill of hard wood, in which I burned a hollow place, and in that pounded the grain into meal with a heavy stick.

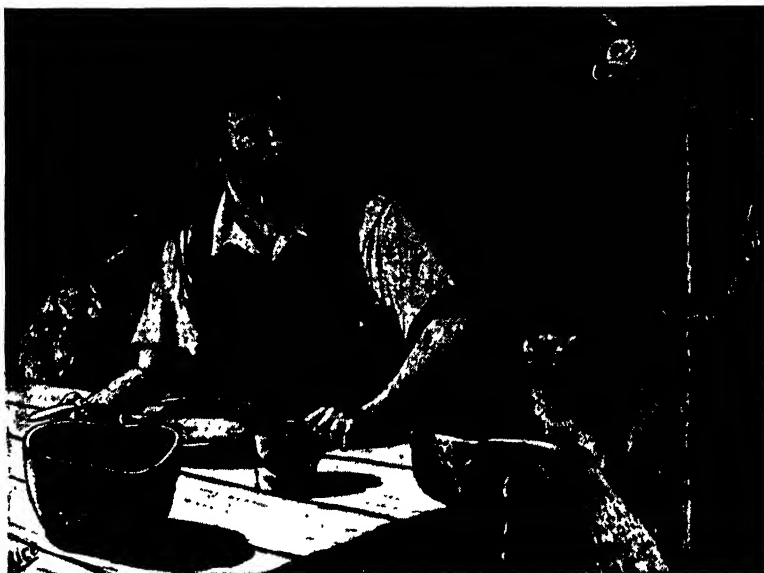
Baking I did by building a big fire, raking away the ashes, and putting the dough on the hot place, cov-

ered with a kind of basin made of clay, over which I had heaped the red ashes. Thus my bread was made, though I had no tools; and no one could say that I did not earn it by the sweat of my brow.

My chief wants now were jars, pots, cups, and plates, but I knew not how I could make them. At last I went in search of clay and found a bank of it a mile from my house, but it was quite a joke to see the queer shapes and forms that I made out of it. For some of my pots and jars were too weak to bear their own weight, and they would fall out here, and in there, in all sorts of ways; while some, when they were put in the sun to bake, would crack with the heat of its rays. But at last I made a pot which would stand the fire, so that I could boil the meat for broth.

When the rain kept me indoors, it was fun to teach my pet bird Poll to talk; but so mute were all things round me that the sound of my own voice made me start. My dog sat at meals with me, and one cat on each side of me, on stools, and we had Poll to talk to us.

The next thing to turn my thoughts to was the ship's boat, which lay on the high ridge of sand where it had been thrust by the storm which had cast me on these shores. But it lay with the keel to the sky; so I had to dig the sand from it and turn it up with the help of a pole. When I had done this, I found it was all in vain, for I had not the strength to launch it. So all I could do now was to make a smaller boat out of a tree. I found



one just fit for it, which grew not far from shore, but I could no more stir this than I could the ship's boat.

"Well," thought I, "I must give up the boat, and with it all my hopes of leaving the isle. But I have this to think of: I am lord of the whole isle—in fact, a king. I have wood with which I might build a fleet, and grapes, if not grain, to load it with, though all my wealth is but a few gold coins." For these I had no sort of use, and could have found it in my heart to give them all for a peck of peas and some ink, which last I stood much in need of. But it was best to dwell more on what I had than on what I had not.

I now felt that I must try once more to build a boat,

but this time it was to have a mast, for which the ship's sails would be of great use. I made a deck at each end to keep out the spray of the sea, a bin for my food, and a rest for my gun, with a flap to screen it from the wet. More than all, the boat was one of such a size that I could launch it.

My first cruise was up and down the creek, but soon I got bold and made the whole round of my isle. I took with me bread, cakes, a pot of rice, half a goat, and two greatcoats, one of which was to lie on, and one to put on at night. I set sail in the sixth year of my reign. On the east side of the isle there was a large ridge of rocks which lay two miles from the shore, and a shoal of sand lay for half a mile from the rocks to the beach. To get round this point I had to sail a great way out to sea; and here I all but lost my life.

But I got back to my home at last. On my way there, quite worn out from my toils with the boat, I lay down in the shade to rest my limbs, and slept. But judge, if you can, what a start I gave when a voice woke me out of my sleep and spoke my name three times! A voice in this wild place! To call me by name, too! Then the voice said, "Robin! Robin Crusoe! Where are you? Where have you been? How came you here?" But now I saw it all, for at the top of the hedge sat Poll, who did but say the words she had been taught by me.

I now went in search of some goats and laid snares for them, with rice for a bait. I had set the traps in

the night and found they had stood, though the bait was all gone. So I thought of a new way to take the goats, which was to make a pit and lay sticks and grass on it, so as to hide it; and in this way I caught an old goat and some kids. But the old goat was much too fierce for me; so I let him go.

I brought all the young ones home and let them fast a long time, till at last they fed from my hand and were quite tame. I kept them in a kind of park, in which there were trees to screen them from the sun. At first my park was half a mile round; but it struck me that, in so great a space, the kids would soon get as wild as if they had the range of the whole vale, and that it would be as well to give them less room; so I had to make a hedge, which took me three months to plant. My park held a flock of twelve goats, and in two years' time there were more than two score.

Now for a word as to the dress in which I made a tour round the isle. I could not but think how strange it would look in the streets of the town in which I was born.

I usually wore a high cap of goatskin, with a long flap that hung down to keep the sun and rain from my neck, and a coat made from the skin of a goat, the skirts of which came down to my hips. On my legs were trousers of the same skin. I wore no shoes, but had flaps of fur round my shins. I had a broad belt of the same around my waist, which fastened on with two

thongs; and from it hung a saw, an ax, and a pouch for shot. My beard had not been cut since I came here. But no more need be said of my looks, for there were few to see me.

HOW I DISCOVERED FOOTPRINTS AND SAVED FRIDAY

A strange sight was now in store for me, which was to change the whole course of my life in the isle.

One day at noon, while on a stroll down to a part of the shore that was new to me, what should I see on the sand but the print of a man's foot! I felt as if I could not stir from the spot. By and by I stole a look around me, but no one was in sight. What could this mean? I went three or four times to look at it. There it was—the print of a man's foot: toes, heel, and all the parts of a foot. How could it have come there?

My head swam with fear; and as I left the spot, I made two or three steps, and then took a look around me; then two steps more, and did the same thing. I took fright at the stump of an old tree and ran to my house, as if for my life. How could anything in the shape of a man come to that shore, and I not know it? Where was the ship that had brought him? Then a vague dread took hold of my mind, that some man, or set of men, had found me out; and it might be that they meant to kill me, or rob me of all I had.

Fear kept me indoors for three days, till the want of food drove me out. At last I was so bold as to go down to the coast to look once more at the print of the

foot, to see if it was the same shape as my own. I found it was not so large by a great deal; so it was clear that it was not one of my own footprints, and that there were men in the isle.

One day as I went from the hill to the coast, a scene lay in front of me which made me sick at heart. The spot was spread with the bones of men. There was a round place dug in the earth, where a fire had been made, and here some men had come to feast. Now that I had seen this sight, I knew not how to act; I kept close to my home and would scarce stir from it save to milk my flock of goats.

A few days later I was struck by the sight of some smoke, which came from a fire no more than two miles off. From this time I lost all my peace of mind. Day and night a dread would haunt me that the men who had made this fire would find me out. I went home and drew up my ladder, but first I made all things round me look wild and rude. To load my gun was the next thing to do, and I thought it would be best to stay at home and hide. But this was not to be borne long. I had no spy to send out, and all I could do was to get to the top of the hill and keep a good lookout. At last, through my glass I could see a group of wild men join in a dance round their fire. As soon as they stopped, I took two guns and slung a sword on my side; then with all speed I set off to the top of the hill, once more to have a good view.

This time I made up my mind to go up to the men, but not with a view to kill them, for I felt that it would be wrong to do so. With a heavy load of arms it took me two hours to reach the spot where the fire was; and by the time I got there, the men had all gone, but I saw them in four boats out at sea.

Down on the shore there was proof of what the work of these men had been. The signs of their feast made me sick at heart, and I shut my eyes. I dared not fire my gun when I went out for food on that side of the isle, lest there should be some of the men left, who might hear it, and so find me out.

From this time all went well with me for two years; but it was not to last. One day as I stood on the hill, I saw six boats on the shore. What could this mean? Where were the men who had brought them? And what had they come for? I saw through my glass that there were a score and a half at least on the east side of the isle. They had meat on the fire, round which I could see them dance. They then took a man from one of the boats, who was bound hand and foot; but when they loosed his bonds, he set off as fast as his feet would take him, and in a straight line to my house.

To tell the truth, when I saw all the rest of the men run to catch him, my hair stood on end with fright. In the creek he swam like a fish, and the plunge which he took brought him through it in a few strokes. All the men now gave up the chase but two, and they swam



through the creek. But they were by no means such good swimmers as the slave.

Now, I thought, was the time to help the poor man, and my heart told me it would be right to do so. I ran down with my two guns, and went with all speed up a hill, and then down by a short cut to meet them.

I gave a sign to the poor slave to come to me, and at the same time went up to meet the two men who were in chase of him. I made a rush at the first of these, struck at him with the stock of my gun, and he fell. I saw the one who was left, stop and aim at me with his bow; so, to save my life, I aimed carefully and shot him dead.

The smoke and noise from my gun gave the poor slave who had been bound such a shock that he stood still on the spot, as if he had been in a trance. I gave a loud shout for him to come to me, and I took care to show him that I was a friend, and made all the signs I could think of to coax him up to me. At length he came, knelt down to kiss the ground, and then set my foot on his head. All this meant that he was my slave; and I bade him rise and made much of him.

I did not like to take my slave to my house, or to my cave; so I threw down some straw from the rice plants for him to sleep on and gave him some bread and a bunch of dry grapes to eat. He was a fine man, with straight, strong limbs, tall and young. His hair was thick, like wool, and black. His head was large and high, and he had bright black eyes. He was of a dark-brown hue; his face was round and his nose small, but not flat. He had a good mouth with thin lips, with which he could give a soft and pleasing smile; and his splendid teeth were as white as snow.

Toward evening I had been out to milk my goats, and when he saw me, he ran to me and lay down on the ground to show me his thanks. He then put his head on the ground and set my foot on his head, as he had done at first. He took all the means he could think of to let me know he would serve me all his life! And I gave a sign to make him understand that I thought well of him.

The next thing was to think of some name to call him by. I chose that of the sixth day of the week, Friday, as he came to me on that day. I took care not to lose sight of him all that night. When the sun rose, we went up to the top of the hill to look out for the men; but as we could not see them or their boats, it was clear that they had left the isle.

I now set to work to make my man a cap of hare's skin, and gave him a goat's skin to wear round his waist. It was a great source of pride to him to find that his clothes were as good as my own.

At night I kept my guns, swords, and bow close to my side; but there was no need for this, as my slave was indeed most true to me. He did all that he was set to do, with his whole heart in the work; and I knew that he would lay down his life to save mine. What could a man do more than that? And oh, the joy to have him here to cheer me in this lone isle!

HOW FRIDAY LEARNED MY WAYS

I did my best to teach him, so like a child he was, to do and feel all that was right. I found him apt and full of fun; and he took great pains to understand and learn all that I could tell him.

One day I sent him to beat out and sift some grain. I let him see me make the bread, and he soon did all the work. I felt quite a love for his true, warm heart, and he soon learned to talk to me. One day I said,

“Do the men of your tribe win in fight?” He told me, with a smile, that they did. “Well, then,” said I, “how came they to let their foes take you?”

“They run one, two, three, and make go in the boat that time.”

“Well, and what do the men do with those they take?”

“Eat them all up.”

This was not good news for me, but I went on and said, “Where do they take them?”

“Go to next place where they think.”

“Do they come here?”

“Yes, yes, they come here, come else place, too.”

“Have you been here with them twice?”

“Yes, come there.”

He meant the northwest side of the isle; so to this spot I took him the next day. He knew the place and told me he was there once, and with him twelve men. To let me know this, he placed twelve stones all in a row and made me count them.

He told me that up a great way by the moon—that is, where the moon then came up—there dwelt white men like me, with beards. I felt sure they must have come from Spain to work the gold mines; so I asked him: “Could I go from this isle and join those men?”

“Yes, yes, you go in two boats.”

It was hard to see how one man could go in two boats, but he meant a boat twice as large as my own.

“Then will you go back to your land with me?”

He said he could not swim so far; so I told him he should help me to build a boat to go in. Then he said, "If you go, I go."

"I go? Why, they would eat me!"

"No, me make them much love you."

We then went to look at the old ship's boat, which, as it had been in the sun for years, was not at all in a sound state. Friday was sure that it would do. But how were we to know this? I told him we should build a boat as large as that, and that he should go home in it.

We soon set to work to make a boat that would take us both. The first thing was to look out for some large tree that grew near the shore, so that we could launch our boat when it was made. My slave's plan was to burn the wood to make it the right shape; but as my plan was to hew it, I set him to work with my tools. In two months' time we made a good strong boat; but it took a long while to get her to the shore and float her.

Friday had the whole charge of her; and large as she was, he made her move with ease, and said, "Me think she go there well, though great blow wind!" He did not know that I meant to make a mast and sail. I cut down a young fir tree for the mast, and then I set to work at the sail. It made me laugh to see my man stand and stare when he came to watch me sail the boat. But he soon gave a jump, a laugh, and a clap of the hands when for the first time he saw the sail swing back and forth to catch the wind.



THE ENGLISH SHIP AND HOW I SAILED FOR HOME

I was fast asleep in my hut one morning, when my man Friday came running in to me and called aloud, "Master, master, they are come, they are come!" I jumped up and went out, as soon as I could get my clothes on. I was astounded when, turning my eyes to the sea, I saw a ship at about a league and a half distance, headed in for the shore, and the wind blowing pretty fair to bring it in.

Upon this, I hastily called Friday in and bade him lie close, for we did not know yet whether they were friends or enemies. In the next place, I went in to fetch my glass to see what I could make of them; and

having climbed up to the top of the hill, I saw a ship lying at anchor, at about two leagues from me, but not above a league and a half from the shore. It seemed to be an English ship, and the boat which was putting off looked much like an English longboat.

They ran their boat on shore upon the beach, at about half a mile from me. When they were on shore, I saw they were Englishmen. There were, in all, eleven men; three of them I found were unarmed, and, as I thought, bound. When the first four or five of them had jumped on shore, they took those three out of the boat as prisoners. I was shocked and terrified at the sight of all this and knew not what the meaning of it could be.

I expected every minute to see the three prisoners killed; so I fitted myself up for battle, though with much caution. I ordered Friday also to load himself with arms. I myself took two fowling pieces, and I gave him two muskets. My figure was very fierce; I had my goatskin coat on, with the great cap, a naked sword, two pistols in my belt, and a gun upon each shoulder.

It was my purpose not to make any attempt till it was dark; but about two o'clock, it being the heat of the day, I found they had all gone straggling into the woods, and, as I thought, had all lain down to sleep. The three poor prisoners had, however, sat down under the shelter of a great tree.

I resolved to show myself to them and learn something of their condition; immediately I marched toward

them, my man Friday at a good distance behind me. I came as near them undiscovered as I could, and then, before any of the prisoners saw me, I called aloud to them in Spanish, "Who are ye, sirs?"

They gave a start at my voice and at my strange dress, and made a move as if they would flee from me. I said, "Do not fear me, for it may be that you have a friend at hand, though you do not think it." "He must be sent from the sky, then," said one of them with a grave look; and he took off his hat to me at the same time.

"All help is from the sky, sir," I said. "But what can I do to aid you? Your speech shows me that you come from the same land as I do. I will do all I can to serve you. Tell me your case."

"Our case, sir, is too long to tell you while they who would kill us are so near. My name is Paul. To be short, sir, my crew have thrust me out of my ship, which you see out there, and have left me here to die. They have set me down in this isle with these two men, my friend here, and the ship's mate."

"Where have they gone?" said I.

"There, in the woods close by. I fear they may have seen and heard us. If they have, they will be sure to kill us all."

"Have they firearms?"

"They have four guns, one of which is in the boat."

"Well, then, leave all to me!"

"There are two of the men," said he, "who are worse than the rest. All but these I feel sure would go back to work the ship."

I thought it was best to speak out to Paul at once, and I said, "Now, if I save your life, there are two things which you must do."

But he read my thoughts, and said, "If you save my life, you shall do as you like with me and my ship, and take her where you please."

I saw that the two men in whose charge the boat had been left had come on shore; so the first thing I did was to send Friday to fetch from it the oars, the sail, and the gun. And now the ship might be said to be in our hands. When the time came for the two men to go back to the ship, they were in a great rage; for, as the boat had now no sail or oars, they knew not how to get out to their ship.

We heard them say that it was a strange sort of isle, for spirits had come to the boat to take off the sails and oars. We could see them run to and fro with great rage, then go and sit in the boat to rest, and then come on shore once more. When they drew near to us, Paul and Friday would fain have had me fall on them at once. But my wish was to spare them and kill as few as possible. I told two of my men to creep on their hands and knees close to the ground, so that they might not be seen, and when they got up to the men, not to fire till I gave the word.

They had not stood thus long when three of the crew came up to us. Till now we had but heard their voices, but when they came so near as to be seen, Paul and Friday shot at them. Two of the men fell dead—they were the worst of the crew—and the third ran off. At the sound of the guns I came up, but it was so dark that the men could not tell if there were three of us or three score.

It happened just as I wished it, for I heard the men ask, "To whom must we yield, and where are they?" Friday told them that Paul was there with the king of the isle, who had brought with him a crowd of men!

At this, one of the crew said, "If Paul will spare our lives, we will yield." "Then," said Friday, "you shall know the king's will." Then Paul said to them, "You know my voice; if you lay down your arms, the king will spare your lives."

They fell on their knees to beg the same of me. I took good care that they did not see me, but I gave them my word that they should all live, that I should take four of them to work the ship, and that the rest would be bound hand and foot for the good faith of the four. This was to show them what a stern king I was.

Of course I soon set them free, and I showed them how they could take my place on the isle. I told them of all my ways, taught them how to mind the goats, how to work the farm, and how to make the bread. I gave

them a house to live in, firearms, tools, and my two tame cats—in fact, all that I owned but Poll and my gold.

I made ready to go on board the ship, but told the captain I would stay that night to get my things in shape, and asked him to go on board in the meantime and keep things right on the ship.

I cast my eyes to the ship, which rode half a mile off the shore, at the mouth of the creek, and near the place where I had brought my raft to the land. Yes, there she stood, the ship that was to set me free and to take me where I might choose to go. She set her sails to the wind, and her flags threw out their gay stripes in the breeze. Such a sight was too much for me, and I fell down faint with joy.

Friday and Paul then went on board the ship, and Paul took charge of her once more. We did not start that night, but at noon the next day I left the isle—that lone isle, where I had spent so great a part of my life.

When I took leave of this island, I carried on board a great goatskin cap I had made and my parrot; also the money which had lain by me so long useless that it was grown rusty or tarnished and could hardly pass for gold till it had been a little rubbed and handled. And thus I left the island, the nineteenth of December, as I found by the ship's account, in the year 1686, after I had been upon it seven-and-twenty years, two months, and nineteen days. In this vessel, after a long voyage, I arrived in England the eleventh of June, in the year 1687.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. Which of these three was the most important fact about Robinson Crusoe?

(a) He was brave.

(b) He was cheerful in spite of his troubles.

(c) He was clever in finding ways to do things.

2. What did Robinson Crusoe miss more than anything else during the early part of his life on the island? Find lines to prove your answer, and be ready to read them.

3. What were the three most important things Crusoe had to do for himself when he began his life on the island?

4. Name four things that Crusoe made for himself. Perhaps you can name more.

5. What was the most important thing that Friday meant to Crusoe? Find and be ready to read lines that prove your answer.

6. Find lines that tell how Crusoe made something. Be ready to read them.

7. What was the most exciting part of the story?

8. Find the lines that tell how Crusoe felt when he first found that men had visited his island. Be ready to read them.

This story tells only the main things that happened to Robinson Crusoe. You will want some day to read the entire book of his adventures that Daniel Defoe wrote. You would also like to read *Swiss Family Robinson*, by Wyss, the story of a whole family that was shipwrecked on an island.

A BACKWARD LOOK

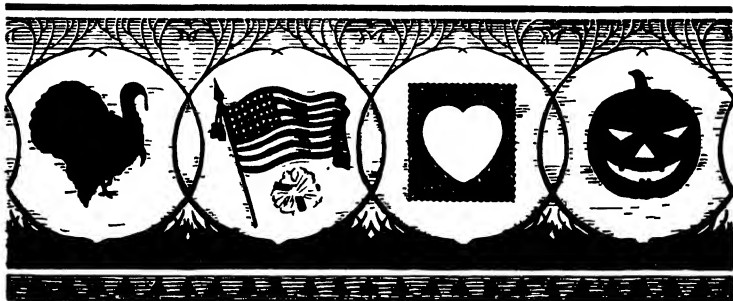
Now you have been introduced to Ali Baba, Morgiana, Aladdin, Robinson Crusoe, and Friday. Just think! it is hundreds of years since they were born into the pages of a story-book. Yet they are no older today than they were then. Ali Baba still finds the treasure cave, and Morgiana saves his life; Aladdin rubs the magic lamp and wins his beautiful princess; Robinson Crusoe still builds his raft, saves Friday, and is rescued from the island.

You are now one of the great family of boys and girls all over the world who know these famous people. If you hear someone say, "John has been a real man Friday to me," you will know exactly what is meant. If someone wishes that he had Aladdin's lamp, you will not have to ask, "What lamp?" and, "Who is Aladdin?" You will probably catch yourself many times wishing that you could find a treasure cave like Ali Baba's.

Which of these three stories did you like best? Why? Which was most exciting? Who was the cleverest person in the stories? Which one do you think might be a good inventor? Why? Which story sounded the most as if it had really happened?

As you go on with your reading in school, you will meet many famous story-book people. But there are so many that your school-books cannot tell you about them all—about Sindbad the sailor, Gulliver the famous traveler, Ivanhoe the brave knight, Little Nell, Robin Hood, Rosalind, King Arthur, Eppie, and countless others. All through your life you can have many pleasant hours with interesting, kind, brave, and funny people who live for us all in the world of story-books.

• PART EIGHT • • HOLIDAYS AND FESTIVALS •



EVERY DAY'S A LITTLE YEAR*

ANNETTE WYNNE

Every day's a little year;
Keep it new and full of cheer,
Keep it glad in any weather;
So, by adding days together,
All the whole big year is true,
Full of cheer, and shining new.

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WHAT IS A HOLIDAY?

TO ALL of us—men and women, boys and girls—a holiday is a time when we drop our everyday work. We leave the office, the factory, and the schoolroom and enjoy ourselves in play. Often we have a fine dinner, or a picnic in the woods. Our grandparents, aunts and uncles, and cousins may come to visit us, or we may go to visit them. Holidays are happy times for us all.

But we really should spend a little time each holiday in thinking of what the day means. Why are people celebrating it? Something must have happened on that day of the year—something that meant a great deal to all of us.

On Christmas and on Easter people all over the world recall the events of the first Christmas and the first Easter. In the life of every nation, too, events have happened that meant great things to the people. In a time of great danger or need, a wise and strong man may have risen to lead the nation in its time of trouble. His birthday is a day that the people of his country want always to remember. Perhaps on a certain day a nation won its freedom after long years of struggle and suffering. Surely the people want to keep that day fresh in their memories.

So, in order that we may not forget, and in order that we may show our happiness and thankfulness for the things that have been done for us, holidays are set aside. These last stories in your book will tell you how some boys and girls showed that they knew the true meaning of holidays.

DICK'S THANKSGIVING SNOWSHOES

BEN AMES WILLIAMS

Dick was very much surprised to learn that not everyone had a fine turkey dinner on Thanksgiving Day. And when he learned this, the snowshoes for which he had been saving money did not seem so important as making someone else happy on Thanksgiving Day.

EARNING AND SAVING FOR SNOWSHOES

Dick Hart's older brother had gone away the year before to a college in the New Hampshire hills. When he came home to Forestville in the summer for the long vacation, he brought with him, among his other belongings, a pair of snowshoes. Dick had read of such things, but he had never seen any. Forestville had an occasional snow of a foot or so, but it never stayed long, and there was little use for snowshoes around the village. But when Dick saw them, he wanted a pair.

That evening Dick asked his brother what the snowshoes cost. He was told they could be purchased for six dollars—a good pair, long and narrow, built to glide easily through thick brush, where the broader ordinary shape would knock against every tree.

"I'm going to get them," Dick thought, and said to his brother, "If I send you the money, will you get me a pair?"

"What use do you have for snowshoes?" his brother asked.

"We-ell, I just want some," Dick answered, flushing. "I guess I can hang them on the wall of my room till I go to college, can't I?"

His brother chuckled. "All right! I'll get you a pair, if you'll send the money. But where are you going to raise it?"

"Oh, I'll get it!" Dick promised.

And straightway he set about the task of earning a fortune—six dollars.

Six dollars seems a small amount, but to a boy of Dick's age it is wealth. What could he do? He could cut lawns and carry coal and empty ashes and work the pump in his mother's kitchen, and that was about all. He found a surprising number of neighbors willing to let him cut their grass "for fifteen cents."

His mother discovered Dick's new desire for money, and after watching him for a few days, she decided to encourage him.

"Dick," she said one day, "I think you ought to have a chance to earn money regularly, don't you? I believe I will put you on a salary."

"Salary?" he repeated in surprise.

"Yes, salary. I think I'll pay you twenty-five cents a week for your chores around the house, and, say, a cent a hundred strokes for the pumping you do at the kitchen pump to fill the water tank in the attic."

She watched him, and Dick's eyes grew bright; then his face lighted eagerly.

"All right," he said soberly. "That'd be fine."

The tank in the Harts' attic needed to be filled about three times a week so that the family might have enough water for all its needs. That meant about forty-five hundred strokes at the pump in the kitchen—forty-five cents a week besides the quarter for chores. Seventy cents a week! Riches! He would have the six dollars, he decided, by the third week in November—by Thanksgiving!

THANKSGIVING PLANS

"And," he thought, "there'll probably be a big snow then, too. There's nearly always snow for Thanksgiving."

Thanksgiving that year came on the twenty-fourth of November. On the seventeenth Dick counted his money. He had five dollars and thirty cents. His goal, those snowshoes, was in sight!

On the Sunday before Thanksgiving, Dick's mother told his father, "I've ordered our turkey again this year from Mr. Aiken out in the country."

"Good!" his father agreed. "He sent us a fine fat one last year."

"And I think," Mrs. Hart added, "that we're going to have the finest pumpkin pie you ever saw. Mr. Aiken says he has a big yellow pumpkin all picked out for us." Dick's mouth fairly watered.



Next morning Mrs. Attson came to do the washing, as she did nearly every week. She and Dick were the best of friends. Dick toiled at the pump while the tall, thin woman toiled above the tubs. He watched her over his shoulder. She looked worried, he thought.

By and by she began to tell him what it was that was worrying her. One of her daughters was sick; had hardly any appetite at all. Didn't he think even little girls ought to have good appetites for their food?

Dick did. "I don't see how she can enjoy Thanksgiving without a good appetite," he said, chuckling to himself at the thought of the good things his mother was planning for the dinner.

Mrs. Attson smiled at him. "I'm planning a nice Thanksgiving dinner for her, too," she declared. "If it doesn't make her hungry, I don't know what will."

Dick worked away at the pump.

"What are you going to have?" he asked.

Mrs. Attson smiled proudly. "Why," she said, "I'm planning a nice dinner, even if we do have to piece out afterwards for a time." She dipped one of Dick's shirts in the soapy water, and scrubbed it up and down, and dipped it again. "I'm going to get a nice piece of meat, not chuck like we have on Sundays sometimes, but a real nice piece—round steak, maybe. And she's going to have the best part of it. And some rice and potatoes—sweet potatoes fried in sugar the way she likes them. And I'm going to make some apple fritters, too."

Dick pumped his hardest, but he couldn't look at Mrs. Attson. Her voice was so proud! And Dick was horrified. He had supposed every one had turkey for Thanksgiving. He didn't know there was such a thing as Thanksgiving without turkey. Why, it wouldn't *be* Thanksgiving without turkey, that's all!

He pumped harder than ever; and then Mrs. Attson asked, as proudly as before, "Don't you think that ought to wake up her appetite?"

"Yes, I do," Dick choked hurriedly. Then he growled something to himself under his breath. What was he crying for, anyhow. It must be the steam in this kitchen—or something.

He decided not to finish his pumping that day. He turned around without a word and hurried past Mrs. Attson and up to his room. After a little while he heard the pump going steadily. She was filling the tank for him! He got up and started downstairs to stop her—but he could not face her. She was so proud of that Thanksgiving she had planned. Round steak!

“Mother, is—round steak cheap?” he asked that night.

“Why, yes, dear,” his mother answered. “Why in the world—”

But she did not repeat the question.

Before he went to bed, Dick counted his money again. Somehow he felt guilty at having so much.

Tuesday morning when he woke up, it was snowing. It snowed all day. There were ten inches of snow on the ground when Dick’s father came home that night. Dick looked out of his window before he went to bed. It had stopped snowing. But before the dawn the flakes were falling again, a thin, driving snow, the kind that keeps coming.

Dick had had an uncomfortable Tuesday; he had done some hard thinking Tuesday night; and Wednesday morning he got out his money—he kept it in a drawer in his bureau—and counted it again. Then he did some more thinking; then put the money away again and thrust the drawer shut with a hard bang. He seemed to see the tall, thin figure of a woman la-

boring with something, her shoulders rising and falling. She was working the handle of the pump—

Dick could see nothing, for the mistiness of his eyes. But he could hear a cracked, tired voice, filled with great pride, saying, "Round steak, maybe, and rice and potatoes."

DICK BUYS A THANKSGIVING DINNER

"What are you buying a turkey for?" Mr. Holman, the fat grocer, asked in surprise when Dick made his purchase later in the day..

"Oh—I'm just getting one—for somebody," Dick explained lamely. "And—I want some cranberries, too—and a pumpkin, a big one."

Mrs. Attson lived in a ramshackle little house, unpainted, with a low, sloping roof, down near the railroad tracks. Dick had hauled the washing down there once or twice when his mother did not wish the work done at their home. He trudged down that way now through the deep snow in the early dusk of that Wednesday afternoon, with a heavily loaded basket on his arm. It had been snowing all day. There must be a foot and a half or two feet of snow on the ground, a record-breaker for Forestville.

Dick didn't mind—so much. "I probably couldn't walk on snowshoes if I had them," he said to himself.

Nobody saw him, he felt sure. It was almost dark. There was a light in the window of Mrs. Attson's house; so he knew some one was at home. He laid the



basket gently in the deep snow by the door, and then slipped out to the street. From behind a telephone pole he threw snowballs at the door till he caught the click of the latch. Some one was going to open it. Then he put down his head and fled.

AFTER ALL, SNOWSHOES FOR THANKSGIVING

His father had not come home when he arrived, but his mother was reading a letter from the older brother at college. "Jim says they're having snow up there, too," she said. "He's been snowshoeing. And Dick—he says that you said something about buying some snowshoes. Did you?"

Dick flushed painfully. "Why—yes, Mother, I did," he confessed.

She looked at him thoughtfully. "Dickie," she exclaimed suddenly, "was that why you've been working so hard and saving your money? I knew you weren't spending any, and I wondered!"

"Yes, Mother," Dick admitted, gulping hard.

"That's fine, son!" she told him proudly. "How much have you saved? Perhaps I can make up what you need."

Dick hesitated and kicked at a chair and threw his hat out into the hall. "I—I—it's gone!" he said gruffly. And then, quite suddenly, he turned and stumbled at a run up the stairs to his room.

His mother was still staring out into the hall when his father came home. She rose to help Mr. Hart off with his coat.

"Oh, by the way," said her husband, when their greetings were over, "Holman told me Dick bought a turkey and all the fixings there today. Why was that? Didn't Aiken's bird come?"

"Why—yes!" said Mrs. Hart, in a puzzled tone. "I don't know what it was for."

"Is he here?" Mr. Hart asked; then called, "Dick!"

Dick opened his door upstairs. "What is it, Father?" he answered.

"Who was it you were buying a turkey for, Dick?" his father asked.

Mr. and Mrs. Hart looked up to the darkened upper hall, but Dick did not appear at the banisters. There was a curious pause. No one said anything. And then suddenly the telephone bell rang.

As Mrs. Hart turned to answer, she heard Dick's door close. She spoke softly for a moment before she rejoined her husband in the living-room. There were happy tears in her eyes.

"Mrs. Attson just called up," she said gently. "She wanted to thank us. Some one left a Thanksgiving basket at her door today—tonight. Mrs. Hughes, across the road, saw the boy. It was Dickie. Mrs. Attson thought we had sent him with it."

Mr. Hart's eyes widened in surprise. "Great Scott!" he cried. "But—where did the boy get the money?"

Mrs. Hart told him, then, of the little hoard Dick had said was "gone."

"The—little scamp!" Mr. Hart exclaimed. Thereafter they sat for a little space, staring into the fire. Then Mr. Hart rose suddenly and went to the telephone in the hall. "Telegraph office," he directed the operator.

When Dick came down to supper, his parents smiled at him knowingly. He looked—and felt—sheepish; and he felt more so when his father said in an offhand manner: "By the way, Dick—thought you might want to have some fun with this snow. So I telegraphed to Chicago just now. They're to send the best pair of

snowshoes in town—by express. They will be here by Saturday.”

Dick looked at his father, and then he looked at his mother. Mr. Hart coughed gruffly. His mother smiled happily through her tears. Dick choked, and grinned; his eyes were glowing—and wet.

“Thanks, Dad!” he said.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. Which do you think was the finest thing about Dick?
 - (a) He worked hard to earn money.
 - (b) He spent his money for Mrs. Attson.
 - (c) He felt sorry for Mrs. Attson.
 - (d) He did not want anyone to know what he had done.
2. What happened that made it especially hard for Dick to give up the snowshoes?
3. Which word belongs where each letter is in the sentences below?

unselfish industrious modest kind-hearted

Dick was(a).... when he gave up his snowshoe money to buy the dinner for Mrs. Attson.

The way he earned the money for the snowshoes showed that he was(b).....

He tried to hide what he had done for Mrs. Attson because he was(c).....

He was so(d).... that he couldn't help thinking about Mrs. Attson.

Another good Thanksgiving story is “Bert's Thanksgiving,” Trowbridge (in *Children's Book of Thanksgiving Stories*, Dickinson).

THE CHRISTMAS CRIB

EVALEEN STEIN

In some European countries, at Christmas time each home has a crib instead of a Christmas tree. This story tells what happened to a little boy of long ago who made such a crib.

THE LOST LAMB

One day about four hundred years ago the little Provencal village of Sur Varne was all bustle and stir, for it was the week before Christmas. Especially were there great preparations in the cottage of the shepherd, Father Michaud, which stood at the edge of the village. Within the cottage Mother Michaud, with sleeves rolled up, was hard at work making goodies, while in the huge oven beside the hearth the great Christmas cakes were baking.

Now and then one might hear a faint "Baa, baa!" from the sheepfold, where little Felix Michaud was very busy, also. The night before, Father Michaud had told Felix that his Beppo had been chosen by the shepherds for the "offered lamb" of the Christmas Eve procession in the village church. Neither Ninette, Beppo's mother, a silly old sheep, nor Beppo, who was a very young lamb, could possibly be expected to know what a great honor had come to them.



To be the offered lamb, or indeed the offered lamb's mother, for both always went together, was the greatest honor that could possibly come to a Provencal sheep. So little Felix was fairly bursting with pride and delight because his own lamb had been chosen. Now he was washing Beppo's wool, which he was determined to have shine like silver on the great night.

He tugged away, scrubbing and brushing and combing the thick fleeces; then, giving each a handful of fresh hay to nibble, he trudged into the cottage.

"Well, little one," said his mother, "have you finished your work?"

"Yes, Mother," answered Felix; "and I shall scrub

them each day till the holy night! Even now Ninette is white as milk, and Beppo shines like an angel! Ah, but I shall be proud when he rides up to the altar in his little cart!"

Now, in Provence, at the time when Felix lived, no one had ever heard of such a thing as a Christmas tree; but every cottage had a "crib." In one corner of the great living-room, the peasant children and their father and mother built on a table a mimic village of Bethlehem, with houses and people and animals, and, above all, with the manger, where the Christ Child lay.

In the Michaud cottage the crib was already well under way. In the corner across from the fireplace the father had built up a mound, and Felix had covered this with bits of rock and tufts of grass, and little green boughs for trees, all to represent the rocky hillside of Judea; then, halfway up, he began to place the tiny houses. These he had cut out of wood and adorned with wonderful carving, in which, indeed, he was very skillful. And then, such figures as he had made, such quaint little men and women, such marvelous animals, camels and oxen and sheep and horses, had never before been seen in Sur Varne. But the figure which he had carved with his utmost skill was that of the little Christ Child, which was not to be placed in the manger until Christmas Eve itself.

Felix kept this figure in his blouse pocket, carefully wrapped up in a bit of wool, and he spent all his

spare moments striving to give it some fresh beauty. For little Felix had a passion for carving, and the one thing he desired above all others was to be allowed to apprentice himself in the workshop of Father Videau, the master carver of the village. He longed, too, for better tools than the little knife he had, and for days and years in which to learn to use them.

But once, when Felix had ventured to speak to Father Michaud about it, he had insisted rather sharply that the boy was to stick to his sheep-tending, so that when the father himself grew old, Felix could take charge of the flocks and keep the family in bread. The father did not believe that by the art of the carver Felix would ever be able to earn enough to keep the family from going hungry. So Felix was obliged to go on minding the flocks; but whenever he had a moment of his own, he employed it in carving a bit of wood or chipping at a fragment of soft stone.

Now he had almost finished the crib; the little houses were all in place, and the animals grouped about the holy stable, or else seeming to crop the tufts of moss on the rocky hillside.

"Well, well!" said Father Michaud, who had just entered the cottage, "'tis a fine bit of work you have here, my son! Truly, 'tis a beautiful crib!"

But here the mother called them both to the mid-day meal. When this was finished, Felix arose, and as his father wished, once more went out to the fold

to see how the sheep, and especially his little Beppo, were getting along.

As he pushed open the swinging door, Ninette, who was lazily dozing, blinked her eyes and looked sleepily around; but Beppo was nowhere to be seen.

"Ninette!" demanded Felix fiercely, "what have you done with my Beppo?"

When he realized that Beppo was gone—his lamb, the chosen one, who had brought such pride and honor to him—Felix gazed around in dismay. "Beppo!" he shouted at the top of his lungs, "Beppo! Beppo!" But no trace could he see of the little bundle of fleece he had scrubbed and combed so carefully that morning.

THE SEARCH

He stood undecided for a moment; then he set out at a brisk pace across the sheep-meadow, calling every little while in a shrill voice, "Beppo!"

He pressed on farther and farther, till after a while he found himself among thick bushes. "Oh," thought Felix, "what if poor Beppo has strayed into this woodland!" Tired as he was, he urged himself on; and it was not until he had wandered deeper and deeper into the wood, that he realized that dusk had fallen, and that he must be a very long way from Sur Varne.

Felix then began to grow uneasy. He stood still and looked anxiously about him; the dark forest trees closed around him on all sides, and he was quite unable

to remember from which direction he had entered the wood.

Now, Felix was really a very brave little fellow, but he fairly trembled as the darkness came on; for in those days the forests of Provence were known to shelter many dangerous animals, especially wild boars and wolves. Once he even caught the deep howl of a wolf.

At that he looked quickly around, and grasping the low boughs of a slender sapling, managed to swing himself up into a tall tree that grew close by. There he clung, feeling very cold and hungry and miserable.

How long the little boy stayed in the tree he never knew, but by and by his ears caught the sound of horses' hoofs, and soon two horsemen came in sight on the narrow path.

He waited till the first rider came quite close, and then he plucked up courage to call out faintly, "Oh, sir, stop, I pray you!"

At this, the rider, who was Count Bernard of Bois Varne, instantly checked his horse and, peering up into the boughs overhead, caught sight of Felix, his yellow hair wet with dew and shining in the moonlight, and his dark eyes wide with fear.

"Heigh-ho!" exclaimed the count, in amazement. "Upon my word, now! who are you?"

At this, Felix managed to falter out: "Please, sir, I am Felix Michaud, and my lamb Beppo, who was to

ride in the Christmas procession, ran off today, and—and—I have been hunting him ever since. I live in Sur Varne.”

At this the count gave a long whistle. “In Sur Varne!” he exclaimed. “Do you know how far distant Sur Varne is from this forest?”

“Nay, sir,” answered Felix; “but I think it’s a great way.”

“There you are right,” said the count; “’tis a good two leagues, if it is a pace.” And thereupon, Count Bernard raised himself in his stirrups and, reaching upward, caught Felix in his arms and swung him down on the saddle in front of him. Then he turned to Brian, his squire, who stood by in silent astonishment, and gave the order to move.

“And now,” said Count Bernard, “you shall sleep this night in the castle of Bois Varne; and you shall see the fairest little maid that ever you set eyes on!”

And then he told Felix of his little daughter, Lady Elinor, and how she would play with him and how on the morrow they would send him home to Sur Varne.

While the count was talking, they were trotting onward, till by and by they saw towering near at hand the castle of Bois Varne. Soon they were clattering into the great paved courtyard. The count lightly lifted Felix and swung him to the ground. He took the boy by the hand and led him into the great hall of the castle.

To Felix this looked marvelously beautiful. Christmas garlands hung on the walls, and a great pile of freshly cut boughs lay on a bench, ready for the morrow's arranging. But that which took his eyes most of all was the lovely carving everywhere to be seen: The benches and tables were covered with it; and over and about the wide fireplace great carved dragons of stone curled their long tails and spread their wings. Felix was enchanted and gazed around till his eyes fairly ached.

Presently in came running a little girl, who hugged and kissed Count Bernard. Then, catching sight of Felix, she cried, "Where did you find your new page?"

Smiling at the Lady Elinor's bewilderment, the count told her the little boy's story, and she declared he must come and see the Christmas crib which she was just finishing. She seized him by the hand and hastened across the hall, where her crib was built up on a carved bench.

"What do you think of it, Felix?" said she. "I fancy something is lacking, yet I know not how to better it!"

"Maybe I can help you," said Felix, bashfully.

And so he set to work rearranging the little houses and figures, till he succeeded in giving a lifelike air to the crib, and Lady Elinor fairly danced with delight.

While placing the little manger, he happened to remember the figure of the Christ Child which was still in his blouse pocket. This he timidly took out



and showed to the little girl, who was charmed, and still more so when he drew forth a small wooden sheep and a dog, which were also in the same pocket.

The Lady Elinor was so carried away with joy that she flew to the side of the count, and grasping both his hands, dragged him across the room to show him the crib and the wonderful figures carved by Felix.

"Look, Father!" said Elinor. "See this, and this!" And she held up the little carvings.

Count Bernard took the little figures and examined them closely. Then he looked at Felix, and asked, "Well, little forest bird, who taught you the carver's art?"

"No one, sir," faltered Felix. "Indeed, I wish, above all things, to learn of Father Videau, the master carver; but my father says I must be a shepherd, as he is."

"Well, well," said the count, "never mind! You are weary. We will talk of this more on the morrow. 'Tis high time now that both of you were asleep."

The next morning Count Bernard asked Felix many questions about his life and his home. Then, by and by, knowing how anxious the boy's parents would be, he ordered Brian to saddle a horse and take Felix back to Sur Varne.

Meantime, Lady Elinor begged hard that he stay longer in the castle as her playfellow, and would not be satisfied until her father promised to take her over some day to see Felix in Sur Varne. Then she smiled and made a pretty farewell curtsy, and snatching from

her dark hair a crimson silk ribbon, she tied it about Felix's sleeve, declaring, "There! you must keep this token and be my knight!"

When, after several hours' riding, they reached the Michaud cottage, you can fancy how overjoyed were the father and mother to see the travelers; for they had been almost beside themselves with grief and had searched all night for their little son.

Almost the first question Felix asked was about Beppo, and he learned that the little truant had been found and brought home by one of the shepherds, and was then safe and sound in the sheepfold.

THE PROCESSION

Christmas Eve came. It was a lovely starlit night, and on all sides one could hear the beautiful Christmas songs of old Provence that all the peasants and the children sang as they trooped along the roads on their way to the village church.

Presently the beautiful service began, and went on with song and incense and the sweet chanting of children's voices, till suddenly from the upper tower of the church a joyous peal of bells rang in the midnight! And all at once, through the dense throng of worshipers nearest the door a pathway opened, and in came four peasants playing on pipes and flutes.

After the pipers, walked ten shepherds, two by two, each wearing a long brown cloak and carrying a staff

and lighted candle; that is, all save the first two, and these bore, one a basket of fruit—melons and grapes and pears of sunny Provence, while the other held in his hands a pair of white pigeons with rose-colored eyes and soft, fluttering wings.

And then, behind the shepherds came Ninette!—Ninette, her fleece shining like snow, a garland about her neck, and twigs of holly nodding behind her ears, while bound about her woolly shoulders a little harness of scarlet leather shone against the white. Fastened to the harness, and trundling along at Ninette's heels, came a gay little wooden cart. Its wheels were wrapped with garlands, and in it, curled up in a fat, fleecy ball, lay Beppo! Tied about his neck in a huge bow was a crimson silk ribbon, with a sprig of holly tucked into it.

Just behind the cart came ten more shepherds with staffs and candles, while following them was a great throng of peasant folk and children—among them Felix. They all carried lighted tapers and were radiant with delight; for this was the Procession of the Offered Lamb, and to walk in it was considered the greatest honor and privilege.

On up the long aisle the procession slowly moved, the pipers playing, and Ninette marching solemnly along as if she had trod the floors of churches all her life. As for Beppo, only once did he stir, and then he tried to uncurl himself and stand up. But just then the little cart gave a joggle which quite upset his shaky

lamb legs, and down he sank, and kept quiet the rest of the time.

After the service the players again struck up the tune, and the procession, shepherds, Ninette, Beppo, peasants, and all, once more moved on, this time down the outer aisle and toward the great open portal.

It took some time for the last of the followers to reach the doorway, for the throng was very great; but at length Felix, who had marched with the children in the last group, came to the threshold and stepped out into the starry night.

He stood for a moment smiling and gazing ahead, overcome by the glory of all that had passed within the church, when he felt someone pluck his sleeve; and turning around, he met the eyes of Lady Elinor.

She gave a little peal of laughter at his surprise and exclaimed, "Oh, I coaxed my father to bring me hither for this blessed night! I saw the procession, and Beppo with my red ribbon round his neck." Here she gave another little gurgle of delight. "And oh, Felix, my father has seen yours, and 'tis all settled! You are to be a famous carver with Father Videau, as you wish. And, Felix," she added, "I think it was the little Christ Child for the crib that did it!"

Then, with a merry smile, she darted off to her father, who was waiting for her down the path.

For a little while after she had gone, Felix did not move, but stood as one in a dream. Presently a loud



bleat close at his side startled him, and looking down, he saw that Ninette, in her gay garlands, and still dragging Beppo in the little cart, had broken away from Father Michaud and come close up to him.

Then, with a sudden movement, he stooped over and seizing Beppo in both arms, hugged and squeezed him till the poor lamb opened his red mouth and fairly gasped for breath. But Felix only hugged him the harder, murmuring under his breath, "Bless your little heart, Beppo! Bless your little heart!" For in a vague way he realized that the truant lamb had somehow brought him his heart's desire, and that was quite enough Christmas happiness for one year.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. The author has used certain groups of words especially to help you feel and see things; for example, on page 409, *combing the thick fleeces; shines like an angel*. Find five other words or groups of words that helped you to feel and see things.

2. Make up a name for each picture in the story.

3. What was the great honor that had come to Ninette and Beppo?

4. Be ready to describe the crib that Felix had arranged in his home.

5. How was the boy rescued?

6. Which one of these things in the count's home was most attractive to Felix?

(a) The large hall

(b) The Christmas decorations

(c) The beautiful carving

(d) The Christmas crib

Be ready to read the lines which helped you decide.

7. Read again the story of the procession. List five things which would make it seem very unusual to a child in our country. Your first sentence might read:

1. *Four peasants playing on pipes and flutes.*

8. How did Lady Elinor add to Felix's Christmas happiness?

Other Christmas stories you would enjoy reading are "The Coming of the Prince," Field (in *Christmas Tales and Christmas Verse*); "Sandy's Christmas," Travis (in *Christmas in Storyland*, Van Buren and Bemis); and "Why the Chimes Rang," Alden (in *Why the Chimes Rang, and Other Stories*).

THE LITTLE FLAGS

MARY LEE DALTON

Oh, when you see them flying
Beside the summer way—
The little flags they put in place
Upon Memorial Day—
Remember each is crying
A message straight to you—
A message straight to every lad
Whose heart is clean and true.

They tell the splendid story
Of those who marched away
In answer to a voice that said,
“Your country calls! Obey!”
They heard the call to glory,
As you can, if you try:
“Your flag demands your best today,
Not sometime by and by!”

A MILE AT A TIME

NANCY BYRD TURNER

Do you remember how the Bernado children worked together to send Grandmother to Naples? Here is another story of some children who worked together to make an old lady happy.

Jerry and Joan knew why their neighbor, Miss Phoebe Tabb, was sad about her lilac bush. The bush was lovely, but Miss Phoebe's face was wistful when she looked at it. Memorial Day was coming, and there was no way to send the flowers down to Ridgefield to be placed on the grave of her soldier nephew. There had not been a way for a great number of years now.

The neighborhood was thinly settled; Jerry and Joan and their widowed mother were Miss Phoebe's only neighbors. Moreover, the rough roads were seldom used; there was small chance of a traveler's passing at the right time.

"She is too old to walk to Ridgefield," Jerry said, "and we are too young."

"And Mother can't leave the baby," added Joan.

After a while Joan said suddenly, "Jerry, let's carry the flowers one mile, anyway; surely we can find some one to carry them the other miles."

Jerry threw his cap into the air. "We'll do it!" he said.

They hurried home and laid the plan before their mother.

"Mrs. Jennifer's is the only house you could walk to," she said. "You might try there."

"Why, bless your hearts!" Miss Phoebe cried, when the children told her.

She got up early on Memorial Day, picking great sprays of fragrant lilacs and wrapping the stems in thick cotton.

"You can take turns at carrying them," she told the children. "Pass the word along that the blossoms are for the grave of Roderick Tabb. And if you should have to bring them back, I shall not cry."

But the children were afraid she might. "We won't bring them back!" they said.

As they neared the Jennifers' house, Joan said, "Look at that little pony grazing in the yard!" A small boy opened the front door. He told them that he was Ricky Jennifer, and that he had come to spend the month with his uncle.

When he had heard their names and their story, he said: "My uncle and the hired man are away. But mother said I might ride a mile from the place; so my pony and I will carry your flowers to the nearest house. Surely there'll be some one there to carry them on."

Oh, what good fortune!

The interesting pony was saddled and bridled; Ricky mounted him and reached for the flowers. "Stay right



here until I come back," he said, "and then we can take turns riding the pony to your home."

The pony seemed to know that he was on an important errand, for he trotted briskly the whole mile to Dr. Ingram's house.

To Ricky's disappointment, the doctor was about to start off in the opposite direction from Ridgefield.

Priscilla, the doctor's little girl, was listening. "Oh, Father, please!" she said. "I can carry the flowers as far as the blacksmith's shop at the crossroads; maybe some one there will take them the next mile."

"Could you ride my pony?" Ricky asked. "He's very gentle." But Priscilla did not know how to ride.

"Rest after you get there," her father said. "It's very warm."

A few minutes later a large umbrella was moving slowly down the road. Under the umbrella was a slim little girl with a bunch of lilac blooms. Priscilla stopped halfway and dipped the stems in a cool brook; then she trudged on again through the heat. To her dismay she found the shop closed. As she turned toward the blacksmith's house, she saw a huge dog lying by the doorstep.

The dog got up, sniffed, and came toward the gate. "Oh, dog," Priscilla said, clutching the flowers, "if you make me run, I'll drop Miss Phoebe's lilacs. Please don't, dog!" The dog wagged his tail. Just then a little boy on crutches came hobbling around the house, and Priscilla told him her story.

"My father's away," the boy said. "And I'm poor at walking. But here's my dog." Priscilla was puzzled. "Your dog?" she asked.

"He can help," the boy answered, "as sure as my name's Robin. You just wait."

Presently Don, the big dog, was harnessed to a little wagon. His master went into the house for a minute. "I have been driving as far as Ridgefield," he told Priscilla when he came out. "It's only a mile. Mother says you are to come into the house and rest."

Priscilla handed him the lilacs. "For the grave of Roderick Tabb," she said. And away went the little cart.

Later in the afternoon she waked from a long nap, and

there stood Robin. He told her about his trip and handed her a note for Miss Phoebe Tabb that the man in charge of the parade had given him, he said. Priscilla went home happy under her umbrella.

That evening while Jerry and Joan were eating supper, Ricky came riding up.

"Here's a note for Miss Phoebe," he said. "Dr. Ingram and his little girl brought it."

Jerry and Joan had told Miss Phoebe that the flowers had got as far as the crossroads. When they took the note over, they found her sitting on the doorstep; she was wondering what had finally happened to the lilacs. The note was signed "Mary Drew." Miss Phoebe read it aloud—"Dear Miss Phoebe Tabb," it ran. "Your flowers came all right. A lame boy driving a big dog brought them; they were given to him by a little girl with a large umbrella. She got them from a boy on a pony, and he got them from a brother and sister. I am the mayor's little girl. The man who is in charge of things asked me to walk in the procession and carry your flowers. They will look beautiful in the cemetery."

"Everyone is so kind," said Miss Phoebe.

"A mile at a time!" Joan said. "Isn't that strange!"

"It's all the doings of you two good children and the others," Miss Phoebe said gratefully. "On Midsummer Day I am going to have a little party opposite this lilac bush, and I hope the guests are going to be three girls and three boys and—"

"A dog," said Jerry, with a little hop.

"And a pony," said Joan, with another little hop.

On Midsummer Day that's exactly the sort of party that Miss Phoebe Tabb had.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

1. Why was Miss Phoebe sad?
2. Who thought of the plan of "a mile at a time"?
3. What happened that the children had not planned—something that made everything end perfectly? Find the lines that tell this and be ready to read them.
4. Be ready to tell this story in your own words.

Two good poems about Memorial Day are "May Has Decked the World," and "Memorial Day," Wynne (both in *For Days and Days*).

A BACKWARD LOOK

THESE stories and poems of holidays will perhaps help you understand better what some of our holidays mean. How did the boys and girls in these stories show that they knew the true meaning of a holiday? Which of them did the most unselfish thing? Which learned the greatest lesson?

It is easy to wish that other people were happy and having a good time. It is not very hard to help someone else when you do not have to give up anything yourself. But to give up something you have dearly wanted for yourself in order to help someone else is a different matter. Yet, strange to say, many people have found their greatest happiness in giving up things to help others.

Which holiday of the year do you like best? Why? Do you like it best only because of what is done for you, or do you also find pleasure on that holiday in doing things for other people? Are you thankful only on Thanksgiving Day, and loyal to your country only on the Fourth of July? Or do you try to spread out the meaning of these days over the whole year? A holiday should really be a day on which we show what we feel all the year through.

On page 434 you will find a list of books that contain more stories about holidays and festivals. Some of these books will tell you how boys and girls of other lands celebrate their holidays. Perhaps you know that some of our holidays are also celebrated by people in many other lands than ours. Two of the stories you read earlier in this book told you about holidays in other lands. Do you remember them?

GOOD BOOKS TO READ

PART ONE. SKYWAYS AND HIGHWAYS

- Little America and Skyward*, by Richard E. Byrd. Putnam.
The Picture Book of Flying, by Frank Dobias. Macmillan.
Rear Admiral Byrd and the Polar Expeditions, by Coram Foster.
Burt.
Uncle Sam's Animals, by Frances Margaret Fox. Century.
Pioneers All! by Joseph Lewis French. Bradley.
Dick Byrd—Air Explorer, by Fitzhugh Green. Putnam.
The Picture Book of Travel, by Berta and Elmer Hader. Macmillan.
Youngest Rider, by Louise Platt Hauck. Lothrop.
"We," by Charles A. Lindbergh. Putnam.
Heroes of the Farthest North and Farthest South, by Kenedy MacLean and Chelsea Fraser. Crowell.
Flash, the Lead Dog, by George Tracy Marsh. Penn.
Skyward Ho! by Franklin K. Mathiews. Grosset.
A Boy Scout with Byrd, by Paul Siple. Putnam.
How They Carried the Mail, by Joseph Walker McSpadden. Sears.
Silver Wings, by Raoul Whitfield. Knopf.

PART TWO. THE OUTDOOR WORLD

- Bird Biographies* (Bruce Horsfall illustrations), by Alice E. Ball.
Dodd.
Alice in Elephantland and Alice in Jungleland, by Mary Hastings
Bradley. Appleton.
Poetry's Plea for Animals (poems), by Frances E. Clarke. Lothrop.
Three Boy Scouts in Africa, by Robert D. Douglas, Jr., David R.
Martin, Jr., and Douglas L. Oliver. Putnam.
Insect Adventures, by Jean Henri Fabre. Dodd.
The Pointed People (poems), by Rachel Lyman Field. Macmillan.
Trails to Woods and Waters, by Clarence Hawkes. Macrae Smith
Co.
Jungle Babies, by Edyth Kaigh-Eustace. Rand.
Insect Stories, by Vernon Kellogg. Appleton.
Little Friends in Feathers, by Inez McFee. Barse.

- Kari the Elephant*, by Dhan Gopal Mukerji. Dutton.
Holiday Meadow and *Holiday Pond*, by Edith Patch. Macmillan.
The House in the Water, by Charles G. D. Roberts. Page.
Wild Animals I Have Known and *Wild Animals at Home*, by Ernest Thompson Seton. Grosset.
The Gentlest Giant (poems), by Anna Bird Stewart. McBride.
Magpie Lane (poems), by Nancy Byrd Turner. Harcourt.
The Jungle Man and His Animals, by Carveth Wells. Duffield.
Bird Stories Retold from St. Nicholas. Century.

PART THREE. STORIES WE ALL SHOULD KNOW

- The Torch of Courage*, by Carolyn S. Bailey. Bradley.
The Feast of Noel, by Gertrude Crownfield. Dutton.
Little Braves and *Wigwam Children*, by Therese O. Deming. Stokes.
Indian Boyhood and *Indian Heroes and Great Chieftains*, by Charles Alexander Eastman. Little.
Tales from Silver Lands, by Charles J. Finger. Doubleday.
The Wonder-Book (Maxfield Parrish illustrations), by Nathaniel Hawthorne. Duffield.
Just So Stories, by Rudyard Kipling. Doubleday.
The Kingdom of the Winding Road, by Cornelia Meigs. Macmillan.
Chi Wee, by Grace Moon. Doubleday.
The Little Lame Prince, by Dinah Marie Mulock Craik. Rand.
The Golden Windows, by Laura E. Richards. Little.
Boys' Book of Indian Warriors, by Edwin L. Sabin. Macrae Smith Co.
The Home Book of Verse for Young People, by B. E. Stevenson. Holt.
A Child's Garden of Verses, by Robert L. Stevenson. Scribner.
The Happy Prince and Other Fairy Tales, by Oscar Wilde. Putnam.
Indian Stories Retold from St. Nicholas. Century.

PART FOUR. CATHOLIC ACTION

- Why the Chimes Rang and Other Stories*, by Raymond M. Alden. Bobbs.
Living Sisters of the Little Flower, by Albert H. Dolan. Carmelite Press, 6401 Dante Ave., Chicago.

- The Adventurers*, by Maurice Francis Egan. Kilner.
Tell Us Another, by Winfrid Herbst, S.D.S. Salvatorian Fathers.
St. Nazianz, Wis.
A Boy's Choice, by Maud Monahan. Longmans.
A Little Soldier of Christ, by Gabriel Francis Powers. The Ave
Maria, Notre Dame, Ind.
Heroes of the Trail, by James Louis Small. Bruce.
Lisbeth, by Mary T. Waggaman. Kenedy.
The Ave Maria (a magazine), published by The Ave Maria, Notre
Dame, Ind.
The Far East (a magazine), published by Society of St. Columban,
St. Columbans, Neb.
The Messenger of the Sacred Heart (a magazine), published by
The Apostleship of Prayer, 515 E. Fordham Rd., New York City.

PART FIVE. YOUNG AMERICAN CITIZENS

- Boys and Girls of Colonial Days and Boys and Girls of Modern
Days*, by Carolyn S. Bailey. Flanagan.
Broad Stripes and Bright Stars, by Carolyn S. Bailey. Bradley.
The Son of Light Horse Harry, by James Barnes. Harper.
The True Story of George Washington, by Elbridge S. Brooks.
Lothrop.
Understood Betsy, by Dorothy Canfield Fisher. Holt.
America First, by Lawton B. Evans. Bradley.
Hitty: Her First Hundred Years, by Rachel Lyman Field. Mac-
millan.
Washington, D. C., by Frances Margaret Fox. Rand.
The Life of Robert E. Lee for Boys and Girls, by Joseph G. and
M. C. Hamilton. Houghton.
Little People Who Became Great, by Laura Antoinette Large. Wilde.
The Story of George Washington, by Joseph Walker McSpadden.
Barse.

PART SIX. BOYS AND GIRLS OF OTHER LANDS

- The Little Swiss Wood Carver*, by Madeline Brandeis. Flanagan.
Nanette of the Wooden Shoes, by Esther Brann. Macmillan.
Noah's Grandchildren, by Julier C. Chevalier. Doubleday.

- The Boy with the Parrot*, by Elizabeth Coatsworth. Macmillan.
Saturday's Children, by Helen Coale Crew. Little.
The Adventures of Andris, by Elizabeth P. Jacobi. Macmillan.
Where It All Comes True, in Italy and Switzerland, by Clara E. Laughlin. Houghton.
Taktuk, an Arctic Boy, by Helen Lomen and Marjorie Flack. Doubleday.
Dino of the Golden Boxes, by Virginia Olcott. Stokes.
Stories of Swiss Children, by Johanna Spyri. Crowell.
Boys of Other Countries, by Bayard Taylor. Putnam.
Boy of the Desert, by Eunice Tietjens. Coward.

PART SEVEN. FAMOUS HEROES OF LONG AGO

- Robinson Crusoe* (Wyeth illustrations), by Daniel Defoe. Cosmopolitan.
Arabian Nights, by Laurence Housman. Doubleday.
Legends of the Seven Seas, by Margaret Evans Price. Harper.
Arabian Nights (Maxfield Parrish illustrations), by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora A. Smith. Scribner.
The Swiss Family Robinson, by Johann David Wyss. Dutton.

PART EIGHT. HOLIDAYS AND FESTIVALS

- The Little Brown Bowl*, by Phila Butler Bowman. Nelson.
The Children's Book of Thanksgiving Stories, by Asa Don Dickinson. Doubleday.
Kristy's Queer Christmas, by Olive Thorne Miller. Houghton.
Hallowe'en Tales and Games, by Ethel Owen. Whitman.
This Way to Christmas, by Ruth Sawyer. Harper.
Christmas in Storyland, by Maud van Buren and Katharine Isabel Bemis. Century.
Book of Christmas Stories for Children, by Maude Owen Walters. Dodd.
A Child's Book of Holiday Plays, by Frances Gillespy Wickes. Macmillan.
Happy Holidays, by Frances Gillespy Wickes. Rand.
For Days and Days (poems), by Annette Wynne. Stokes.
Southern Stories Retold from St. Nicholas. Century.

GLOSSARY

PRONUNCIATION KEY

The pronunciation of each word is shown just after the word, in this way: **a bun dance** (a-bun'dans). The letters and signs used have sounds as in the words shown below. The accented syllable has ' after it. Some long words have the main accent (ˈ) and a lesser or "secondary" accent (ˌ). These are shown by two accent marks, the heavier one being the main accent.

a at, can	é her, certain	ou out, found	zh measure
ā came, face	ē towel, prudent	u up, but	o is half-way be-
ā far, father	i it, pin	ū use, pure	tween ō and ô
â all, ball	ī line, mine	ù put, full	ü as in French du
a ask	o on, not	ū nature	ñ as in French bon
ā care, dare	ō more, open	đ gradual	B as in Spanish
ā alone, company	o to, move	ť picture	Habana
ā beggar, opera	o off, song	th thin	(sounded almost
e end, bend	o actor, second	th then	like our v)
ē be, equal	oi oil, point		

A single dot under ā, ē, ō, ó, or ū means that the sound is a little shorter and lighter, as in cot'tāge, rē-duce', gas'ō-line, in'tō, ū-ni'ted.

A

Ab dalla (āb-dāl'a)
a bun dance (a-bun'dans), great plenty or numbers
account (a-kount'), a story of things that have happened
ac cu mu la tion (a-kū-mū-lā'shon), gathering things together; a collection of things
accursed (a-kēst'), cursed
action, get into action (ak'shon), begin fighting or doing something
activity (ak-tiv'i-ti), work; doing something
ad o ra tion (ad-ō-rā'shon), praise; worship
a dored com mand ing (a-dōrd' ko-mān'ding), took delight in making others obey him
a dorn ment (a-dōrn'ment), a thing which adds beauty; an ornament

advance guard (ad-vans'), that part of the army which goes first into battle
ad vo cate (ad'vō-kāt), recommend; **our advocate**, one who pleads for us
ads (adz), a chopping tool for trimming and smoothing wood
Aet na (et'na), a volcano on the island of Sicily
af fec tion (a-fek'shon), love; good will
afflicted (a-flik'ted), greatly troubled
after glow (af'tēr-glō), the color that remains in the western sky after sunset
aglow, glowing
Alad dīn (a-lad'in)
Alon con (a-lon-sōn)
al ert (a-lērt'), watchful
Ali Ba ba (ā'lē bá'bā)

Allah (al'ā), the All-Powerful One; the Arabic name for God

aloft extended, raised

amaze ment (ā-māz'ment), great wonder and surprise

ambassador (am-bas'ā-dor), a person sent to look after his country's affairs at the capital of a foreign country

ambush, a hiding-place

amethyst (am'ē-thist), a precious stone, purple or violet in color

Ampezzang (am-pet'sang)

Angelo (an'je-lō)

animated, became animated (an'-i-mā-ted), came to life

Annina (ān-nē'nā)

anniversary (an-i-ver'sa-ri), the day celebrating a special happening or event

Antarctica (ant-ārkt'i-ka), the lands around the South Pole

antitoxin serum (an-ti-tok'sin sē-rum), a liquid used to prevent or cure certain diseases

apartment (ā-part'ment), a room or a group of rooms

apparatus (ap-ā-rā'tus), tools or instruments for doing a certain kind of work

apt, teachable

area (ā'rē-ā or ā'rē-ā), an open space

armor, in full armor (ar'mor), dressed in a metal suit such as was worn in battle

Asolo (a'zō-lō)

aspen (as'pen), a kind of poplar tree whose leaves are easily moved by the wind; **aspen bow er** (bou'er), a group of such trees

assemble (ā-sem'bl), arrange; gather together

astonishment (ā-ston'ish-ment), great surprise and wonder

astounded (ā-stoun'ded), greatly surprised or astonished

asylum (ā-sī'lum), a home for the insane

Athenian (ā-thē'ni-an)

athletic (ath-let'ik), used for playing games and taking exercise

Augustin (ā-gus'tin or ou'gū-stēn)

Australia (ās-trā'liā)

available (ā-vā'lā-bl), at hand

aviation runway (ā-vi-ā'shon run'-wā), the part of a landing-field that is used by airplanes when taking off

awe (ā), great wonder

azure space (azh'ūr), the blue sky

B

banner, a flag

banquet (bang'kwet), a fine dinner, often followed by speeches; a feast

Barcelona (bar-se-lō'na)

barrier (bar'i-ēr), something which stands in the way

bazaar (ba-zār'), a small store; a market-place

beacon (bē'kon), a powerful light to show the way

beast of prey (prā), an animal that kills other animals for food

beechen tree (bē'chen), the beech tree

Belloc, Hilaire (be-lok', hē-lār')

bemoan (bē-mōn'), express sorrow; complain

Bernardo (bēr-na'dō)

Bernard (bēr-nard')

bewildered (bē-wil'derd), lost and confused

Big-Sea-Water, Lake Superior

bison (bī'son), the buffalo

bleak, dreary

blighted (blī'ted), withered; spoiled

bliss (blis), joy; contentment

bluff, a steep, high bank

boar (bōr), a wild hog

Bois Varne (bwo varn)

bounties (boun'tiz), gifts and kindnesses
braced (bräst), held firmly
brad (brad), a thin, short nail with a small head
brake (brāk), a large fern; a thicket
Bran deis, Madeline (bran'dis, mad'ē-lin)
bric-a-brac (brik'a-brak), small ornaments, such as little statues, vases, and dishes
briskly (brisk'li), in a lively manner; quickly
broadside (brōd'sīd), so that his face and one side showed
brocade (brō-kād'), a heavy silk material woven with raised figures or flowers on it
browse (brouz), feed upon grass; feed
brush, a short, brisk fight
buckskin (buk'skin), a strong, soft leather, usually yellowish or grayish in color
bulge (bulj), an outward bending or swelling
bunk, a narrow bed set against a wall like a shelf
burial (ber'i-al), being placed in a grave

C

canon (kan'on), one of a group of priests who assist the bishop in a cathedral
canonized, declared to be a saint
caressed (kə-rest'), rubbed gently; petted
carnival (kar'ni-val), a time of merrymaking and feasting
cascade (kas-kād'), a waterfall;
cascades of blossoming vines, a tangled covering of vines

cask (kask), a heavy barrel
Cas sim (kas'ēm)
cas sock (kas'ok), a long robe, worn by a priest
Castel fran co (kas'tel-fran'kō)
cautioning (kā'shon-ing), warning
cautiously (kā'shus-li), slowly and carefully
cavern (kav'ern), a large cave
celebrate (sel'ē-brāt), observe with proper activities
ceremony (ser'ē-mō-ni), the celebration of a great happening or event
chaff (cháf), the little husks or hulls around the kernels of grain
chastity (chas'ti-ti), purity
chauffeur (shō-fer')
Cherbourg (sher-bor), an important French seaport
chore (chōr), a light task
chuck (chuk), the cut of beef between the neck and the shoulder
clenched (klencht), tightly closed
clutching (kluch'ing), holding tightly in his hand
cockpit (kok'pit), the section of an airplane for the pilot's seat and the instruments
collect her thoughts (ko-lek'ted), thought quickly
coming champion (cham'pi-on), one who would soon be a leader
community (ko-mū'ni-ti), a group of people living together in a town or village
compass (kum'pas), an instrument for showing directions
compassionate (kəm-pash'on-āt), merciful
compelled (kəm-peld'), forced
conducted (kən-duk'ted), guided; led

at, cāme, far, āll, ask, cāre, ālone; end, bē, hēr, towēl; it, līne; on, mōre, tō, ōff, actōr; oil, out; up, ūse, put, natūre; picture; th, thin; ʒh, then. See full key on p. 435.

cone-shaped (kōn/shāpt), having rounding sides coming together in a point at the top
conferred (kōn-fērd'), given as an honor
confetti (kon-fet'tē), bits of colored paper thrown about at carnivals, weddings, etc.
congratulation, of congratulation (kon-grat-ū-lā'shōn), expressing pleasure at his success
construction (kōn-struk'shōn), the building
contagious (kōn-tā'jus), catching; easily spreading from one to another
corral (kō-rāl'), a pen for horses
coveted (kuv'e-ted), longed for; much desired
cowardice (kou'ār-dis), fear
creek-bottom (krēk'bot'ōm), the low lands along a small stream
crescent moon (kres'ēnt), the new moon
crest (krest), the top of a hill or building
crestfallen (krest'fā'ln), ashamed; discouraged; downhearted
crevice (krev'is), a narrow opening or crack
criminal (krim'i-nāl), a person who has done something that is against the law
crop (krop), bite off and eat
cruise (kroz), a trip in a boat
crushed (krusht), overcome
curate (kū'rāt), an assistant priest
curious (kū'ri-us), strange; unusual
curt (kért), short and sharp
cylinder (sil'in-dér), an object shaped like a tin can
cymbals (sim'bālz), a pair of round brass plates clashed together to make a ringing sound
cypress (sī'pres), an evergreen tree with hard wood and dark leaves

D

deadlier (ded'li-ēr), more to be feared
dear, costly; expensive
decay (dē-kā'), rot; fall to pieces
deign to (dān), please
de la Ramee (dē la ra-mā'),
deliberately (dē-lib'ē-rāt-li), when you knew better
denied (dē-nīd'), not allowed to have; refused
dense throng (dens thrōng), a thick crowd
Department of Agriculture (dē-part'ment; ag'ri-kul-tūr), a branch of the United States Government which handles farm problems and affairs
deportment (dē-pōrt'ment), behavior
descend (dē-send'), go down
descendants (dē-sen'dānts), those of his family who lived after him, such as his children and his grandchildren
despair (dē-spār'), the loss of hope; give up hope
desperate defense (des'pē-rāt dē-fens'), the last attempt to keep the enemy from winning
developed (dē-vel'opt), treated the camera film, or plate, so that it would print a picture
devout, devoted; pious
dignified (dig'ni-fīd), serious-looking; solemn
dingie (ding'gi), a small, deep, shady valley
disease (di-zēz'), an illness
disk, inner circle
distinguished (dis-tīng'gwisht), well-known; famous
Distinguished Flying Cross, a small bronze cross given to a flier for a very brave or important deed

doggedly (dog'ed-li), not wanting to, but feeling he must
down (doun), soft, fluffy feathers under the outer stiff feathers
downcast (doun'kast), sad; disappointed
ducat (duk'at), an old gold coin, worth about \$2.28
dungeon (dun'jən), an underground prison

E

earnestness, in earnestness and sincerity (ēr'nest-nēs; sin-ser'i-ti), really wanting to lose the Golden Touch
earthen (ēr'thn), made of baked clay
East Greenwich (grin'ij or grēn'-wich)
easy grace, smoothness; beauty of form or movement
eider duck (ī'der), a sea-duck which lines her nest with soft down from her body
employee (em-ploi-ē'), a hired worker
enamel (e-nam'el), a smooth, glossy paint
encircled (en-sēr'kld), held close; surrounded
energetic (en-ēr-jet'ik), lively; full of energy
engineer (en-ji-nēr'), one who understands machinery; a builder
enlarge (en-larj'), make larger
enriched (en-richt'), made more fertile
entreatingly (en-trē'ting-li), pleadingly; earnestly
epidemic (ep-i-dem'ik), the rapid spreading of a disease, so that many people have it at the same time
equipment (ē-kwip'ment), supplies

ermine (ēr'min), a small animal valued for its fur
estate (es-tāt'), a large piece of land
Esteban (es-tā'Bān)
exile (ek'sil), being kept away from home
expedition (eks-pē-dish'ən), a group of people making an important journey
experience (eks-pē'ri-ens), doing things or living through certain happenings
extended (eks-ten'ded), offered; stretched out
exultation (ek-sul-tā'shon), great happiness

F

Fabre, Jean Henri (fābr, zhān ān-rē)
fain (fān), gladly
faltered (fāl'terd), spoke hesitatingly
fare (fār), food
fatigue, gritty with fatigue (grit'i; fā-tēg'), stinging with pain because she was so tired
feat (fēt), a great deed; an act requiring great skill, strength, or daring
features (fē'tjūrz), the parts of the face—eyes, nose, mouth, etc.
Felix (fā-lēx)
fell, a hill
fen, a marsh
ferry boat (fer'i-bōt), a boat for carrying people or goods across a river or narrow stretch of water
fertile (fēr'til), having rich soil that will grow good crops
festival (fes'ti-val), a time of feasting or celebration
fetch (fech), to go and get; bring

at, cāme, fār, āll, āsk, cāre, ālone; end, bē, hēr, towel; it, līne; on, mōre, tō, ōff, actōr; oil, out; up, ūse, pūt, natjre; picture; th, thin; ʔh, then. See full key on p. 435.

financial assistance (fi-nan/shə
a-sis/təns), money

Fioretta (fē-ō-rāt'ta)

firearm (fir'ärm), a gun

fitting (fit'ing), of the right kind

fit to be made a tool of, easily made
to do whatever others wanted

flank (flangk), the side of an ani-
mal between ribs and hip; the side
of anything

flare (flär), an open flame used for
light; a sudden flash of bright light

flaw (flå), a crack or break

fleet (flēt), swift; a group of wagons
or ships or trucks traveling or work-
ing together

floirin (flor'in), an old coin worth
about forty-eight cents at the time
of the story

fold, a sheep-pen

foliage (fō'li-ä), leaves

folly (fol'i), foolishness

ford, shallow water that can be
crossed by wading

forebears (fōr'bärz), forefathers;
ancestors

former substance (fōr'mēr sub/-
stəns), the kind of material it was
made of before

fortnight (fōrt'nīt), two weeks

forty winks, a short nap

fowling piece (fou'ling pēs), a light
gun for shooting wild birds

frame, in this frame of mind, feeling
this way

Francesco (frän-chäs'kō)

François (frän-swo)

frantic (fran'tik), greatly excited
and upset

Frau (frou), a German word mean-
ing wife or Mrs.

frenzy (fren'zi), brief fury; wild
excitement; **in a frenzy**, so excited
as to be almost crazy

freshet (fresh'et), the overflow-
ing of a stream caused by heavy
rains or melting snow

fretwork (fret'wèrk), ornamental
openwork

frolic chase (frol'ik chās), the game
of running after each other

fulfill (fùl-fil'), carry out

full, very

full of freshness, very fresh

furious (fū'ri-us), violent; wild
with anger

G

gallant (gal'ant), brave; polite and
well-mannered

game (gām), birds and animals
that are hunted for sport or food

gauze (gāz), thin, transparent
material

generation (jen-e-rā'shon), one
step or degree in a family; **three
generations**, grandfather, father,
son

generator, electric generator (ē-
lek'trik jen'e-rā-tor), a machine
for making electricity

generosity (jen-e-ros'i-ti), will-
ingness to share with others; un-
selfishness

genie (jē'ni), a powerful spirit

gesture (jes'tūr), motion of the
hands

Giotto's Tower (jot'tōz tou'er).
Giotto was a famous Italian artist.
The tower he planned and built is
one of the most beautiful in the
world.

Gitche Gumee (gi'chē go'mē),
Lake Superior

gladness breathes (brēhzh), joy
seems to come

glory, heard the call to glory, saw a
chance to do something for their
country

glutton (glut'n), one who eats
more food than he needs

gold bright-woven in the sun
(wō'vn), yellow flowers growing
in the sun

graciousness (grā'shus-nes), kindness

greatcoat, an overcoat

groomed (grómd), combed, brushed, and fed

grumpy (grum'pi), cross

Guadalupe (gwa'dé-lop *or* gwa'tha-lo'pā)

Guillaume (gē-yōm), the French name for William

Guinevere (gwin'ē-vēr)

gully (gul'i), a small valley or hollow with steep sides

gulping (gul'ping), swallowing

gurgling cry (ger'gling), a bubbling sound, like the noise water makes when it is poured out of a bottle

H

Halifax (hal'i-faks)

hangar (hang'ar), a shed for airplanes

hangbird, the Baltimore oriole, whose nest hangs from the limb of a tree

happily (hap'i-li), luckily

haunches (hân'chez), hips

haunt (hânt), a place often visited; to come back again and again

hazy (hā'zi), not clear

heigh-ho (hī'hō')

hemp (hemp), a plant whose fiber is used in making rope

Henrico (hen-rē'kō)

heroic (hē-rō'ik), brave; fearless

heron (her'on), a long-legged wading bird

Herr (hār), a German word meaning Mr. or sir

hewing (hū'ing), cutting

Hiawatha (hī-a-wā'tha)

hinder its progress (hin'der; prog'-res), delay its coming

hindrance (hin'drans), an object standing in the way

Hirschvogel (hirsh'fō-gel)

hoard (hōrd), a supply of money saved; anything saved up

holster (hōl'ster), a leather case for a pistol or a gun

homestead (hōm'sted), the home place

home-wind, the west wind

horizon (hō-rī'zon), the line where the earth and the sky seem to meet

horse-chestnut (hōrs'ches'nut), a shade tree bearing a large, glossy brown nut

hostile (hos'til), unfriendly

Housam (ho'sam)

hue (hū), color

huff, in a huff, angry

hyena (hī-ē'na), a wild animal much like a large dog in shape and size

I

imploringly (im-plōr'ing-li), in a begging manner; begging; pleading

impulse (im'puls), a sudden feeling or desire

incline (in'klīn *or* in-klīn'), a slope; inclined, willing

inconvenience (in-kon-vē'niēns), trouble; discomfort

infirmary (in-fer'ma-ri), a place where the sick are cared for; a hospital in a school or other institution

inhaling (in-hā'ling), smelling

inspiring (in-spir'ing), making one also want to do great deeds

intelligent (in-tel'i-jent), sensible; wise; keen-minded

intensely, very greatly

investigate (in-ves'ti-gāt), examine closely

irritable (ir'i-tā-bl), easily angered

at, cāme, fār, āll, āsk, cāre, ālone; end, bē, hēr, towēl; it, līne; on, mōre, tō, ōff, actōr; oil, out; up, ūse, pūt, natūre; picture; th, thin; ʒh, then. See full key on p. 435.

J

- jerked** (jérkt), pulled suddenly
Joliet (jō'li-et)
Jossakeeds (jos'ā-kēdz)
Juan Diego (hwān dē-ā'gō)
Jubilee (jō'bi-lē), a year of remission of punishment proclaimed by the Pope

K

- Kasson, Gunnar** (kas'son, gun'ār)
keel (kēl), a heavy timber running along the center of the bottom of a ship
killer-whale (kil'ēr-hwāl), a whale that kills large fish, seals, and even other whales
kindred (kin'dred), those similar to him; relatives

L

- laboratory** (lab'ō-rā-tō-ri), a workshop for doing certain kinds of careful work
lair (lār), the den of a wild beast
lathe (lāth), a machine by which a piece of wood or metal is held and turned while being cut
launch (lānch), cause to slide into the water
league (lēg), about three miles
Le Bourget (lē bōr-zhā)
lee of the land, the shelter of the shore
leisure (lē'zhūr), time free from required work; spare time
level sunbeams, the beams from the sun when it is low on the horizon
lifted, rose
Lisieux (lē-zyē)
loomed, loomed up, appeared
lordly (lōrd'li), like that of a master over others; grand; magnificent
lotus (lō'tus), a kind of large water-lily

M

- magic arts** (maj'ik), the ability to make things happen by secret charms and sayings
magnificent (mag-nif'i-sent), beautiful; splendid; grand
majestic (maj-es'tik), glorious; grand; splendid
malice (mal'is), ill-will; spite
Mantua (man'tū-ā)
Margaretta (mār-gā-rāt'tā)
margin (mar'jin), the shore
Marquette (mār-ket')
Master of Life (mās'tēr), God
mate, an officer of a ship next to the captain
Matteo (mat-tā'ō)
Mausane (mō-san)
meadow-floors (med'ō-flōrz), level, grassy land
Medas (mē'daz)
mellow (mel'ō), soft and gentle
melodious (me-lō'di-us), sweet-sounding; full of music
memorable (mem'ō-rā-bl), important
merchandise (mēr'chan-dīz), goods to be sold or bought
Mess Hall, the dining-hall
Meteghan (met'ē-gan)
Michaud (mē-shō)
Midan (mī'das)
Midsummer Day, the twenty-fourth of June
migrating (mī'grā-ting), passing from one region to another at certain times each year
military (mil'i-tā-ri), belonging to the army
mimic (mim'ik), a little copy of
minnow (min'ō), any fish when it is very small
misjudged a sharp curve (mis-jujd'), failed to decide how sharp the curve was
mission (mish'on), coming; an errand; a building of the missionaries

mite (mīt), a very small object
molests (mō-lests'), disturbs
molten (mōl'tn), melted
monoplane (mon'ō-plān), an airplane with a single wing extending on each side
Monsieur le Cure (mè-syè lè kü-rā), a term of respect, meaning "your reverence," which is used by the French people toward the parish priest

monstrance (mon'strāns), the vessel in which the Host is exposed
moping (mō'ping), going about in a lifeless way
Morgiana (môr-gi-an'ā)
morsel (môr'sl), a small piece or bite
murmur (mer'mèr), a low sound or noise
Mustapha (mós'ta-fa)
mute (mūt), voiceless; quiet

N

native soil, the land where a person was born
natural death (nat'ū-rā), death from illness instead of from being killed
Nenana (nā-na'na)
Newfoundland (nū'fund-land)
niche (nich), a narrow hollow in a wall
Ninette (nē-net)
nobility (nō-bil'i-ti), goodness
noel (nō-el'), a Christmas carol;
Noel, a French word meaning Christmas
Nokomis (nō-kō'mis)
Nome (nōm)
nook (nūk), a hidden spot; a small, out-of-the-way place
Nova Scotia (nō'vá skō'shiā)
numb (num), unable to feel cold, heat, or pain

O

occupied with her grief (ok'ū-pīd), filled with sadness
operated (op'ē-rā-ted), managed; sent out; had charge of
overcast (ō-vèr-kast'), darkened; clouded
overlord (ō'vèr-lōrd), one ruling over others

P

pace, speed
packet (pak'et), a bundle
Padua (pad'ū-a)
paleface, a white man
pamphlet (pam'flet), a small, paper-bound book
panic clutched at him, suddenly he was seized with fear
pardon, forgiveness; absolution
particularly (par-tik'ū-lar-li), very much
Patriarch (pā'tri-ārk), a man of high rank in the Church. The patriarchs rank next to the Pope.
patronage (pat'ron-āj), the favor of a saint
Pembe Kubwa (pem'bē kub'wā)
penetrating (pen'ē-trā-ting), going into
penguin (pen'gwin), a sea bird that can dive and swim, but cannot fly
perpetual (pèr-pe'tū-ā), everlasting
persecuted (pèr'sē-kū-ted), punished
persevered (pèr-sē-vèrd'), kept on trying
personality (pèr-søn-al'i-ti), the nature or qualities of a person
photographer (fō-tog'ra-fer), a person taking pictures
photo workshop (fō'tō), a place where camera plates or films are developed

at, cāme, fār, āll, ask, cāre, ālone; end, bē, hēr, towēl; it, līne; on, mōre, tō, ōff, actōr; oil, out; up, ūse, pūt, natūre; picture; th, thin; ʒH, then. See full key on p. 435.

pincers (pin'sérz), a tool used for holding objects

pioneers (pī-q-něrz'), people seeking homes in a new country; people who go first and so prepare the way for others

Pius (pī'us)

plainsmen (plānz'men), the men who lived on the plains

plate, the piece of glass in a camera upon which the likeness of an object is photographed

played out, tired out; weary

pleaded (plē'ded), begged; kept on asking

points, extremities

polar (pō'lar), near either the North or the South Pole

polenta (pō-len'ta), very thick corn-meal mush

pommel (pum'el), the knob on the front of a saddle, often called the "horn"

Ponte Vecchio (pōn'tā vek'kē-ō), *ponte* = bridge; *vecchio* = old

porcelain (pōrs'lān or pōr'se-lān), a kind of fine white ware made of clay and baked

portal (pōr'tal), a door; **portals of the Sunset**, the West

portrait (pōr'trät), a picture or likeness of a person

Postal Service (pōs'tal sēr'vis), the carrying of the mails

potter, one who makes articles from clay

pounded into wakefulness, shaken until he was awake

prairie (prā'ri), grassy plains

predict (prē'dikt'), tell beforehand; foretell

preserve (prē-zěrv'), a place where wild fowl and wild animals are protected from hunters; **preserved**, kept safe

pres to (pres'tō), quickly

Prioress (prī'or-es), a nun who is the head of a convent

privilege (priv'i-lej), a favor; permission

proceed ed (prō-sē'ded), went on; moved forward

proof, a trial photograph printed to show how good the film or the plate is

proposed (prō-pōzd'), suggested

prospect (pros'pekt), an expected happening or event

Pro ven cal (pro-von-sal), of Provence

Pro vence (pro-vons), a part of southeastern France

pro visions (prō-vizh'ʔonz), a supply of food

provoked (prō-vōkt'), angered or vexed

Public Health Service (pub'lik), those whose duty it is to care for the health of persons living in a community

pur port (per'pōrt), meaning

pur suit (per-sūt'), chase

Q

quaint, pretty and old-fashioned

quivering (kwiv'er-ing), trembling

R

radiant (rā-di-ant), bright

rag a muf fin (rag'ā-muf-in), a ragged fellow

raging (rā'jīng), blowing with great force

raiding (rā'dīng), robbing; plundering

ramshackle (ram'shak-l), tumble-down

rapid ity (rā-pid'i-ti) speed

rare (rār), not often found; very unusual

rare gift, a great talent or ability

rawhide, the untanned skin of cattle

Raymond of Pen a fort (pen'ā-fōrt), a Spanish saint

realms of morning (relmz), the East reaper, one who cuts grain

receipt (rē-sēt'), a written record to show that you have given a thing to someone else

recollection (rek-o-lek'shon), memory

regret the possession of (rē-gret'; po-zesh'on), be sorry to have

rejoice (rē-jois'), be glad; be greatly pleased

remote (rē-mōt'), far away

remount corral (rē-mount' ko-ral'), the place where a rider changed to a fresh horse

repealed (rē-pēld'), done away with

report (rē-pōrt'), an explosive sound; a sudden noise

reporter (rē-pōr'ter), a person employed to gather news for a newspaper

representing his fine proportions (rep-rē-zen'ting; prō-pōr'shonz), showing how well-built he was

reproach, in reproach, as if they wished he hadn't spoken

requirement (rē-kwīr'ment), a rule

revenge, for revenge (rē-venj'), to get even with them

revolving (rē-vol'ving), turning over and over

ridge (rij), a raised narrow strip of ground

Riese (rē-ā'zā)

rifted, separated by spaces

righteous (rī'chus), holy

rival (rī'val), one who tries to get ahead of another, or win his place from him

ruddy (rud'i), having a healthy red color

ruffed grouse (ruft grouse), a game bird about the size of a small chicken, with a tuft or "ruff" of feathers on each side of the neck. The ruffed grouse is sometimes called a partridge.

S

sackcloth, very coarse cloth

sacristan (sak'ris-tan), a man who takes care of a church

Sahara (sa-hār'a or sa-hà'rā)

Salzano (sal-za'nō)

San Juan (san hwan)

sapling, a young tree

sapphire (saf'ir), a blue transparent stone

saucy (sā'si), gay; pert

scapnet (skap'net), large and wide-open

schedule (sked'ül), the definite time listed as required for a certain journey

scholar, one who studies and knows a great deal

schooner, prairie schooner (sko'ner), a covered wagon used by the pioneers when they crossed the plains

score, twenty; **scored a triumph**, made a great success

scourged (skerjd), whipped

scrub, low, thick bushes or shrubs

scurried (skur'id), hurried

self-denial (self-dē-nī'āl), not doing what he wanted to do

self-surrender (self-su-ren'der), giving up one's own desires and plans

seminary (sem'i-nā-ri), a school where men are trained to be priests

sensation (sen-sā'shon), a feeling

sense of humor, the ability to see the fun in things

at, cāme, far, āll, ask, cāre, ālone; end, bē, hēr, towēl; it, līne; on, mōre, tō, ōff, actōr; oil, out; up, ūse, put, natūre; picture; th, thin; ʔh, then. See full key on p. 435.

sense the situation (siŋ-ū-ā'shon), realize fully what has happened

sentinel (sen'ti-nəl), a guard; a watchman

Sep-pala (sā-pā'lā)

serene (sē-rēn'), calm and pleasant

served, has served his day, can no longer be useful

sesame, open sesame (ses'ā-mē), a password which opens doors

Sha da (shā'dā)

shame faced ly (shām'fāst-li), in an embarrassed manner; bashfully

sheepfold, a pen for sheep

Shinge bis (shin'gē-bis)

shoal (shōl), a sand-bank or sand-bar which makes the water shallow

shone the heavens, the sun poured its light from a clear sky

shrewd (shrod), keen; wise

shrubbery (shrub'ēr-i), bushes or shrubs

Shuh shuh gah (shō-shō'ga)

simmering, very hot

skill (skil), the ability to do something well

skimpy (skim'pi), barely enough; scanty

skis (skēz), a pair of long wooden strips fastened to the shoes and used for gliding over a snow-covered surface

slacken, slow down

sleek (slēk), smooth and shiny

slick him down, brush and comb his hair

slogan (slō'gan), a saying or by-word; a motto

smartly (smärt'li), sharply

snarl (snärl), to growl sharply and show the teeth; a tangle

sod, the upper layer of soil filled with grass and its roots

solitary (sol'i-tā-ri), lonely

space, a little space apart, a little way off

spare yards, the extra cross-poles used to support the sails

spar (spār), a long pole used to support or extend the sails of a ship

spectacle (spek'ta-kl), a sight

spectator (spek-tā'tor), one who watches a game or some other happening

spike (spīk), a large, strong nail

spiral (spī'rāl), winding

spire (spīr), the top of a tower or steeple

spirit, brave spirit (spir'it), courage; bravery

spouse (spouz), a husband (or wife)

spyglass, a small telescope, which is a strong glass for making distant objects seem nearer and larger

squire, an attendant

stalwart (stāl'wärt), strong and brave

standard, a flag

stay, a support

stern, the back end of a ship or boat; strict

stirrup (stir'up), a support for the rider's foot, hung from the saddle

strand (strand), a string or thread

Strehla (shtrā'lā)

strong-box, a chest or case for money and valuables

stubborn, hard to deal with; hard to raise crops on

Sultan (sul'tan), a ruler in some countries of Asia

sultry, very hot

summit (sum'it), the highest point; the top

summons (sum'onz), a call

superior (sū-pē'ri-qr), a person higher in rank

surged (sērjd), rushed; rose up

surging up from the depths of his being (depths), springing up in his heart

surpasses understanding (sér-pas/-ez), is greater than we can imagine
Sur Varne (sur várñ)
suspicious (sus-pish/us), not trusting
sweetmeats, candy; bonbons; candied fruits
swoon (swón), a faint

T

tabor (tā'bor), a small drum
tallow (tal'ō), the melted fat of the cow or the sheep
tarried (tar'id), stayed on
tattoo, beating a tattoo (ta-to'), striking sharply against
temper (tem'pēr), the kind of humor they were in; disposition
tempest (tem'pest), a furious storm with much wind
Tepeyac (tē-pā'ak)
terrace (ter'ās), a raised level platform of earth
terrific (te-rif'ik), dreadful or terrible
terror-stricken (ter/or-strik'n), greatly frightened
tethered (teñ'erd), tied
texture (teks'tūr), material
The rese (tā-rez)
thicket, a tangle of bushes
thong (thōng), a narrow strip of leather
thrashing (thrash'ing), striking or beating
thresh old (thresh'ōld), a doorway
thrill (thril), a shivering, exciting feeling; a sudden, sharp feeling
throng (throng), a crowd
thrust, stop his thrust short (thrust), keep him from stabbing deeper
tidings (tī'dingz), news
Tietjens (tēt'yens)

till, raise crops on
timidity (ti-mid'i-ti), shyness
Tino (tē'nō)
tip up, stick their bills under water for food, so that their tails are up in the air
Tom bolo (tom'bō-lō)
to to (tō'tō), a young animal
tour (tòr), a trip
trace, a mark; a sign
tract (trakt), a piece of land
trance, in a trance (trans), too surprised and frightened to move; in a daze
tranquil (trang'kwil), peaceful
transparent (trans-pār'ent), able to be seen through
transported (trans-pōr'ted), carried
Tre viso (trā-vē'sō)
trifle (trī'fl), a very small amount; a little
trinket (tring'ket), an ornament; a bit of jewelry
tripod (trī'pod), a three-legged stand for a camera
triumph (trī'umf), victory; success; joy because of victory or success
tropics (trop'iks), the lands lying close to the equator; hot regions
trowel (trou'el), a small tool used by bricklayers and plasterers to spread or smooth plaster, etc.
truant (tro'ant), a runaway
trudged (trujd), walked heavily or wearily
trumpeting (trum'pet-ing), the cry of the elephant—which sounds like a trumpet
trustworthy (trust'wèr'θi), faithful; to be depended on
turquoise (tēr'kwoiz or tēr-koiz'), a precious blue stone
tyrant (tī'rānt), a cruel ruler

at, cāme, fār, āll, ask, cāre, ālone; end, bē, hēr, towēl; it, līne; on, mōre, to, ōff, actor; oil, out; up, ūse, put, natūre; picture; th, thin; ð, then. See full key on p. 435.

U

Ugo (ò'gō)
underwent (un-dēr-went'), became changed
uneasiness (un-ē'zi-nes), an anxious or disturbed feeling
unending, everlasting
unfold, are revealed
untidy (un-tī'di), not in order; not well trimmed
unusual being (un-ū'zhū-al), a person not like other persons
upland (up'land), on high land
uproar (up'rōr), a great noise
urgent (ēr'jent), necessary; greatly needed
utmost, greatest

V

vague (vāg), not clear
vale (vāl), a little valley
vanished (van'isht), disappeared
vast (vast), very great in numbers or in size
Vaughans (vānz)
ventured (ven'tjurd), dared; did timidly
veranda (vē-ran'da), a porch, usually roofed
Vesuvius (vē-sū'vi-us), a volcano near Naples, Italy
Videau (vē-dō)
villain (vil'ān), a wicked man
visible (viz'i-bl), that can be seen
visions, rose visions of (vīzh'onz), he imagined he saw
vivid impressions were made on her childish heart (viv'id), she always remembered
vizier (vi-zēr'), a high state officer in countries of the East
volume (vol'ūm), a book
volunteer (vol-un-tēr'), coming up from seed dropped by other plants; one who offers his help without being asked

W

Wabenos (wā-bē'nōz)
Wabun (wā'bun)
wailing (wā'ling), a long-drawn-out, sad sound
wainscoting (wān'skot-ing), the wooden panels used to line the lower parts of walls
warble (wār'bl), a bird's song
ward, care
warehouse, a storehouse for goods
wary (wār'i), easily frightened; cautious
Wawbewawa (wā'bē-wa'wa)
wearisome (wēr'i-sum), tiresome
well-proportioned (wel-prō-pōr'shond), well-built
whirlpool of activity (hwēr'l'pol; ak-tiv'i-ti), a place where all began working suddenly
wilding (wīl'ding), wild
win, gain the favor of
wincing (wīnst), shrank
winding sheet (wīn'ding), grave-clothes
wise, way
wistfully (wīst'ful-i), longingly
woe be gone (wō'bē-gōn'), sorrowful; discouraged
woeful (wō'ful), sad
Wolferlos (vol'fer-lōs)
wolverene (wul-ve-rēn'), an animal of heavy build and with long, shaggy hair
woodcraft (wud'kraft), hunting and trapping; a knowledge of how to take care of one's self in the woods
wren-talk, the song of the wren

Y

yard (yard), a pole fastened across a ship's masts to support a sail

Z

zooming (zō'ming), moving suddenly upward

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